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## POLITICAL RESPONSIBILITIES.

"To most men experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illumine only the tract it has passed."—COLERIDGE.

A HISTORY of modern political questions, if faithfully executed,—a true account being given of the opponents and the defenders of the measures, and, if carried, their results—whether confirming or refuting their advocates, by the undeniable facts of their operation,—would be the most interesting and important of all political books.

Such a book, being written up to this present November, A.D. 1851, would, among its complicated details, contain no instance of a measure so palpably refuting, by the facts of its actual operation, the arguments and predictions of its advocates, as the tariff of 1846. It happened, by the unfortunate contrivance of the Fates, that the powerful party which executed with such heroic resolution this fearful experiment upon a prosperous country, had a leader and spokesman who, lacking the modesty which usually accompanies such greatness, and the discretion which his wisdom and station naturally demanded, proclaimed to the world, in the same manner that a veritable quack doctor would employ, the inevitable effects of his nostrum upon the body politic; tempting his victims through their imaginations and their hopes, by holding up before them the most dazzling results. The famous reports of Mr. Secretary Walker are known unto all men, and are most lamentable instances of the folly of human predictions.

In less than five years from the inaugu-

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ration of this stupendous measure for the extension of our trade and commerce, with no impediment whatever thrown in the way of its operation, but, on the contrary, two most unprecedented, uncalculated, and unlooked for helps to its operation (what "aids" they would have been to Mr. Walker's "reflections," could he also have foreseen them!)—a famine in Europe following an unprecedented crop in these States, and the discovery of an inexhaustible gold field,—the following is the result. We were to export, according to Mr. Walker—

In the year 1848, - - -	\$222,898,350
" " 1849, - - -	329,959,993
" " 1850, - - -	488,455,056

Such, good reader, was the enormous prediction of the results of this great measure. Let us now compare these fancies with the facts, as they actually occurred. The *official statement* of the exports for these same years was as follows:—

1848, - - - -	\$139,934,121
1849, - - - -	132,666,955
1850, - - - -	134,900,265

The result of this, it will be perceived, is:

Aggregate of Mr. Walker's estimate	
of exports for the years 1848, '49	
and '50, - - - -	1,041,303,399
Aggregate of <i>official statements</i> for	
the same years, - - -	400,501,341

Leaving a balance of - - - \$640,802,058  
In favor of Mr. Walker's—*imagination!*

It will be observed that the whole three years of actual results do not equal Mr. Walker's estimate for one year by nearly eighty-eight millions of dollars!

How utterly absurd in the plain light of the facts does all this appear! With what confusion should it cover the advocates of a system demonstrated to be so palpably fallacious! But no; the party that applauded this report to the echo, and acted upon its suggestions, abate not one jot of their pernicious theory; but, in spite of the demonstration, and in spite of the disasters and the embarrassment they have brought upon the country, mean again to fight for the supremacy, in order to maintain the tyranny of so fatal a system.

But let us suppress our indignation, and pursue the results of this policy up to the present time. What are they? In brief this: that instead of an excess of *exports*, we have *imports*; instead of selling, we have been buying.

The exports of our own productions for the present fiscal year will amount to about one hundred and sixty-four millions of dollars, whilst the *imports* reach about two hundred and twenty millions; leaving a balance against us of fifty-six millions of dollars. Something more than one half of this appears to have been paid for in specie, and the rest has yet to be paid in the same way, or by anticipating our future export resources, and so merely postponing the evening of the evil day. And now, as the natural result, our manufacturers and merchants are failing in all directions, our banks are embarrassed, and our producers find melting, or in danger of melting out of their hands, the profits so hardly won during these years of competition with foreign rivals. We are, in short, having enacted over again the frightful results of former experiments of the same kind. Thus nature and facts are too strong for us, and we must ever be retracing our steps if we attempt to follow the theories that other nations concoct for us from other circumstances and other principles than our own.

We have thus endeavored to bring before the minds of our readers, in the most succinct, matter-of-fact, and palpable manner, one of the subjects dividing the political parties that appeal to the "business," if not to the "bosoms," of all men, politicians or not politicians, rich and poor, manufac-

turers, merchants or farmers. We have done this that we may have at least one point, the emergency of which will be disputed by no protectionist, whether he be Whig or "Democrat." Now, whilst the ponderous evil we have been illustrating, and others that we may touch in the progress of this article, traceable directly to *political* causes, are so pressing, there is an unaccountable apathy of political action, organization and discussion, among those upon whom the nation depends for the rectification of those evils—the Whig party, its press and its statesmen. The enemy is looking with satisfaction upon this state of things, for in this apathy is his certain triumph. He depends more upon inaction than action. The *nation* aroused is always and ever his certain discomfiture.

Politics in this country is not in its nature an amateur science for the gratification of the tastes or ambitions of the few, that may be taken up or laid down as those tastes wax or wane, or those ambitions die or receive other directions; but is the practical duty of every man in this free community. He that is indifferent and does not take pains to form definite opinions upon questions of public policy, and perform those acts necessary to give practical efficiency to his sentiments, is willing to be the slave of other men's opinions, and submit himself and his affairs to theories that he may despise, and instruments whom he detests; and is consequently no good citizen, no worthy member of a State, the theory of which is, *the government of all over all*. No one can say that he is not responsible for what is done because he takes no part in politics. His negative action has *positive* effects. If evil measures are perpetrated and evil men put into power, he has been at least half as efficient an agent in the work as any one who by his political action has carried those measures and elected those men. These are truths that no one disputes, that there are in fact no arguments against; and yet how many act contrary to until some great emergency compels them to regard them.

When the treasures of the nation—the means by which it carries on its beneficent objects of blessing and elevating humanity, that should be regarded as sacred as the offering in the temple—are found to be in the hands of thieves and robbers; when

they are practically being regarded as the spoils of the political victors, then are these principles for which we are appealing acted upon; the vampires, though unsatiated, are flung from their prey. But the evil cannot be undone, and we must go back and heal the mischief that our own false-ness to duty has permitted. Again, when the nation is deliberately precipitated into an unjust and unnecessary war, and the armies sacred to freedom and the rights of all men, are used to violate our own first principles by subjugating foreign territories and their people to a sway not of their own choosing, thus sanctioning the principles upon which all tyrannies rest—then do the men to whom we would appeal arise in their might, and, conscience-stricken by their former supineness, emphasize their indignation and their power by placing in the seat of their recreant Executive the hero who, although laboring under the weight of a disdain for the purpose of his actions, did that only which man could do in the melancholy case, threw the shining mantle of military glory over the national crime. And now again, when the economic theories of a nation whose political yoke we once and for ever threw off, have been permitted to bind us to a commercial supremacy which we have not yet the means of resisting,—draining from us the life-blood of our commerce, and the means of developing the immense latent riches of our lands, our mines, and our water-powers,—may we not with confidence again anticipate a rising which shall break those fetters that have more than once before been fastened upon us, until, galled to the quick, we could no longer bear it, but bounding from them in each case entered upon a career that, from its uniform prosperity, should have settled upon an impregnable basis the policy of the nation on this point for ever? Unquestionable as this truth is, people will in their eagerness for the future, and their absorption in the present, forget the past.

That we may not appear to any to be without ample warrant for what we say, we will quote from our own records and predictions. In the number of this Review for March, 1847, will be found an article by Redwood Fisher, Esq., on a report of Mr. Secretary Walker, in which the following passages occur:—

"Now, it is a fact well known that the tariff of

1846 has diminished, and it will continue to diminish, the number of artificers and manufacturers; for the very reason, that, as Mr. Walker states, at lower duties it produces an increased revenue, by supplanting articles made at home with similar importations from abroad.

"An appeal to some statistics of past years may not be out of place here, and we shall refer to them with a view to show the results of extraordinary importations beyond the power of the country to pay for.

"We commence with 1815, when, according to a table prepared by Mr. Walker accompanying his Report of December 3d, 1845, we consumed of foreign merchandise \$106,457,924. In 1816, according to the same table, we consumed of imported goods \$129,964,444.

"Those who are old enough must remember the disastrous effects of these excessive importations, which were not fully realized till 1819, when, among other evidences of the distressed condition of the country, a committee appointed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania reported as follows: that there were 'ruinous sacrifices of landed property at sheriffs' sales, whereby in many cases lands and houses have been sold at less than a half, a third, or a fourth part of their former value; thereby depriving of their homes and the fruits of laborious years a vast number of industrious farmers, some of whom have been driven to seek in the uncultivated forests of the West that shelter of which they had been deprived in their native State. An almost entire cessation of the usual circulation of commodities, and a consequent stagnation of business, which is limited to the mere purchase and sale of the necessaries of life, and of such articles of consumption as are absolutely required by the season. The overflowing of our prisons with insolvent debtors, most of whom are confined for small sums, whereby the community loses a portion of its active labor, and is compelled to support families by charity who have thus been deprived of their protectors.'

"By the same table of Mr. Walker, we find the consumption of foreign merchandise, in 1835, was \$129,391,247. In 1836, the consumption of the same goods amounted to the enormous sum of \$168,233,675. These immense importations were in consequence of the inflation of the currency, consequent upon the removal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States, which prompted the loans made by the *pet* banks, as they were called. The memorable break-down, and the suspension of specie payments which resulted, must be fresh in the recollection of all who were in anywise conversant with the business affairs of that period.

"In 1839, the same table tells us, we consumed \$144,597,607, and the results were little less ruinous. In 1841, at the close of what was called the 'Compromise Act,' we consumed \$112,447,096. At that time the duties were so much reduced that the net revenue for the year was but \$15,516,589, and the whole country groaned under the depression of home industry of every kind.

"For the fifteen years previous to 1835, the consumption of foreign imports had scarcely exceeded \$80,000,000. During the periods of the large im-



portations, which caused the heavy *consumption* stated above—while the foreign goods were coming in—the country wore the fallacious appearance of prosperity, until the catastrophe arrived and the bubble burst.

"At each of these periods, as the importations arrived—when the amount of the duties were pouring into the treasury, as they did in all except 1841—the respective Secretaries might have congratulated themselves as Mr. Walker now congratulates himself in this Report—with this difference, that the evil day may be somewhat longer postponed in consequence of our increased exports, should they continue. But as certainly as such over-consumption of foreign manufactures produced the revulsions then experienced, so certainly, under like circumstances, will the same thing occur again, sooner or later, under the tariff of 1846."

Now would it not appear, under the light of such facts as these; and predictions, the fulfillment of which we are at this present moment suffering, that the laws of this question ought to be considered as settled, from the most positive experience and induction? Would it not appear to be as rational to go back to ancient alchemy, when the *ignes fatui* of theories presided in the human mind over the laws of matter, now when induction has *established* principles, as base our policy upon a theory that has not yet *one success* in its repeated trials to point to in its support? How are we, then, to account for the constant repetition of this absurd experiment? How but by the pernicious recreancy of those who know better to their political duties? They act as if mere political theorists must be permitted to try their experiments; not realizing, until they are compelled by their individual suffering, that their common sense and experience are at all times as essential a political element in the affairs of this country as any writers of reports or actors on the political boards. Notwithstanding our professions, it is lamentable to think how long it must take to eradicate the traditional feeling that measures of Government are something to which we must submit, rather than something which belongs to each one of us, and which we should direct. Let us here put in a warning to those who think it unnecessary to take the trouble of deciding these political questions in their own minds, and acting upon them. The power of adapting themselves to the circumstances which surround them which the people of this country possess is unexampled in the history of any nation. If the *political* theorists insist upon

a policy detrimental to the best material interests of the nation, those whose means and enterprise and sagacity would be a blessing to the whole, operating in the direction of the true, may, and will, adapt themselves to this false system. Their conformity to it may be less detrimental to them individually than the time they must waste in the unceasing contest they are obliged to wage against it. And so in regard to the principle of protection or "free-trade," (which we continue to use in illustration of the necessity of increasing political vigilance on the part of all,) we may have the nation divided into tillers of the soil and merchant princes; the seaboard dotted with cities crowded with external commerce; the former of these classes tributary to the other, there being no competition with them by miners and manufacturers; the wealth *under* the surface of the ground remaining buried, and the giant powers of our water-courses wasting themselves unused. We have already had practical intimations of this result, a tremendous counteracting influence to the *pliancy* of circumstances, under our system of government, which so many seem to rely upon against the *permanency* of any existing evils.

Leaving now our illustration, which we have chosen from the pressing necessity of immediate action upon the subject of it, and the space that at the present time it fills in all men's thoughts, we will turn more definitely to our purpose of arousing, if possible, to action those upon whom the nation depends in all emergencies to turn the political scales, or to hold firmly in their posts the defenders of the right. We firmly believe that in favor of this principle of the Whig party, and every other important one, there is and has been always a majority of the people of these United States. Now it happens that the orderly, quiet and thrifty—those who eschew excitement, but allow themselves to be too exclusively and selfishly occupied with their own affairs, and who thoughtlessly contract a disgust to politics from the trickery and dishonesty practised by those who make it a trade—are almost universally theoretical adherents to the Whig party. It would not be, we are sure, too much to say that of those who neglect to vote at the average of elections, nine in ten will be found to be Whigs—enough, probably, to turn the scale in any question that has been fairly discussed between the two parties for the last twenty years.



Will man in his actions never reach the level of his intelligence, and continue heroic and firm only from necessity or through passion? Shall there, in our public affairs, never be a settled principle of action, that shall ever press upon the consciences of men as a duty which there is no honesty in neglecting?

What now is to be done in such a case as this? We can only continue to utter our appeals and our warnings, and call upon all those who have any means of arousing and influencing public opinion to direct their exertions towards this point, as one through which, at this and every crisis, they can most directly and practically benefit their country. There seems to be a feeling pervading many well-meaning minds, that those are the most favorable periods for the Republic when political excitement is allayed, when there is no definite contest of opinion going on, and indifference exists as to the dominance of this or that set of principles in the administration of the government. Nothing can be more fallacious than such an idea. It may not always be necessary that an army should be engaged in warfare to insure its efficiency, but it is always necessary that it should be constantly drilled and exercised. How much more is this the case in that state of political existence to which we have been called—a state of constant warfare for the truth or vigilant watchfulness against the encroachments of error and the corruptions of vice. We have adopted and glory in the possession of a political system in which *opinion* is to rule—the opinion of all without reservation. The means of its action is through *universal* suffrage. It is unrecognized, utterly inoperative, except through the vote at the ballot-box. It is necessary to our theory of government that this voting should be founded, so to speak, on well-considered and definitely-formed opinion. In order that such opinion should be in constant readiness for the ever-recurring voting that our system demands, it is necessary that constant discussion should by all legitimate modes be kept up. If discussion and a wholesome excitement is so kept up, voting will follow as a natural and a legitimate consequence. If it is not so kept up, the most of the voting will not be an expression of opinion, but of passion, feeling, or blind prejudice, or simply the dictation of demagogues. From such sources, as

fountains, will our public policy flow, and to such dictators, having accomplished their ends—place and power—will we all have to submit; and from this degeneracy will follow the swift destruction of the fairest theory of government that ever blessed the hopes of man. As the result of long struggle, earnest patriotism, and the heroic stake of “lives and fortunes and sacred honor,” was established this theoretically perfect system for the maintenance of freedom and the security of universal right and justice. But in the establishing of a theory, however heroically done, and in the organization of a government by it, with whatsoever wisdom accomplished, hero nor sage had no such conception as seems to be acted upon by their posterity, namely, that they were fixing for ever the fate of their successors by simply giving them this theory and these institutions. No! they knew that liberty, like virtue, is a constant warfare—that its price is eternal vigilance. They effectually conquered its enemies from without, but they knew that it would for ever be in danger from those within. They relied as much upon us, their posterity, as they did upon the justice of their cause, and their own wisdom, self-sacrifice, and devotion to right. Had they not expected to perpetuate themselves in their sons, they would not have expected their work to be perpetuated; they would have felt that their lives were sacrificed in vain, that their fortunes were thrown away, and that their honors were tarnished by wresting from a crown and an aristocracy their rightful possession, government, and conferring it upon the people, who are incapable or too selfish to use it. That which makes universal suffrage secure is its practical universality: we want the vote of the philosopher from among his books as well as the laborer from the field; the clergyman from his desk as well as the merchant from his counting-house; the rich man with his conservative tendencies as well as the poor man with his desire of change. The radical must not rule with his destructive theories, but be only an element of motion. The conservative must not be king with his unyielding adhesion to what is, but only a regulator to the wheel of progress, like the principle of gravity to the motion of the earth. Let each one act out his nature, be the creature of his circumstances, for these are God’s elements in the subject; but let him honestly strive for

honesty of purpose and opinion, and let him throw these off into the political atmosphere of his country, for this is the work bequeathed to him by those he reverences, and in it lies his only political safety and well-being. It is the universal principle we would inculcate, alike applicable to all parties, times, and conditions; feeling as we do such an unwavering confidence in the truth of the great principles of the Whig party, that we are sure nothing more is required to their general and permanent success but a conscientious fulfilment by all of those political obligations to which they are bound by the most sacred considerations of patriotism and self-respect. Thus may it be seen how easy it is to become in effect traitors to a government that, conferring, or rather confirming and making operative to the individual all his rights and privileges, demands his warmest affection and most constant and determined support. He should consider every, even the most trifling act that it demands as of the most imperative character and sacred obligation.

Intelligent opinion and virtuous sentiment are the very life-blood which this form of government demands for its existence; and yet, strange anomaly! amazing paradox! the possessors of these refuse to exercise them in their noblest field for their own safety. They—for strange to say, it is to this class that such observations as these have to be addressed—they know that every preponderance obtained by error or vice on any occasion of political action, however trifling, endangers the government and inflicts a wound upon public virtue or public prosperity; and yet they neglect to vote. Would these men betray their country into the hands of an external enemy by refusing to do any act for her safety? We think that none would be so base. On such an emergency, where the act would be called *heroism*, they would be *heroes*. This patriotism then of theirs we must regard as a dormant feeling, requiring stimulants to arouse it to action. This intelligent opinion of theirs is only competent to their own petty and private interests; it is inspired by no generous ambition, and will jeopardize its own rather than stand by the public good. This virtuous sentiment is all required for home consumption, and cannot be spread abroad, although it may be necessary to prevent a current of corruption that will set in even upon your own households.

What shall we say then? Are these men mean, selfish, dastardly? Is their intelligence and virtue only an easy habit, and not an active principle? Will they suffer their government to be corrupted willingly, so that they enjoy their ease? Not altogether so. They are only thoughtless, and suffer themselves to become disgusted with the corruptions that others have introduced into politics; an evil, the result of their own neglect, that they are thus lending themselves to perpetuate. There is guilt and folly here. Let it be so understood, and let us have a public sentiment that will distinctly so regard it. Let us have organizations among our active young men who do not regard themselves as politicians, to create, act upon, and give an efficient vitality to this public sentiment. Such organizations in all the wards of our cities, in all the districts of the county, would infuse a new and healthful life into the body politic, would paralyze demagoguism, and we are sure would establish the principles of the great national and constitutional Whig party, with its "*American system*" of political economy, as the permanent policy of the government.

The obstacle that stands most directly in the way of the purpose of this article, is the feeling pervading the community, that any attention to politics must necessarily interfere with a man's business affairs. This is not altogether an unnatural, but it is a most inconsistent though formidable element in the circumstances of our case. Let us see what consistency there is in it. We have already shown the vital, immediate, practical connection that exists between each man in this country and the government under which he lives. We have purposely taken our illustration of this from a subject that has an immediate connection with his every-day affairs. The adjustment of the tariff on imports is a matter as directly affecting him as any general business arrangement that he can make in his private affairs. His whole business connections may be affected by it favorably or unfavorably. His individual profit from the work of his hand, or the business on which his credit depends and his capital is invested, may rest entirely upon it. When it is arranged upon the senseless *ad valorem* principle, as the present one is, he may be at the mercy of any swindler who will perjure himself for profit. And yet the active producer, manufacturer, or

distributor who has a vision beyond his individual farm or workshop or counting-house, and who sees the necessity of actively taking means to guard against those political measures which sometimes sweep away entire branches of industry, must be looked upon with distrust by those *prudent* men who control the sources of credit and capital. Is not this the mere caution of blindness, that can only grope its way, and is more likely to grope its way into a pit than avoid it?

For our part, we believe that the immense disproportion between failures and success so often commented on in this country, is owing to the too exclusive devotion which we give to the narrow circle of our individual operations, to the neglect of those general principles in which we are all bound up together. We all know that this selfishness is wrong; and it has its reward in the notorious uncertainty of success, and in the narrowing influence it exerts upon the mind of the country, incapacitating it for enlarged and intelligent views and actions even in regard to its individual affairs. But this is the lowest view that we can take of the subject. There are other necessities for arousing the intelligence of the country to the responsibilities which it cannot avoid, that we must glance at in the brief space that remains to us. These *prudent* men at whom we are aiming do not mix enough with the multitude to be aware of the dangerous elements that exist among us. They have not considered the reckless thirst for conquest and dominion that stirs the blood of our unsettled population; an element that the demagogues of party are ever striving to ride into power and place upon, and that is rapidly undermining, not only the settled policy which has led to results of prosperity beyond that of any other nation, but the very principles which distinguish us from all governments founded upon power and upheld by force. It must be obvious to every thinking man, we care not on what side of politics he may be, that conquest and propagandism by the sword is an idea utterly at variance with pure republicanism; and if acted upon, leading certainly through anarchy back to despotism. In the case that has already occurred,—the war with Mexico, and the acquisition from that nation of a large portion of her territory, (a circumstance that for

other reasons has shook the nation to its centre,)—the very men who took the fearful responsibility of instilling this idea into the mind of the multitude for their self-aggrandizement, instinctively shrank back from incorporating the principle of conquest even into *their* code of policy, and covered up their conquest—the very ground that their armies occupied—by *purchase* and indemnity; whereas could they have justified the positions upon which they acted, in beginning and conducting the war, they could have *claimed* indemnity instead of paying it. And thus the people were first made to pour out their blood to violate their principles of government, and then made to pour out their treasure to patch over the wound.

The glaring abomination of this case, the debts which it entailed, and the sectional feuds which it excited and exasperated, aroused the real strength and intelligence of the nation, and those who might have prevented it had only the satisfaction of hurling the perpetrators from the places of power which they desecrated. This is an experience within the memory of all. Shall it be, in the language of the maxim which we have placed at the head of our article, only a “stern light to illumine the tract we have passed?” Surely it is too recent for that! Surely the signs of its repetition in probably a much worse form are too obvious to be disregarded by those who have any principles to preserve, or would have any country to honor, or worth honoring. Look at the facts of the case. Some reckless schemers or adventurers, utterly regardless of the consequences to others, by the most cruel misrepresentations and audacious falsehoods, inveigled into a mad expedition against the government of the island of Cuba a few brave and thoughtless men. How far behind the ostensible workers, either editors or park-orators, the real designers of this scheme against the lives of adventurous and enthusiastic men stand, their own cowardice leaves us no means of knowing. But certain it is they were workers in the dark, and with the tools of darkness, falsehood and fraud. They had therefore no public sympathy, and appealed to no public support. It is then a libel on the nation to connect it in any way as such with this in itself insignificant and lawless adventure. But neither with the fact of its insignificance,



nor with the supposition of its nationality, had the Administration at Washington any thing to do. The simple fact of its illegality was to dictate the rule of its conduct. Strictly according to such rule did it act. It issued the usual proclamation which all administrations in like circumstances have issued. The President warned the actors that according to the laws of the land they would place themselves beyond its protection, and he took the regular and legitimate means of preventing any armed expedition being fitted out, in strict accordance with what he was bound to do by his oath of office. These are the unquestionable facts of the case; and now what do we see? Why, a deliberate attempt to fan this flimsy pretense into a flame of sympathy, and direct it against the Administration for purely political ends. No one can read the resolutions, speeches, or articles of the opposition upon the subject, without instantly perceiving this purpose. They have obviously no design or desire for the liberty of any one, but only for their own political success. They will risk raising a storm that may destroy the Union for the sake of the places or the plunder it may enable them to acquire. Is not this then obviously the beginning of another case, just such as we have seen so recently emphatically condemned by the nation, aroused when too late to do any thing but punish the perpetrators? and is there not an obvious necessity that it should be aroused now before it is again too late? Could a general attention to the schemes of these politicians be awakened, we should have no fear of their success.

We have long observed that it is a principle in the political tactics of the Democratic party to *get up* some question upon which they can create an excitement by appeals to the passions and prejudices of the multitude on the eve of the election, when there is not left sufficient time for discussion to rectify the judgment they would compel. It is invariably the case that a thorough discussion of the subject settles it against them. In this case they have sprung the mine too soon, and it will be entirely the fault of those who see these tricks from the beginning if the truth is not made to prevail against them. Our people are impulsive, but not lacking in intelligence. Bring their "sober second thoughts" to a question, and the demagogues who

would lead them astray are sure to meet their reward.

Finally, the position of this country in reference to the present state of the affairs of the world, and the cause of human freedom and happiness generally, is such as will excuse no one member of this Republic from an active participation in its politics. The United States of America, having declared a system of government based upon the abstract rights of man, gave it an organized form by a Constitution that recognized no arbitrary element, either for the people or against them, (knowing by an instinctive wisdom that that which is arbitrary has no limits, and is the root of all tyranny,) but built upon *principles* their whole structure. Under this crowning work of political wisdom this nation has presented a spectacle of order, happiness and progress, which has reacted upon the entire civilized world. The subjects of other governments have poured in upon us with unexampled rapidity, welcomed as they are by our laws to share our prosperity and freedom. Our diplomatic relations are extended to all courts; our commercial intercourse penetrates the marts and exchanges of all nations. Thus at every point we have touched and inoculated the nations of the world with the idea of the perfect practicability of self-government among men, and of the utter insufficiency of any other system to their best development and progress. This has been done silently, but surely and effectively, by adhering to the policy laid down with such earnestness by our immortal Washington,—by abstaining from all interference with others, and firmly repelling the interference of any with ourselves. Respecting the legal rights of all, but requiring to the last tittle our own, we have shown to the conceited bigots of absolutism and the timid crouching under the protecting shadow of kings, that order and law, justice and equity, are equally as distinct elements in our system as the liberty of the individual. Now this glorious position—a position unspeakably grand and important, the very greatest hope that the world has for a future of true progress—is in imminent danger. Demagoguism is about laying its unholy hands upon this ark of our safety and of the world's regeneration, and endeavors to pervert the feelings and most sacred sympathies of the people to purposes of party aggrandizement, and ultimately to

the destruction of our prosperity, our honor, and our influence. There is, from our now extended intercourse, constant liability of the rights of our citizens or the nation being infringed, and a physical contest between absolutism and republicanism being provoked by the former. It may be that such a case as the former has arisen in Austria, in her unjustifiable treatment of Mr. Brace, and the latter may have arisen in the interference of England in Central American affairs. But in these and others that may arise, how essential that we should have *statesmen* such as we now have at the head of the government, instead of mere demagogues, who, by putting us in the wrong, weaken us before the world; and by claiming, for *party* purposes, untenable positions, obtain their places, and end by giving up to the strong, as in the Oregon case, what they *valiantly* wrest from the weak? Formerly, when this reckless party selected for their candidates men of character and statesmanship, there was little danger of their vagaries being carried out into practice. But since they have adopted the system, as in the case of Mr.

Polk, of selecting a tool, and pledging him to the work they require him to do, nothing is safe, nothing is sacred.

With such elements, then, around us, and such consequences to our individual well-being and national safety and prosperity as we have pointed out before us, might we not as well plead our business against our religious duties, or our personal comfort against the support of our wives and children, as to plead either of these against that attention to politics and our duties as citizens, which can only keep us free from false systems of public economy, save the nation from unjust wars, maintain with the Constitution the harmony of the States among themselves, and perpetuate for ourselves and the world the pure form of constitutional republicanism bequeathed to us by the great Washington and his immortal compatriots, the framers of our wonderful Constitution, the definers and establishers of the rights of mankind, who have left to us, their posterity, the mighty responsibility of defending these inestimable interests against all foes, *without* or *within* the Republic?

## S A N T A - R O S A .

[CONTINUED.]

It was during this month that I composed the argument of the *Phedo* on the immortality of the soul. Santa-Rosa had desired that I should see as clearly as himself into the obscurity of this difficult question. His faith, as vivid as sincere, went farther than that of Socrates and Plato; the clouds which I perceived still hanging over the details of the soul's immortality, after the dissolution of the body, pressed mournfully upon his heart, and he regained his serenity only after our discussions of the day, at our evening walk, when wandering together at sunset, as chance directed, about Alençon, we mingled our hopes for this life and the life to come in a mute and profound hymn of faith to Divine Providence.

Santa-Rosa wrote only to a very small number of persons, and lived, as we see, in

a manner which could very little disquiet the authorities. Nevertheless, either because his companions in exile were less prudent than himself, or for some other reason, the vigilance of the Government was redoubled. My visit to Alençon, in the state of my health, troubled the police; that which was only an impulse of the heart appeared bravado, or even a plot, and impatience on account of such an existence entered into the soul of Santa-Rosa. He confided to me the contents of the letter which Colonel Fabvier, one of our common friends, had written him. Fabvier announced to him that his safety was menaced, that an extradition, or at least that a new imprisonment was possible; he advised him to flee to England, and offered to furnish him the means. At such a day and at such an hour

a post-chaise might be found a half-league from Alençon, with some devoted friends, to transport Santa-Rosa in disguise towards a seaport where the means of flight to England would be arranged. We recognized in this proposition the heart of him who made it; but we immediately rejected it. Flight, on the part of Santa-Rosa, would have been almost avowing that he doubted his right; it would have been dishonoring the judgment of "no cause for action" rendered by the French justice, and wickedly suspended by the police of M. Corbière. Upon that, Santa-Rosa and myself did not even deliberate. But Santa-Rosa saw with fright the moment arrive when I should return to Paris, and when he should dwell alone at Alençon, without friends, without books, without aid for his heart and his studies.

In the mean time there was in the Chamber of Deputies a lively discussion, in which several members of the opposition complaining of the tricks of the French police towards the Italian refugees, M. Corbière, Minister of the Interior and the Police, pretended that the refugees were not of the same opinion as their defenders, and that they were satisfied with the conduct of the French Government towards them. Santa-Rosa found the words of the Minister as false as his conduct had been unjust, and he believed it due to his honor and the honor of his companions in misfortune to publish the following letter in answer to the discourse of M. Corbière:—

"MY LORD:—A member of the Chamber of Deputies, rising, at the session of the seventh of this month, to speak against the abuses of the administration, judged it proper to designate the treatment which the Piedmontese refugees receive in France. It pleased your Excellency to say, in reply, that *these strangers show themselves grateful for the protection of the French Government and for the benevolence of the King*, and there was a manifestation of surprise at the injustice of such complaints. Such are the expressions stated in the *Moniteur* of August 10th. Other journals, doubtless less exact, have made your Excellency speak with a hardness which would not be in accordance with your character.

"My Lord, after having been conducted here by your orders, and after having in vain addressed to you my complaints, I might have had recourse to the Chambers. I did not do it. Constrained by my principles to remain a perfect stranger to the affairs of every other country than my own, I preferred to wait in peace till the Government should repair its injustice, rather than become the subject of a lively discussion in the midst of the

Chambers. The men who, like myself, feel the full extent of their misfortunes and those of their country, do not like to have them spoken of; but, my Lord, the words which you have caused to resound, and which are spreading through all Europe, force me to break silence. To be ungrateful for benefits, to disavow a protector, is wickedness; to suffer one to attribute to us, to impose upon us gratitude, when the injustice which oppresses us weighs upon the heart, is also wickedness. The proscribed Italians, my Lord, will never descend to that: they may be pursued, imprisoned, overwhelmed with misfortune; they will not forget what they owe to their own character and to that country, so dear and so unfortunate, whose reputation is their first care. I own it would have been sweet to enjoy the benevolence of the French Government, to live under the protection of the author of the French Charter, by which liberty has appeared after forty years of opposition. Other kings of France protected the Italians proscribed for the same cause, and the last defenders of the liberty of Florence and Sienna found in France a second country, under the shade of the throne of Francis I. and Henry II.

"Behold what has happened to me in France. I came with a Swiss passport and with a borrowed name, in the false belief that this precaution might secure me a peaceable abode at Paris. I lived in that city and the country during four months; I was tranquil, and should I not have been so when my conduct was without reproach? The 23d of last month I was seized by the agents of the authority, in a public place of Paris, and conducted to the prefecture of police, where I read on the mandate of arrest which was presented to me these words: '*Detected in seditious intentions.*' I asked to be conducted before the Prefect of Police, and I immediately declared to him my real name. After a long interrogation I was entered in the jailer's book at the prison of Salle Saint Martin, and my trial came on in course. The magistrates must have found in my conduct and in my papers a very complete absence of signs of culpability in political matters, because the procedure was reduced to a case of irregularity of passport. I was expecting to be judged and condemned upon this last point. I knew my wrong; I was resigned to bear its penalty. I had committed only one material fault, it is true; nothing was purer than my intentions, but this was still a contravention of law, and it is not justifiable in my eyes. The French magistracy did not think it a duty to insist on a rigorous and literal application of the law; it disdained to bend, under any circumstances, its lofty principles of equity. The primary court returned a verdict of 'no cause of action.' The public ministry opposed this first judgment. The royal court pronounced a second favorable judgment, and ordered my release in the accustomed form. I then asked your Excellency for the privilege of enjoying French hospitality, that is, for the privilege of living in France under the protection of the laws of the kingdom. I believed that the French Government ought to indemnify me by this good act for all that unjust apprehensions in regard to my political conduct had made me suffer. This illusion, of which I am



not ashamed, soon vanished; I saw myself at first retained nine days in prison, simply upon a letter from the Prefect of Police to the door-keeper; a real violence exercised upon my person, which, after the decision of the royal court, could be deprived of its liberty only in virtue of a new warrant issued by the magistrate. The response of your Excellency arrived. It was an order to the Prefect of Police to conduct me with a guard to Alençon, to remain there under the surveillance of the local authority. As soon as I arrived at the place of relegation, I wrote to your Excellency that I no longer asked the French Government for an asylum in France, but for passports to England. I received no response, and you, my Lord, had doubtless forgotten my claim when you uttered in the tribune the words which I have cited.

"These facts, which do not concern me alone, and which are nearly common to me with MM. Muschietti and Calvetti, my compatriots, arrested at the same time with myself, and banished with me, are known to your Excellency, and might, if necessary, be proved by the authentic documents. I carefully preserve the judgment of the royal court of Paris, as a monument of the protection which my innocence found before the French magistracy.

"Now, my Lord, I ask you whether we have been treated in France with justice or with injustice, with benevolence or with malevolence; whether we have been protected or whether we have been oppressed? We have not been sent to the scaffold, erected at Turin for the authors of the revolution of March, 1821; a minister never dared to present such a measure for the signature of a son of Henry IV. But we are retained in France against our wish, we are deprived of our liberty, notwithstanding the tribunal of royalty solemnly recognized our innocence; in a word, it is not hospitality which is accorded to us, but a prison. We should have asked for that, my Lord; then only would the words of your Excellency have been irreproachable. As for me, that which I have asked, that which I still ask, is a passport or hospitality without odious conditions; and I ask it publicly, in the interest of truth and that of my own personal dignity. It shall be known that it is not true that the conduct of the French Government inspires us with gratitude. My Lord, when Europe shall be closed to us, we will go to another hemisphere rather than resign ourselves to an asylum so dishonorable; but we are not reduced to this extremity. Several of our unfortunate compatriots live in peace under the protection of old England, and a great number have found beyond the Pyrenees a generous nation which, forgetting in some part its own calamities, has loaded them with benefits.

"After all that I have just said, my Lord, it will be possible to judge whether France is an asylum for the unfortunate; and I should have nothing to add if your Excellency had not applied the expression of *merited misfortune*. The name of the illustrious citizen who first proclaimed the maxim to which your Excellency makes allusion, will always be pronounced with respect by the good of all countries; but the application could not regard us: it does not regard men who have

taken up arms only in the hope (unfortunately deceptive) of securing the independence of the crown of the country, and to give legitimacy by public institutions to the government of a family which was always dear to them,—men who, when power was concentrated momentarily in their hand by the force of circumstances, and in the midst of the greatest dangers, oppressed no one.

"I have spoken only in my own name, my Lord; but I have the courage to believe that no one of the Italian refugees in France will wish to contradict me. There is not one who knows how to violate truth and honor.

"I am, with respect, my Lord,

"Your very humble and very obedient servant,

"The Count DE SANTA-ROSA.

"Alençon, August 14, 1822."

One would think that this noble and defying language must have irritated the congregated police. Soon an arrest from the Minister of the Interior transferred Santa-Rosa from Alençon to Bourges, aggravating his situation and driving him at every hazard to quit France, where he no longer hoped for a supportable hospitality.

But I resume my narration at my departure from Alençon, and my return to Paris, August 12. The following are the fragments of our correspondence during the month of August and the month of September:—

"ALENÇON, August 14.

"I wait with an impatience, of which you can form no idea, for the news of your journey. I have earnestly recommended you to God. I had not for a long time felt his presence so vividly in my heart. I have implored upon you all the benedictions of Heaven; that Heaven may protect you, that it may give you strength to support prosperity as well as adversity. Every thing comes from heaven, you well know. Write me two words of Laenneck and Plato. If the first is not discontented with your condition, so much the better; if he makes up a face, remember he is only one man. I trust and always trust in you. You, a man so beloved by your friends, offend God if you contemplate your existence with a sombre eye. There are cruel, bitter misfortunes which you do not understand, and which produce the effect of slow poison. The organization of my body does not feel its effects: it is so strong! but the soul. . . But it is better to speak of something else, and to come back to the material of life. Here is the letter to M. Corbière. It is somewhat strong, but truth is truth. The original will go to-morrow by way of the prefect to whom I shall send it myself.

"I am too much occupied with the consequences of my act to permit me to continue tranquilly my studies. The haughty La Mennais does me no good; I like my dear Catholic Church better, when I defend it in the name of reason, not against good philosophy, but against bad

This proud skepticism repels me in place of attracting me. Bonald is an entirely different man; he is a great thinker, but he pushes his systematic ideas to the length of extravagance, and has very little regard for facts, although he cites many."

"ALENÇON, August 20.

" . . . . . I am very well satisfied with having done my duty, and I await the results with perfect tranquillity. If any ministerial or *ultra* journal should publish an article against me or my letter, respond to it if you think proper, and as you shall judge best. In case you see any serious storm gathering over my head, I am prepared to cross into England at a moment's warning: govern yourself accordingly, and mention it to Fabvier. But if, as I hope, my contradictions are received in silence, I shall remain in our dear France, which, culpable as she is, attaches me to her I know not by what charm.

"Yesterday I took a short walk about Alençon. I saluted the setting sun for you. Oh, my dear friend! how I feel the need of you! What divinity has united us? I have seen, I have loved you; and how deeply did I feel it the day of your departure from here! Do you know with what rapidity our so confiding friendship has been formed? It must give us some pleasant days. I shall have need of knowing that you are happy, tranquil, serene. I have faith in you. Also I wish you to be happy, somewhat through selfishness. If you are happy, you will occupy yourself with more success in solacing my profound sorrow. Do not, by a culpable pity, diminish in a single degree, in the least degree, this intimacy, so lively and true, which you have with me. I could not be mistaken in that, and it would render me really unhappy. You are my heart's last object of attachment."

"ALENÇON, August 24.

"My work advances; the whole plan of the work is determined upon. The title will be—*Concerning Liberty and its Relations with Forms of Government*. I shall soon commence writing; but at present I can think only of the Congress of Verona. You see that it is no longer doubtful. It is my duty to designate to Europe what this new Congress is going to do, especially so far as Italy is concerned."

"BOURGES, September 6.

"Well! I am here at Bourges. How painful this journey has been to me! I wish to restrain myself from thinking any more. The prefect, Count de Guigné, received me with politeness, but I avowed to him that he had very severe instructions in regard to me, and he sent me back to the mayor, who testified to me, with much honesty, his desire to mitigate my situation. In fact, I was very discontented with his proposition: 'I count upon having your word of honor as well as that of these gentlemen,' (for I found here four other refugees, MM. de Saint Michel, de Baronis, de Palma, and de Garda,) without which he told me he should be obliged to make the city literally my prison; to keep a constant surveillance over me; to obstruct me; to interdict me even promenades, for they are *extra muros*; in a word, he

forced from me in some sort this word of honor. I gave it to him for ten days, for the purpose of looking around a little for whatever I might see. My situation is therefore worse, as you see, and twenty times a day Alençon causes me regret. Finally, I am installed in a very humble chamber containing a small study, where I shall work, at home with soldier-like and very tranquil people, nearly resembling my hosts at Alençon. What do you counsel me in regard to my son? I have a desire to send for him. If you see no serious objection, send the letter which I addressed you from Alençon for my wife. If things should take the worst turn, and I should be banished to some place in Hungary or Bohemia; if my son would follow me, he alone could aid me to support a horrible existence. My friend, send the letter; my heart is here in a lacerating solitude. Yes, if you have no grave reasons for opposing me, send the letter, and let me not die without having one moment of happiness. I wrote my wife that at the reception of the letter which she will receive by the way that I have indicated, she should send my son to Lyons, where she will direct him to some merchant; there are so many there who correspond with Turin. From Lyons to Paris, it is a journey of only two days.

"I have said nothing of Bourges. Nothing is remarkable save the cathedral, which is a large and very fine Gothic church. But the sanctuary reserved for the priests leaves no passage to the altar. Your French priests keep the Christians very far from God; they will repent it one day.

"What has become of the argument of the *Phedo*? Do you recollect the day that was entirely devoted to the reading of those pages that had been written in the midst of so many pains of soul and body? They belong to me, or rather I belong to them," etc.

"BOURGES, September 15.

" . . . . . Oh, my friend, how unfortunate we are in being nothing but poor philosophers! For me the prolongation of existence is only a hope, an ardent desire, a fervent prayer. I should like to have the virtues and the faith of my mother. To reason is to doubt; to doubt is to suffer. Faith is a kind of miracle; when it is strong—when it is true—what happiness does it give! How many times, in my study, do I raise my eyes to heaven and ask God to reveal to me, and above all to give immortality.

"I have a study, and I pass in it the greatest part of my day; at first from eight to eleven, then I go out to breakfast with my comrades. I sometimes take a walk in the garden of the bishopric: I enter it at one, or a little later, and remain till five. I dine alone, in ten or twelve minutes, and go to search out a promenade with an almost serene heart; but I find only stagnant waters, stony fields, sometimes a little grass under a row of walnut trees, and then I sit down and read, often interrupting myself to meditate or dream. You made my promenade very pleasant day before yesterday. I began by writing you in my head a charming letter. Nothing, or next to nothing of it remains to me; but I had an hour which called to mind eighteen years of my life, and owed it to

you, my good friend. Does not this give you pleasure, and do you not like to have me speak of it to you?

"I still entertain the project of writing on the Congress of Verona. In the mean time I continue my readings, and I have commenced putting to paper the fundamental ideas of the work which is my habitual thought. The farther I advance, the deeper I penetrate into the subject, the more I see the clouds gather about me. Bonald has some profound and admirable things; he has others which make one laugh with pity, or which excite indignation. Bonald and Tracy are alike in their depreciation of the ancients—those ancients to whom we are so much indebted, and whose venerable relics have renewed the civilization which had perished. Christianity has perhaps hindered civilization from sinking into an abyss of barbarism; but its revival is due to the ancients. Now we mock at our masters, and proclaim that we are wise, enlightened and great, while there pass in turn from us so many things that should humble us. . . . It appears to me necessary, and, moreover, radically true, that an essential difference should be established between general utility and individual utility. General utility, which I also call, for the sake of explaining it to myself, equality of liberty, ought to be the end of law. This general utility is also the prosperity and the greatest good of all individuals. Happiness consists in doing what one wishes to do. That all may have it, nothing must be done injurious to others. The development of the rights of man is the aim of the legislator, as the teaching of the Decalogue is the aim of the priest. God is the centre of all this. The submission of force to the laws which protect the feeble cannot be explained without God. The liberty of all can exist only in the social state. Upon what conditions?—how? The first thing is to put liberty above the power of the majority. This is what Rousseau has by no means done. Certainly we cannot put it there altogether, for no social existence would possibly be in it. But for the principal guarantees of the individual, or, in other terms, as to the most precious portion of liberty, I think it cannot be left to the discretion of the majority.\* There remain for it constitutional and administrative laws. I would call those social laws which trace the limits for the exercise of liberty on the part of each so as to guarantee it to all. That they are called rights, duties, guarantees, is of no consequence. Rights can be translated into duties, and *vice versa*."

\* The history of our country has demonstrated that liberty is safe with the majority. The decisions of the majority are by no means infallible; they cannot, as Mr. Carlyle has clearly, yet in a spirit quite too fierce, not to say savage, shown, alter eternal fact; they cannot suspend the law of gravitation, nor make wrong right; but these same decisions of the majority, especially so far as settling the fundamental principles of liberty, and determining those primary laws of justice that exist in the nature of things, that are stamped upon the human mind, that serve as the basis of all good government, are concerned, will oftener accord with absolute truth than any other decisions that can be had among men. He that is a party to his own liberty will not be likely to betray it; liberty is then safer with the majority than with any limited number.

O. W. W.

"BOURGES, September 21.

"To-day the prefect has sent for me, and has asked me whether I still intended to leave for England. 'The Minister has instructed me to put you this question, and ask you, in case you wish to go, whether you would prefer to embark at Calais or Boulogne?' I answered him that I did not wish to remain in France unless I could enjoy full liberty; that if this were not granted me, I should eagerly accept passports for England. I then besought the prefect to ask for me the privilege of going to Calais without the attendance of a guard, offering my word of honor to follow the course which should be prescribed for me. The prefect has this evening answered the Minister, and probably in five or six days the order or the permission to depart will arrive.

"You understand well that I could make no other response than the one which I have made. I shall therefore bid adieu to France, to your country; but I do not renounce it. European society will have some years of calm. Perhaps the disquiet which my person inspires so inopportunistly in certain spirits will pass away. I shall then return to see you, and probably to establish myself near you in the capital of Europe. I have need of this hope. You see, my friend, it is Providence which leads me by the hand into England; it is necessary to yield. I have a tranquil heart; there is no place for doubt, for perplexity; and such is the only condition that can deprive me of half my powers."

"BOURGES, September 27.

" . . . I was entirely prepared to winter at Bourges; but I avow to you the thought of recovering my liberty touches me infinitely. I beg of you, if it is in your power, to procure me some letters for London. . . .

"O my friend, I go to England with a tranquil heart, because I see myself, thus to speak, driven by the circumstances in which I find myself, and in which I am placed by conduct, the details of which you understand. But I go not with a gay heart; I leave you in France. Your name in the balance, had always inclined it to this side of the channel; but my position is clear—either liberty in France and at Paris, consequently at the height of my wishes, or in England. There is nothing intermediate either possible or proper."

"BOURGES, October 1.

"I start to-morrow at noon. M. Leranchet has answered that he would not permit that I should go to Calais without an escort. I shall therefore have a guard. I pass by Orleans and Paris. Day after to-morrow, between half-past five and seven, I shall arrive at Paris. I have promised to remain at Paris only during the necessary time to pass, in some sort, from one diligence to another. I shall have scarcely time to grasp you by the hand, and to embrace you. I am tranquil, because my resolution was demanded by my situation; but I feel at the bottom of my heart a sadness mixed with disquiet. I am sure of regretting Alençon more than once; but it is Providence which drives me to England, and I obey. . . . My friend, you are a large part of my moral existence. If you



knew with what heaviness of heart I write you! There are very few persons—no, I believe there is only one upon earth to whom I write with more emotion than to you.”

Santa-Rosa was right; we were scarcely able to see each other a few moments, on his way at Paris. It was permitted him to go to my house accompanied by a *gendarme*; and it was before this *gendarme* that we bade each other the adieus which were to be eternal. Doubtless neither he nor I had any distinct presentiment of this. On his part, he was sustained by the thought of accomplishing a duty; on my part, I was afraid of yielding to a kind of selfishness by retaining him in France, in the midst of the watchings and the tricks of the police; and yet a secret instinct filled up for me, with an inexpressible bitterness, this fatal hour, in which it seemed to me that I should lose him for ever. We exchanged scarcely any words, and I conducted him back in silence to the diligence, which bore him far from me. Soon he had left the France for which he was fitted, and was lost, as it were, in the immense desert of London, without fortune, without resource, without any real friend: he who knew how to live only to love or act. After the first moments of unquiet activity for the purpose of making for himself a supportable situation, the unfortunate soon fell into a profound melancholy, from which he escaped only soon to fall into it again; so that finally the *ennui* of this life, either solitary or dissipated, led him to the magnanimous and mournful resolution which placed him for a moment, with a certain *éclat*, upon the stage of the world, before he disappeared for ever.

During the sojourn of Santa-Rosa in England, our correspondence did not cease to be intimate, serious, and tender, as it had always been; but it was necessarily very monotonous, singularly filled with affectionate sentiments, abortive projects, deceptive hopes; sad picture, which I cannot bear to describe, so I will only cite a few fragments of the letters of Santa-Rosa, in order to give an idea of his interior situation.

“LONDON, November 26, 1822.

“ . . . It is however necessary that I should tell you the reasons of my silence, or rather that I should prove to you that I have not ceased to think much of you. The better way of proving it would be to send you the contents of three letters I began, and then tore up, through an impulse not of impatience, but of friendship. They would

have been really afflicting to you. I spoke in them to you with a tone so melancholy of my dejection and my interior sadness, that it would have been cruelty to send them to you, persuaded as I am, as I always shall be, of the depth of your sentiment for me. . . . Do not be too much alarmed; or rather I should say to you, who know and feel that all life is in interior existence, be seriously alarmed. I have had days in which I believed myself undone. Good God! is not that to feel one's self dying? At bottom, I have nothing with which to reproach England but the kind of life which I lead. To make calls; to receive them; insignificant courtings from one end of the city to the other; the necessity of learning English, and a decided repugnance to giving myself the trouble to learn it; a disquieting future, if I do not make practical use of my faculties; expenses much above my means, etc. My work on the Congress of Verona occupies me almost all the time, when I am able to think. I have already written many pages in my head on the walks of London. I hope this small work will be useful. I shall write it in French; I shall get it translated into English without its costing me any thing, and I shall publish it here; then I shall send you a copy of my manuscript, authorizing you to retrench and modify every thing that might frighten a Parisian bookseller. Despite of the moderation which will always guide my pen, it is impossible to forget, while writing, that I am in England. As I shall put my name to this production, it will be able, if it succeeds, to give me the commencement of a reputation which will quadruple the price of my works. I am going to commence the work as soon as the Congress of Verona shall have published a declaration. This is necessarily the point of departure. I am now going to speak to you of the acquaintances which I have acquired at London.

“I put in the first rank Sir James Mackintosh, Whig member of Parliament, the brother-in-law of Siamondi, and of Jeffrey, the principal editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. Information which has appeared to me immense, and a very enlightened political philosophy, characterize Mackintosh, if I am able to judge. Moreover, his reputation in England is very advantageously established. He speaks French correctly rather than easily: he knows much of Paris. You know perhaps that he defended your revolution against Burke, and his voice is constantly raised in Parliament in favor of the cause of national independence and social ameliorations. I have also made the acquaintance of Austin and his family. He is a young advocate, obscure as yet, but a real thinker, and a disciple of Bentham, with whom he and his wife are particularly acquainted. She is a person of excellent character, wonderfully learned for a woman, but none the less amiable. She is very willing to give me some lessons in English, by which I am little profited, in spite of the attraction which lessons from a lady of twenty-seven or eight, and of a very agreeable figure, might offer.\* This is

\* The young and amiable woman of whom Santa-Rosa here speaks, has become one of the best writers of England. Her work best known is that which she has devoted to Goethe.

an interesting acquaintance which I shall cultivate with care. As to Bentham, the eccentricity of his character and the difficulty of approaching him are things known here. Bowring is his favorite; but of Bowring I have as yet seen very little. I hope soon to see Wilberforce and Brougham. I have received some invitations from several radicals; but it is not proper to show myself in very intimate connection with the extreme radical party." . . .

"December 10th, 1822.

"I have received news from my wife. She and our children are exceedingly well; but my eldest, Theodore, disquiets me: he has need of instruction, of superintendence; he has need of his father, in a word, and yet it is impossible for me to call him after me. My feeble resources are being rapidly exhausted." . . .

"December 25th.

" . . . How much cause I have to fear England! but I do not esteem it any the less for that." . . .

"February 12th, 1823.

" . . . I do not at all think of Portugal or Spain, where Collegno has gone. My political principles by no means call me thither.

"You speak to me in terms of gentleness, and I thank you for it; I love them much. It is just a year since we were together at Arcueil. What a sweet life I lived there! Only if I had not seen you suffer. But perhaps what you cost me of grief in this respect only increased my feeling for you. This feeling will end only with my existence, and I hope with Socrates that it will next end in a long time."

"April 14th, 1823.

"I must scold you for not having yet sent me the first volume of Plato. I have read it at the house of Bossange. I came near opening my purse, although so thin, and paying the bookseller ten or twelve shillings in order to carry the book in my pocket, and devour it at my ease. It seemed to me a species of affront not to have in my possession this dear volume, the greater part of which I saw produced and matured. I have a real right to it.

"I hope soon to go to the country. It is absolutely impossible for me to work in London. Calls to make and receive; several dinners during the week; half the day in the endless streets of London; many evenings at the table to see bottles opened which I do not touch; in short, I do nothing but read a little, make a few notes. I do not in reality work. But I swear to you I shall not continue this sort of life, and that I shall soon busy myself in some corner of Wales.

"I have received and read with infinite pleasure the translation of Manzoni, by Faurel; it is exquisite. The work of Manzoni on the unities has seemed to me perfect, and as it were has converted me. *Adelchi* pleases me less than *Car magnola*, the merit of which increases in my eyes every time I read it; but the choruses of *Adelchi* are ravishingly beautiful.

"There has just been printed at Barcelona a

declaration in the name of the Italian corps, but without signature, in which with signal bad faith I am accused of not having wished to take part in this expedition through motives unworthy of me. I do not think it my duty to reply to an anonymous production. I own it is very sad. I shall never be wanting in that kind of courage which an upright man must have against calumny. That which afflicts me is, the evil which it does to a party that I do not prefer to my country and do not confound with my country, but to which I am nevertheless attached." . . .

"May 25th, 1823.

" . . . No, I wish to accept nothing from any one. One can have only his intimate friend for a patron, and I have closed the list for ever. You have been enrolled the last, in regard to the date; but so far as affection is concerned you can have no second place: my heart very clearly tells me that. There is a very small number of persons that I love as well as you, although not in the same manner; I am sure that I love no one better than you. All that I owe to you costs me nothing, absolutely nothing. I believe if you had a million I might ask you for half of it without hesitation. I have finally left the dissipated life of London, and am established with Count Porro in a small house, called here a *cottage*, at the extremity of the city, as at Paris lodgings would be at Mont-rouge or at Chailot. This is absolutely like the country: from my window I have a view of Regent Canal and the cottages built on the opposite bank. One would believe it to be a hundred leagues from a great city, and yet in twenty minutes one can be in Oxford street or in Hyde Park, in the midst of the most elegant promenaders. Our cottage belongs to Foscolo; I love it much, but Arcueil will always be my favorite. I have kept of it a souvenir—I may say a tender souvenir; sadness is mingled with it when I recollect how I saw you suffer. It is possible I may spend the coming autumn and even the winter in my cottage; I must have retirement and labor. If I can procure a livelihood I shall send for my family. With the resources of my wife, and what I can get here by working, our means of living will be sufficient. If my hopes deceive me in regard to ways of getting money, then we shall have to establish ourselves in Wurtemberg, since Switzerland is closed to us."

"August 4th, 1823.

"I have no good news to give you of myself, and I cannot tell you the reason for it; this will be the first subject of our intercourse if you come here. How many things I have to tell you, how many things to ask of you!" . . .

"September 10th, 1823.

"I work constantly, but not with pleasure. It grieves me much that I must write articles for the journals; they will hinder me from executing more serious works. This is a great objection, I think; but in the first place, the need of getting some money is imperious with me, and articles for the journals are the only means of getting it at hand. In the second place, it appears to me that when I

shall get some exercise in it, this writing will take only half of my time, and I shall be able to give the other half to my old projects.

"I have written you that I do not much please the English, and in general this is true enough; but there are nevertheless some persons upon whose friendship I think I can rely. I know, among others, a family of Quakers, (the Fry family,) which is engaged in commerce, and rich, one of the members of which, the mother of the family, Catherine Fry, is known in England by the care which she bestows on the prisoners of Newgate. I have passed some days with them in the country, and this family has made on me a profound impression.

"I have read the *Parga* of Berchet three times. The third part is a master-piece. In the other parts there are passages spun out to considerable length, yet they are wanting in interesting and necessary details. Berchet has just published two Italian romances; the first is written with much fervor and grace, but the second has a more serious character; it is a morsel of poetry perfectly beautiful.

"Have you read *Las-Casas*? In truth, it would be necessary to lose one's memory in order to put any confidence in what Napoleon tells us of his beautiful liberal projects. He saw that the tendency of our age after 1814 was towards liberty; and if he played his new part badly in 1815 that does not hinder him, in the manifesto which he addresses to posterity through *Las-Casas*, from making poetry for us upon what he pleased, and upon what he was about to undertake for liberty. But that which recommends Napoleon with me is his successors; they work night and day at the reputation of the man whom they overturned."

"September 18th.

"I am very well, and continue to work. Dear friend, I must think of the desire which I have of pleasing you, by doing my duty, in order to surmount my dislike. I have received from Turin a letter which has done me good; I expect one with impatience from the *Villa Santa-Rosa*. I shall send in the coming spring for those poor creatures associated in my unfortunate destiny. You shall see them on their passage at Paris."

"30th September.

"I continue to labor in the same manner, earning my living at the expense of all my designs. At present I am writing an essay on Italian literature. Work has increased in my hands. How can I pass over certain men and certain epochs? In reviewing the adventurous lives of Giordano Bruno, of Campanella, and some others of this stamp, I have been forcibly reminded of you. This Florentine Platonism whence sprang a generous and valiant youth, that would have saved the country if such could have been, but they at least saved honor. We Italians of the nineteenth century have not even had this advantage. There are, my friend, thoughts that pursue a man all his life: you understand me, and you ought to pity me. How many times do I reproach myself, and at what price would I not purchase back those thirty days of a political career marked by so many errors. Forty years of my life have fled.

Much have I desired happiness, and I have possessed a great faculty for feeling it. I mourn the untowardness of my better destiny. Nevertheless I have a future: I have children, and their mother I love and esteem. My children will render me happy or unhappy. Besides, if I yield to my misfortunes, I do not fear the void, the horrible oblivion in which I will not and cannot believe, and which I repel now and for ever by my will, by my instinct, in default of positive demonstration. If I write I will put my conscience in my books, and I shall also have my country before my eyes. The remembrance of my mother will also be a divinity, which will command more than one sacrifice. This sentiment is one of the excitements of my interior existence. Good or bad, so it is. This all-powerful reason will not permit me to sympathize entirely with the new ways and the new era.

"Let me hope seriously to see you during the year 1824. Your passport will not be obstinately denied. Henceforth either I am deceived, or the French government will become still more strengthened, which cannot but happen, unless great follies are committed. If you are watched, it must be seen that your whole life is devoted to philosophy. A passport then will not be refused to you, and I shall embrace you on the shores of England in spite of the eyes of gaping Englishmen.

"It wearies me to write articles for the journals. I could wish to contribute a little to the honor of this poor and unhappy country, to which I have sacrificed all the sweets of existence. The glorious example of Manzoni must inflame every Italian who has any heart or any talent. Berchet behaves well and appears to be quite happy. He has promised me to write a good number of romances similar to his last; if he keeps his word he will have created a new style."

"18th October.

"Yes, my friend, there must be in my interior life, in my affections, a certain superstition; what has just happened confirms me in this belief. This 18th day of October, this day upon which I complete my fortieth year, and upon which I am shut up, invisible in my little hermitage, meditating upon my misfortunes, upon my future, surrounding myself with my dearest recollections, with my sweetest friendships; this day, even at this moment, your letter of the 12th and your *Plato* are brought to me. Of the Roman race and of the Roman blood, I accept the augury, as was done in the times of Camilla and Dentatus. I seize my pen immediately to answer you in this first delicious moment of life. Oh what a mysterious and divine thing is the human heart! how much I deplore the doctrines of materialism! I was thinking of it when your *Plato* arrived. We both believe in what is good, in order. Philosophy is not knowing a great deal, but placing oneself high. In this respect alone I think myself a philosopher, notwithstanding my ignorance in so many things. Adieu: I leave you. To-day I belong entirely to myself, and it is only because I love you as I do, that I have written to you. Adieu once more."

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]



## LOUIS KOSSUTH AND HIS COUNTRY.

THE expected visit of Kossuth to this country—and, perhaps, by the time this shall have been put into print, he will have arrived—renders it proper that we should give some particulars concerning a man who has already filled so large a portion of modern history. In connection with the subject it may be as well to glance at the nature of the struggle of which he was the chief hero, and which seems, on this side of the Atlantic, to be but little understood. Indeed little is known, except that the oldest constitutional monarchy in the world was that of Hungary.

The Magyars are oriental in their origin. The exact country from which they came is a mystery, though a tribe in the north of China, now existing, and speaking a tongue very similar to the Magyar, may throw some light on the subject. All that we have in the way of history is an anonymous register of King Bela the Third, in 1170, which informs us that the Hungarian nation occupied Pannonia, (the modern Hungary,) which had been conquered by their ancestors, the Huns, emigrants from the centre of Asia; that the government at that time was not kingly, but conducted by seven rulers (chief leaders) chosen freely by the people. On their entrance into Pannonia, Arpad was chosen as sole ruler, and his descendants long after were elected by the people to the same dignity. Saint Stephen, the grandson of Arpad, introduced Christianity into the country in the year 1000, and was formally crowned King—two crowns having been sent to him, one by the Greek Emperor, and the other by the Pope. These two diadems, united into one, make the crown of St. Stephen, with which, by the Hungarian law, it is necessary for each King to be crowned. With King Stephen came the first written articles of the constitution, containing a series of liberal propositions, voted by the national assembly, and confirmed by the monarch; astonishing from the fact that they were created during the incipency of civilization, and when liberalism was utterly

unknown. During the reign of this dynasty, which closed in the thirteenth century, the constitution received several very important additions; amongst the rest the celebrated *Bulla Aurea*, which may be regarded as the *Magna Charta* of Hungarian freedom.

When the race of Arpad became extinct, the nation resumed the right to choose its rulers; and among the elected monarchs were some of the most illustrious. Under Louis the Great, in 1300, the frontiers of Hungary were washed by the Black, Baltic and Adriatic seas; and under Matthias Corvinus, in 1460, it became the most powerful of European nations. In 1445, when Europe was threatened by the Ottoman, who had swallowed up the Greek empire,—after Mohammed the Second, who respected his warlike neighbors, had offered in vain to divide with them the empire of Europe,—the Magyars entered the field as the champions of Christendom. Mohammed attacked Hungary with two hundred thousand men, and three hundred pieces of artillery, at that time a novel weapon. He was met at Belgrade by the celebrated John Hunyadi, the father of Matthias Corvinus, with thirty-five thousand Magyars, and, after three days' hard fighting, utterly and irretrievably routed. For nearly a century the position of Hungary was a proud one, in spite of many reverses; but the disastrous battle of Mohats, whereby the Turks were enabled to overrun Hungary, caused the nation to bestow the crown on Ferdinand of Hapsburg, the then Emperor of Germany; and with the accession of this monarch were sown the seeds of Hungarian ruin.

From that time date all the misfortunes of the Hungarian nation. The most skilful intrigues were directed toward the entire annihilation of the constitution and national existence. To further the infamous purpose, deceit, treachery and violence were freely employed. Thus it was that the first Hapsburg sat on the Hungarian throne. And it was by a continuance of the same policy, that the Hungarians were compelled to elect

prince after prince of the same dynasty. It is true that many patriots endeavored to avert the calamity which their clear vision saw to be impending, but were unsuccessful; and after the royalty was made hereditary in the family of Hapsburg, in 1687, these true-hearted men became objects of relentless persecution. Revolution after revolution was contrived, but invariably betrayed before each had arrived at a crisis, by some one of the foreigners introduced through policy. These plots were quenched by the blood of their projectors; the executioner received full employment; and the Zrinyi, Frangepan, Wesselenyi, Nadasdi, and other illustrious families of Hungary were rendered extinct.

Another great misfortune which took place after the battle of Mohats, was the separation of Transylvania from Hungary. From the deep hatred and distrust entertained for the new dynasty, it was an easy task for Sigismund Zápolya to cause Transylvania to revolt and form a distinct sovereignty. Thus it was that Transylvania for a century and a half existed as a separate State, ruled by its own Grand Dukes, who were elected under its constitution, and standing as a barrier between Turkey and Austria—sometimes protected by one or other of these powers, and occasionally, under illustrious rulers, the most fearful enemy of both. During the seventeenth century, the Turk, having lost pachalic after pachalic, was, after the capture of Buda, driven forth from Hungarian soil. Transylvania being under the government of a weak chief, and admiring the energy then displayed by the house of Hapsburg, submitted to the dominion of the latter. But, having been separated for some time from Hungary, her constitution was really more liberal than that of the latter. Therefore, though she accepted the same sovereign, she remained an independent State.

Of these changes it must be observed, that, though Hungary and Transylvania accepted the Austrian Archduke as their sovereign, it was done by virtue of solemn treaty, and in pursuance of their powers as independent nations. In accepting the crown of Hungary, the Archduke of Austria was obliged to give all the necessary guarantees, and by the constitution it was necessary for each succeeding King to be crowned with the diadem of St. Stephen, upon Hun-

garian soil, after swearing a solemn oath to uphold the constitution of the realm.

In the year 1687, the royalty was made hereditary in the house of Hapsburg; and in 1723, this arrangement was extended, in favor of Maria Theresa, to the descendants of King Charles the Third. This act is known in history as the Pragmatic Sanction. But this Pragmatic Sanction contains nothing but the acceptance and regulation of the law of succession, under the same conditions guaranteed by the coronation oath, and by all the laws preceding and following the compact itself. So far was Hungary from becoming a province of Austria, that to the very year of 1850, not a single Austrian was allowed to hold office in Hungary. An Austrian was a foreigner in Hungarian law and practice. An Austrian subject was not a citizen of Hungary, and to achieve the privilege of citizenship, had to be naturalized by the same process of law as an alien from any other foreign country.

To uphold the constitution, and to insure its solemn acceptance and observance by every member of the house of Hapsburg, was at all times the unremitting care of the Hungarian nation. To possess Hungary without any condition; to subject the Hungarian nobles and citizens to arbitrary measures of government; to reign over the land as though it were but one of their many conquered provinces; and finally, to merge its nationality in the Austrian empire, made up at all times the fondest wish and highest object of ambition of the house of Hapsburg. Religion and policy were made subservient to this purpose by the Austrian Emperors; religion and policy were invoked by its opponents to defeat the plans of the Court. Thus the Austrian Government was to be seen favoring ostensibly the cause of Catholicism in Hungary, and attempting to hide its passion for political conquest under the cloak of a pretended religious zeal. Protestantism in Hungary stood always by the constitution, and would have preferred a league with the Turk to submission to the absolute tendencies of Austria. The attempts, covert and open, for the purpose of defeating the constitutional party, made successively by the Austrian princes, have repeatedly forced the Hungarian nation to defend its liberties by force of arms. Attacked in its own bounds, formerly as now, it carried the war into the territories of the

monarch who attempted to impose his rule over it, in violation of his coronation oath. In this way the Hungarian nation was, for successive generations, exposed to all those artifices which ambitious monarchs and their wily counsellors employ to defeat a national opposition to their plans. Valuable rights were thus, by the continual agitation, gradually taken away; and had it not been for the general opposition, Hungary could not have escaped being conquered in the midst of profound peace.

After various movements made by several Kings with the design of destroying Hungarian liberty, and repeated attempts to merge Hungary in Austria, followed by corresponding insurrections, the long struggle begun by Leopold the First was ended in 1711, by Joseph the First, who by his solemn oath confirmed the ancient constitution. Joseph the Second, having united the most absolute tyranny with highly popular and winning manners, used every means to annihilate the Hungarian municipalities, and to substitute the use of the German for the Magyar language. In order to further his designs, he raised the Wallachian people against the Magyar nobles in Transylvania, in 1784; and gave the example of a war of extermination so successfully imitated by his successor at the present time. This conduct kindled a revolt which was only pacified in 1790 by Leopold the Second, who withdrew his brother's pretensions and abandoned his invasion of the constitution of the realm.

The twenty articles of the diploma of inauguration in 1790, by virtue of which Leopold the Second ascended the Hungarian throne, after generally affirming the independence of the Crown, the laws and the privileges of Hungary, among other enactments proceed to decree triennial convocations of the Diet, exclusion of foreigners, viz., Austrians, from the government, and the residence of the Emperor-King, during a portion of every year, in his Hungarian dominions. They declare that the King can neither make laws nor impose taxes without the consent of the Diet; that royal proclamations, unless countersigned by one at least of the Boards of the Hungarian Government, are null and void; and in the tenth article of the same diploma it is distinctly avowed, that "Hungary, with her appanages, is a free kingdom; and in regard to her whole legal form of government, in-

cluding all the tribunals, independent, i. e., entangled with no other people or kingdom, but having her own consistence and constitution, to be governed accordingly, by her legitimately crowned King, after her peculiar laws and customs."

It is evident then that, by both law and practice, the hereditary States of Austria and Hungary have been always politically separate, and that their only union existed in the identity of their sovereign. The monarch, who was prince by absolute right in his German States, was not King of Hungary until he had been crowned with the crown of St. Stephen, at Presburg, and he had bound himself by a solemn oath to govern the country, with the co-operation of the Diet, according to the constitution and the laws. Thus it was that Joseph the Second, not having given the required guarantees, nor having been crowned according to the prescribed form, was never recognized as sovereign; his acts and ordinances are void and of no effect; and his name does not appear upon the list of Hungarian Kings.

This indisputable independence of Hungary was farther acknowledged and confirmed by Francis the First, who, when the German empire ceased and determined, assumed the title of Emperor of Austria. In the act drawn up by him on that occasion, it is distinctly declared, that "the provinces of the Hungarian crown, in their quality as a separate kingdom, are quite distinct from the provinces of the Austrian realm, of which they are not, in any way, a constituent part."

These are the several compacts upon which is founded the rule of the house of Hapsburg over Hungary. Transylvania was acquired by the same house in 1690, by a compact of several points, and entered not as a portion of the imperial or archducal property, but of the crown of Hungary. In this compact, similar precautions to those previously used by Hungary were taken. But, as we have before said, no entire union took place between Transylvania and Hungary. The only connection between them was, that the King of Hungary, on having been crowned with the diadem of St. Stephen, and complied with the remaining necessary formalities, became *ipso facto* Grand Duke of Transylvania; provided that the newly-crowned King dispatched a plenipotentiary to the Transylvanian Diet, who swore in the



name of his master to preserve the constitution. Every fresh accession was then farther ratified by a diploma of the Diet. The nobles and citizens of Hungary enjoyed the same rights in Transylvania as at home, and *vice versâ*, while there was free trade between the two States. But Transylvania had her own legislature, her own government, separate and distinct from that of Hungary. The two countries, thus separated, continued to preserve their constitutional liberties against the machinations of the Court of Vienna, and in spite of intrigue and violence remained, under the rule of the absolute Austrian Emperor, as independent States.

It is of interest to the public and of importance to our design, that the peculiar features of the Hungarian and Transylvanian constitutions should be explained. The investigation becomes doubly important from the fact that these are the oldest guaranteed forms of government in Europe; their origin lost in the forgotten past, and their provisions preserved through a lapse of ages, amidst violence, intrigues, and commotion.

The Hungarian constitution was based upon principles of the most liberal character; but its provisions, until the year 1848, were confined solely to the nobility. Till then the nobility was the nation. The Hungarian noble was the freest man in the universe, having all possible liberties and benefits, being entirely the master of his own actions, and having his personal security guaranteed by the first article of the constitution. That instrument contains the initiatory words: "*Nobilis, nisi legitime citatus atque convictus, aggravari potest.*" — "The noble, unless justly arraigned and convicted, cannot be molested." But under this arrangement the people were nothing except slaves to the most absolute tyranny. And it is to be noted that the privileges of nobility were not alone conferred upon the Magyars; the nobles of the other races in Hungary enjoyed the same privileges. It may be remarked in connection with this, that the nobles of the different races, with the exception of a very few, joined the Magyar nobles and people during the recent struggle, and the Croatian Ban, Jellachich, was obliged to use martial force to repress the Croatian nobles of Turpolya.

The legislative power was of course in the hands of these nobles; and both in Hun-

gary and Transylvania resided in bodies known as Diets.

The Diet of Hungary consisted of two houses, the upper, or House of Magnates, and the lower, or House of Representatives. The upper house was presided over by the Palatine, who, as the chief executive officer, or governor of Hungary, was elected for life by the Hungarian Diet. The House of Magnates was composed of the members of the various Hungarian magnate families, Prince, Count and Baron, the Ban of Croatia, the Bishops and prelates of the Catholic Church, and the Mayors of the several departments or counties, each having a vote. The lower house was presided over by a person appointed by the King, and consisted of deputies elected by the counties. Hungary was divided into fifty-two departments or counties, each of which met quarterly under the presidency of its Mayor, or in his absence, the Vice-Mayor. We have given the name of Mayor to these functionaries for want of a better English synonyme. The words in Magyar are *Fő Ispany* and *Al Ispany*; or in Latin, — *supremus comes* and *vice comes*. These, it is curious to note, are the Latin names of offices under the English common law, from whence arose the titles of Earl and Viscount. The duties of the Hungarian officers are not exactly the same, though their powers are somewhat analogous. As chief of the county, *supremus comes*, the word Mayor is the best that we can find to convey a meaning. Of these counties any noble residing or having property within their bounds was a member. Their duty at their meetings was to discuss and decide upon all matters of interest to the portion under their jurisdiction; to watch over the domestic administration and policy; and to amend, alter and abolish their own constitution, except when such action conflicted with the fundamental law of the realm. These local legislatures had also the power to elect the various office-holders, with the exception of the Mayors, who were nominated by the King. This election for officers was called a *restoration*, and was conducted by the Mayor. Of late years the Government, having aspired to virtually control the municipalities by electing the officers, caused a great disturbance by their intrigues and made the elections scenes of great excitement. Every county, without regard to its population or extent, was en-

titled to send two deputies to the Diet. The National Assembly of Croatia possessed the right to send three deputies to the Diet. The capitals and convents of the Catholic Church sent deputies, but these had collectively but one vote; and the deputies of the free royal towns had the same privilege.

Some years since the lower house began to attain greater weight from the fact that its members were the representatives of the majority of the privileged class, and were provided with special instructions from their constituents, which they were sworn to obey. The attitude of the lower house assumed more importance at each succeeding session, and began to display an incontestable tendency to important reforms. In the lower house was deposited the right of initiating all measures. A bill introduced and passed by it was transmitted to the upper house; and if there successful, was submitted to the King for confirmation. At the first submission the King had the right to send the bill back with his objections, but if it again passed both houses, the monarch was obliged to confirm it upon the last day of session; appearing in person at that time to assent to the several bills and close the Diet.

As provided in the diploma of inauguration of 1790, the Hungarian Diet must be assembled every three years, convoked by a special decree of the King, and opened by the latter or a plenipotentiary. Besides the business of ordinary legislation, the Diet voted such subsidies as they thought proper for the maintenance of the army during a space of three years, and the sum they appropriated was collected and paid over to the Austrian Minister of War. The financial affairs of the nation, after the amount required for the purpose was determined by the Diet, were regulated by the several counties. It was the duty of those bodies to raise the amount voted by the Diet for the civil and military expenses of the general government, as well as to obtain and control the necessary funds required in the civil government of their own jurisdictions.

The constitution and political existence of Transylvania were based upon the very principle of absurdity; and though somewhat tolerable under their own Dukes, were necessarily disastrous under the dominion of the house of Hapsburg. The constitution seems to have been erected upon seven

sins, namely, three races and four religions, each acknowledged by law and furnished with the same rights. The privileged three races were the Magyar, the Szekler, both of whom spoke the same language, and the Saxon. Each of these had its own designated territory. The Hungarian division was subdivided into thirteen counties, organized similarly to the counties in Hungary; the territory of the Szeklers into five, and that of the Saxons into eleven subdivisions, with a special organization differing each from the other, and from the Magyar. The privileged four religions were the Catholic, the Calvinist, the Lutheran, and the Unitarian. All these different races were represented in the Diet; and all the elective employments of state, from the governor of Transylvania down to the lowest counsellor, were divided equally between the four religions. According to law it made no matter if a competitor for office of another religion were better qualified, as the employments were distributed not according to the capacity of the candidates, but the nature of the religious belief they avowed. The consequence of this was an exceedingly creditable display of sectarian piety, at each election, on the part of the needy office-hunters.

The Transylvanian Diet consisted of but one house, and was composed of—

Firstly, The deputies elected by the departments of the several races, every department sending two members. In the Hungarian counties the election was the same as in Hungary proper, the fundamental institution being based upon the nobility. The Szeklers being a tribe of nobles and enjoying special privileges, every Szekler was an elector. The Szekler counties had also the right to elect their own Mayors, a privilege enjoyed by no others. The Saxons were possessed of civil institutions different from the Magyars, somewhat tinged with the principles of the old Roman constitutions, and in theory based upon liberty and equality; but in practice, through the intrigues of the Court and the influence of the bureaucratic league, they became instruments of tyranny.

Secondly, The deputies from the privileged towns, two from each.

Thirdly, The deputies from the single capital and convent of the Catholic Church. All these deputies had individually votes.

Fourthly, A portion of the magnates and wealthy nobles called to legislation by special letters of appointment, given by the Grand Duke, usually called *litteræ regales*, royal letters, whence these deputies were called Regalists. Thus it was in Transylvania, that only such of the nobles as were friends to the monarch entered the Diet.

Fifthly, The bishops of the Catholic and the united Greek Church.

This Diet was presided over by an elective president, whose station was the most important in Transylvania. Besides exercising the law-making power, the Diet elected the principal office-holders, from the governor of Transylvania down. But in these elections the four religions we have before given were obliged to be respected; and for every office three candidates of each religion were chosen and nominated to the sovereign, who selected from these. But the King was bound in his choice to respect the same principles, and divide his gift of life-offices among the favored beliefs.

According to the compact made in 1690 with the house of Hapsburg, the Diet was to be convoked annually by a special minister. The laws and resolutions which passed the Diet were submitted to the King, who had a right to send them back with his objections, which were to be respectfully considered. Unfortunately, there was no limit as to the time in which a bill should be returned, and frequently very necessary bills of immediate importance were retained some half a century by the supreme power, in order to give proper consideration. The deputies from the towns in Transylvania, and the members of the lower house, were paid from the public treasury; but the nobles and bishops, being supposed to represent their own interests, obtained no compensation.

Such were the peculiarities of the two constitutions, at the incipency of the struggle for reform and freedom; and the formation of the legislative bodies was found to be the greatest bar to advancement. The members of the upper house in Hungary, and the regalists in Transylvania, were the principal tools employed by the Austrian Government to carry out their darling wish, and undermine the structure of Hungarian nationality. In Hungary, the majority of the magnates were conservatives, who completely checked the efforts of the progressive nobles. Though

the lower house could initiate a bill, the upper could stop it of course; and any measure displeasing to the Court of Vienna met with a prompt negative by her noble-born instruments. In Transylvania, the number of regalists not being determined by law, the monarch could at any time control the whole legislation by his creatures. Thus it was that there crept into the Transylvanian Diet a set of miserable conservatives, whose sole ambition was to pander to the views of the Court. And the regalists were farther assisted by the twenty-two representatives of the Saxons, who never hesitated to take any position they could, antagonistic to the welfare of the Hungarian constitution; and the representatives of the Szekler and Magyar races, and of the free towns, were constantly in danger of being overwhelmed by the Saxons and an indefinite number of regalists.

A constitution so illiberal as each of these, however well it might have answered in a darker time, was manifestly out of keeping with the progress of civilization, and it became a point of national interest to effect a reform. The constitution of Hungary had a tendency, though based upon aristocratic principles, to improvement; but so active were the intrigues of the ruling house against the liberty of the nation, that the Diet for a long while had enough to do to ward off these blows of the Court. Francis the First, after having, as previously stated, accepted and sanctioned the conditions imposed on Leopold the Second, and re-affirmed his acceptance in the act by which he created himself Emperor of Austria, convoked the Diet regularly, according to law. But during that time the nation was too much occupied with wars and rumors of wars, to proceed regularly or zealously with constitutional or social reforms. The chivalrous nature of Hungary, and her loyalty to the crown of St. Stephen, led her to submit to repeated demands for men and money, without exacting in return an abatement of grievances. When the victories of Napoleon were shattering the unity of Austria, the Diet was reminded of its response to Maria Theresa at a similar crisis, and each appeal to their liberality was answered with devotion if not enthusiasm. Even when the Hungarians had grown weary of a war wherein they had performed the giant's labor for the dwarf's reward, the near approach of the invader made them firmer



in defense of the very King who had violated their rights. When the victorious army of Napoleon crossed the frontiers of Hungary, its great commander issued a proclamation to the people, promising to maintain their national independence, and inviting them to elect any King they chose according to their national constitution. In that memorable proclamation the various violations of the constitution by the house of Hapsburg were clearly exposed, and how little of good and much of evil Hungary must necessarily expect from its perfidious royal race. Able and masterly in its style and tenor, it was correct in its conclusions; for it prophesied, as the result of a refusal to abandon the Emperor-King, the ultimate downfall of Hungarian liberty and independence. Letters were also dispatched by Napoleon to leading Hungarians, containing the same striking considerations. But the fidelity of the nation remained intact; it respected its allegiance to its sovereign, and continued a war which could never turn out to its own advantage, unless the Court, in return for such devotion, would on the restoration of peace assist in the necessary reforms. But the chivalry of the nation was ill-recompensed. From 1796 to 1811, the Diets were convoked to grant supplies, and prorogued when they began to discuss grievances; and thus for year after year the unequal contest was maintained between a generous people and a prince who forgot nothing save his promises.

At the peace of 1815, it was found that Hungary, in spite of wars, levies, and the worst of governments, had materially increased in prosperity; and it was every where hoped that peace would afford an opportunity of devising and effecting those cardinal reforms admitted to be so necessary. But it was an era of protracted disappointment. Austria, as a member of the Holy Alliance, was now more than ever determined to place Hungary on the same footing with her hereditary States. A Court party was sedulously fostered in the Diet and the country; Austrian officers were placed in command of Hungarian regiments; and every effort was made to gain the necessary strength to consummate their intrigues. In the army no Hungarian could arrive at distinction, if he were not educated as a tool of the Camarilla—unless it might be a few stubborn fellows who fought their way up

in spite of all persecution. The censorship of the press was rigorously enforced; new and galling restrictions were placed upon commerce; the paper currency, immensely expanded during a long war, was depreciated by government, at two several times, 98 per centum; Francis, in infraction of his coronation oath, did not convoke the Diet from 1811 to 1825; and nearly every article of the constitution of 1790 was assailed by violence or evaded by intrigues. In 1822 and 1823, the Austrian Cabinet attempted to levy troops and collect taxes, in direct violation of the diploma of Leopold the Second. The county courts refused to put in execution the illegal orders. The Cabinet, determined to enforce its usurped authority, surrounded many of the county halls with troops, during the session of the legislative court, intending to intimidate the members. But this move was met by passive but unshaken resistance, each member declaring that he would be buried beneath the ruins of the hall where he sat rather than yield to so palpable a violation of the constitution. At length Francis was compelled to recede, and in 1825 again assembled the Hungarian Diet.

Under the lead of the distinguished Nagy Pál, or Paul Nagy, the session of this Diet was stormy; but found only time to discuss and endeavor to obtain atonement for the accumulated wrongs of thirty-five years. So resolutely did they proceed about this work, that the Emperor-King retracted, apologized, and by additional articles engaged to observe the fundamental laws of his Hungarian kingdom, to convoke the Diet triennially, and not to levy subsidies without its authority and warrant.

From that year the movements of the Austrian Government were less daring and more insidious. After the Diet of 1825, the Court of Vienna sent for Nagy Pál, the leader of the lower house, that he might hear the royal word. The exact nature of the interview is not public. But in the next Diet, Nagy Pál was dumb, took no more an active part in politics, became the recipient of a very lucrative office from the Emperor-King, and in his private conversation was ever after a strong advocate of conservative measures.

Up till that time the democratic principle in government was hardly known in Hungary, the constitution being based solely on

the privileges of the nobles, and these last continually endangered by the acts of absolutism. The pride and alarm of the noble Diet kept it aloof from the great idea of the nineteenth century, until a leader appeared in the person of Count Stephen Szechényi, to raise the banner of democracy and progress.

Szechényi, a member of one of the most illustrious houses of Hungary, wealthy, well educated, with a mind improved by travel, and having natural talents of a high order, espoused the cause of liberalism with ardor, and soon roused the vast body of the nation to a sense of its wants, and an expression of its wishes. With him were soon found nobles, priests and people, and the popular tide began to flow with a steady and resistless motion, which at once terrified and provoked the Court. Suddenly, in the midst of the war of parties, the active agitation of the progressives, and the steady resistance of the Court party, there sprang, Minerva-like, from the head of the revolutionary Jove, that man now known as Kossuth the Exile, but to be recorded in history as Kossuth the Great.

LOUIS KOSSUTH was born of a noble Hungarian family, in the county of Zempleny. He received his education in the Protestant college at Sarospatak. As a boy he displayed every token of a strong intellect. After graduating with high honors, he commenced the study of law at Eperjes, and was finally admitted to the bar. As a young lawyer he went to Presburg to increase his knowledge of constitutional law. Arriving at or about the time when the publication of the debates and proceedings of the Diet was suppressed by a royal decree, he became an intimate acquaintance of Szechényi and Wesselenyi. By their assistance he began to prepare and disseminate, in writing, secret reports of the discussions in the Diet. This succeeded admirably, especially so long as it escaped the knowledge of the Austrian Cabinet. He wrote with great facility and dispatch, and the patriots throughout the country received early and authentic information of every measure before the legislature. But the spies of the Court soon discovered this movement, and at once subjected the volunteer reporter to determined prosecutions. Numerous other liberal members were indicted at the same time, Wesselenyi for instance,

and condemned. Kossuth fared no better than his associates, and was doomed to suffer two years' imprisonment at Pest.

During the time of his incarceration, he devoted himself earnestly to the study of the languages and mathematics. When the amnesty was proclaimed, he was released in common with other political prisoners, and came from the Austrian dungeon, weakened in health, but with a mind enlarged by study and reflection. His suffering in a good cause and the preëminence of his talents attracted public attention and achieved popular support; so that not long after his enlargement he was enabled to stand at the head of a journal as its editor. He gave a new character to Hungarian journalism. The carefully-prepared leading articles in his paper were ardently read over the whole country, and gave a new impulse to political movements. The most important points of the reforms demanded were explained in that lucid, stirring and eloquent style which characterized every effusion from his pen. As a noble of Hungary, and consequently member of the county legislature, he took an active part in the general meetings of the Council at Pesth, where he began his career as a public speaker. His extraordinary oratorical efforts thrilled his auditors like an electric shock, and the whole assembly vibrated with his almost magical eloquence. His masterly speeches produced a similar effect in print. Sent by thousands to all parts of Hungary, they produced the same enthusiasm as at Pest, and won for him the love and confidence of the nation. It was at this part of his career that he met the opposition of Szechényi, and hence it was that the attacks of the latter were unjustly said to be dictated by jealousy of an ascending rival.

It is scarcely possible for us to give an idea of the oratory of Kossuth. A friend of ours who heard him says that his style is more like that of Canning, the once celebrated English Minister, than any other. The most engaging manners and fine features were combined with an evidently tender feeling for the whole human race, which displayed itself in every gesture. On all occasions and on all subjects his reasoning was purely logical, and arrayed in the fittest words; his sentences, pronounced in silvery tones, pierced the very souls of his hearers. His occasional touches of pathos would draw

tears from the most impenetrable, and his thrilling appeals excite the most impassive to the utmost of patriotic enthusiasm. When inveighing against tyranny and despotic innovations, his soft eyes changed their character, assumed a preternatural brightness, and shot forth indignant flashes; his usually kind manner changed to a stern determination; and his defiant position was that of a gladiator in the arena. Oratory such as this, combining mental and physical eloquence in excess, could not fail of its object; and beneath the storm it produced, the whole country rocked and heaved like a tempestuous sea.

This extraordinary effect, and the consequent popularity of Kossuth, were by no means to the taste of the Court; but there was no mode to act, under the letter of law, against the zealous reformer. All his proceedings were confined within the strict limits of the constitution and laws, and would not have been dangerous were they not performed in an extraordinary manner, by an extraordinary man. The Court feared to take any grossly illegal step lest it might precipitate matters to a crisis; but it neglected no means to stay the proceedings or weaken the influence of its great opponent.

The first act of the Court was to silence his editorial voice—to remove him from the editorial control of his paper. The owner of this journal was a book-seller and publisher in Pest. Him the Court commenced to persecute, and after having exposed him to numerous assaults and vexations, threatened to suppress his publications, unless he dismissed Kossuth from the editorial chair. The owner, to save his property and perhaps his liberty, acceded, and another person was obtained to attend to the editorial duties. Kossuth, thus removed from his vantage-ground, demanded, as a free citizen, the authority to become proprietor and publisher of a new journal; but this he could not obtain. All his political agitation was now concentrated in the county meetings, where he continued daily to display greater tact and talent than ever. The Court resolved to remove him from this stage, and urged its partisans to object to his admission to the meetings of the local legislature on the ground that he had no property in the bounds of the county, and consequently had no right of membership in the municipality. This objection, pitiful as it was, would have

been sufficient; but the patriotic party at once united, and soon disarmed that objection by conveying to him an estate. Thus the Court was foiled in that endeavor.

Kossuth still continued his political labors. Having been made such a prominent point of attack and persecution by the Court, his adherents increased their numbers immensely, and his influence augmented in proportion. He entered into all the progressive associations; and if a society were formed for the development of any branch of industry, or the achievement of any particular or general public good, his name was to be seen among its earliest subscribers. His character at this period was as pure as it always continued to be; and of that it is enough to say, that with the control of the whole treasury in his hands, he took from the country when he fled but five hundred ducats; and his family, when in an Austrian dungeon, were absolutely exposed to want. During a number of years he continued an incessant agitation; and when the Diet of 1847 was convoked, he was elected a member of the lower house. From that time forth his biography is so intimately connected with the history of his country, that to resume our summary will readily satisfy the reader.

In spite of all the machinations of the Austrian Court, the opposition grew stronger day by day. The house of Hapsburg saw, with chagrin and mortification, that every step it had taken only served to alienate the confidence of its own partisans, and beheld its power becoming weaker every day through its own ill-judged perfidy. The common sense of the nation readily penetrated the ultimate aim of the dominant house, which was the extinction of Hungarian nationality. The bold advocacy of reform and emancipation by Kossuth and the liberalists arrayed on their side the young, the generous, and the patriotic; while the ruin that must ensue if Hungary were made a mere appanage to Austria, aroused the faltering and alarmed the conservative. A gradual and firm union, for the sake of their fatherland, ensued among all classes; and this token of a popular storm struck dismay into the hearts of the Camarilla. In 1845-6 the Court made its last constitutional efforts, by displacing all the county Mayors who were suspected of the least inclination to liberalism, and supplying their places with crea-



tures of its own. As soon as this work of purification, as they called it, was complete, the salaries of the Mayors were considerably augmented, partly to render the office desirable to avaricious nobles, and partly to fortify their extraordinary purity with a golden armor, utterly impervious to the attacks of honor or patriotism. At the same time it made it obligatory upon these Mayors to reside constantly within the bounds of their jurisdictions, and forced them to assist and lead in all measures of legislation and administration in their several counties; thus giving them a power to which they were not entitled either by law or custom. Nor did it stop here. Determined to organize if possible a strong conservative, or rather retrograde party, the Government convoked the Transylvanian Diet in 1846 for the purpose of regulating the existing feudal system. The Camarilla judged with correctness that this subject would excite the alarm of the timid nobles, and unite at once all the strong conservative elements. It was a shrewd view of things; and the motion was proved, by its results, to have been an able one. The regalists were appointed with care, and in such great numbers that the liberalists gave way; the elections went by default, and the retrograde Diet was chosen. Elated at this success, the Court endeavored to succeed on a larger field, and proceeded, in 1847, to convoke the Diet of Hungary.

The proceedings of the Transylvanian Diet were so far satisfactory to the Court, and the hope of ultimately reducing the country to a provincial position became so strong, that it suffered the Diet to vote a new feudal law. This, however, was one which could not be popular. It did not give a single material advantage to the laboring class—the broad substructure upon which every nation must rest, and without whose content and comfort no nation can prosper. It contained a number of fine flourishes—words of encouragement and praise—but did not lift a straw's weight of burthen from the backs of the trodden serfs. Such a law could not satisfy the people. It was begotten by egotism and stupidity, and sanctioned by ignorance and inexperience—unless, indeed, the royal confirmation to the act was given through a cunning policy on the part of the Court, who had observed how much easier it is to invade nationality when one

portion of a people is discontented with another.

The true patriot beheld with pain these triumphs of tyranny, whether of the Court or the conservative nobles, and observed with mingled anger and alarm the state of affairs in Transylvania. The hopes of the truly liberal party were now concentrated on the action of Hungary, whose Diet was to open in 1847. The county elections began, and the result was awaited by both parties with anxiety. Every measure was taken by the Court to arrest the progress of political freedom; and all these plans were frustrated by the zealous and energetic efforts of Kossuth and his compatriots. The elections over, it was found that the progressive party had achieved a decided triumph. Louis Kossuth himself and his friends were elected; and great reforms were under the circumstances to be expected.

The Court saw its hopes and designs thwarted by the sound common sense of Hungary, and as a last resort concentrated their force upon the office of Palatine, in order to obtain it for a member of the reigning house. No individual could have been chosen for such a purpose with more judgment than he whom they offered as a candidate—the Archduke Stephen. He was the son of the Archduke Joseph, who for more than half a century had exercised the office of Palatine; he was born at Buda, in Hungary; had been educated at a Hungarian university, and spoke with ease and fluency the Magyar language. The election of Palatine being fixed for the next Diet, the Archduke opened the electioneering campaign some months before the session was to begin. In the conduct of this he showed himself an able tactician, and displayed a degree of finesse which would have done no discredit to the shrewdest stump candidate that ever kissed all the ugly babies in his district, or inquired particularly and affectionately after the welfare of the wife and family of some till then unnoticed voter. He travelled around the country, visiting every place of popular resort, assuming the most condescending and gracious air possible, and declaiming loudly and earnestly on the progress in prosperity and material reform which the country would soon be able to make. The bait took, and the people swallowed it, hook and all. Every one was delighted with the affability and patriotism of the Arch-

duke; even the most mistrustful thought him to be "a marvellously proper man;" the Diet met, and he was elected to the office of Palatine.

The Diet of 1847-8, from the opening of its session, displayed a determination to effect by all peaceable and constitutional means the most decided and practical reforms. The lower house was composed of the most illustrious patriots and statesmen in the land. Among these Kossuth Lajos, known in England as Louis Kossuth, stood at first conspicuous, and ultimately preëminent. Not long after the opening of the debates, by the fascination of his incomparable eloquence and that magical power which men of mark exercise over a deliberative body, he became recognized as the leader of the House of Representatives. In the upper house, through the expansion of public opinion, liberalism obtained a strong hold. The magnates began to discover that the true interest of the rich and noble was to better the condition of the poor and low-born, since no society could thrive without it. The new generation of nobles were to a man reformers; and the Court beheld with profound astonishment the whole tendency and character of the upper house, their once strong ally, entirely changed. The very nobles who had been supposed to be most firmly in the interest of the *Camarilla* now followed the lead of Count Louis Bathyani, and strove manfully for the honor, independence and prosperity of the country, and the emancipation and political regeneration of the people.

This favorable condition of affairs was no little increased by the position assumed by the clergy, which was utterly unexpected by the liberals. This change in clerical action was owing to a gross blunder committed by the Court—a political error injurious to themselves, and advantageous to the friends of freedom. The Catholic clergy, being immensely rich in Hungary, always had that great influence in national affairs which wealth and clerical position combined are sure to confer. Regarding this body as one of the firmest props of absolutism, the house of Hapsburg treated it with every kindness and consideration; and, in return, the clergy was careful to maintain the odious position of representative of arch-conservative doctrines. Some years since a decree was issued from the Vatican at Rome, which com-

manded the suppression of mixed marriages in the Catholic Church. The clergy of Hungary received the same order, and having been assured by the Court of its protection, boldly proceeded to the execution of their duty as priests and prelates. Their steps made the most lively impression upon the public mind; the sessions of the county legislatures became scenes of a quite tumultuous discussion of the subject, and the warmest remonstrances were addressed to the Court; but the latter remaining impassable, the clergy proceeded to stop, by all means in their power, the mixed marriages.

By these proceedings the Catholic Church of Hungary lost thousands of members, who passed over to various sects of the Protestant religion. The clergy at once assailed the Court with energetic demands for a prohibition of this wholesale apostasy; but the Court feared to make the experiment. It rightly judged that in such a case its weakened influence would be utterly destroyed; consequently, the change of religion on the part of all those who wished to marry in an opposite faith continued and increased daily.

It was natural to suppose that the coming Diet would have a stormy session, and still more natural to expect that the course of the clergy would be vehemently attacked in that body. The clergy expected this, but having a promise of assistance and support from the Court, appeared boldly and proudly in the Diet. The attack, as expected, was made, with bitterness and freedom of invective. But, to the utter astonishment of the clerical members, not one of the Court party rose to defend the Church, but remained utterly unimpressed, and calm if not amused observers of the scene. For what reason did the Court abandon their allies? or had they a reason at all? Was it not an act of neglect? Judging from other circumstances, or rather in connection with other circumstances, it might be considered one of those blunders which the house of Hapsburg is so liable to commit. Whatever might have been the cause, the effect was one of importance to the liberal movement. For the clergy felt itself abandoned by the Court, exposed to the continual assaults of its enemies, and abased in the public esteem. A blow had been struck at its influence which could not be forgotten; and it only awaited an opportunity to repay the treatment of the Court, and regain its forfeited position.

The year 1847 approached; the Diet was to be opened; the signs of the times indicated that the proceedings of this Diet would possess as much interest as any that were recorded in the annals of Hungary, judging from the members elect of the lower house, and the increased number of the opposition in the upper, under the leadership of Count Louis Bathanyi; but no one hoped to see the clergy take the attitude they assumed. That was an agreeable surprise for the patriotic, and a terrible shock to the Court party.

The ancient constitution of Hungary is a very liberal one for the time during which it was made. Perhaps its greatest defect was that it gave a too extravagant liberty to its citizens. But the privileges it conferred, the rights it defended, were those of a certain class alone—the nobility; and even in that class it allowed distinctions. The common people—the life's blood of a state—were excluded from a participation in the act of government, and from the full protection of the fundamental laws. It was not to be expected that such a constitution could remain in the nineteenth century. Its existence was a libel upon the intelligence of the people—a bar to the prosperity of the country. It needed, to render it of value, the most essential reforms. This the privileged class saw plainly enough, and they determined to confer upon the mass of the people the right of citizenship and political power.

# The first internal reforms, indispensable to the welfare of the country, were regarded as these: To lessen or utterly remove the distinction between the privileged and unprivileged classes; to improve the principles of taxation and of land tenure; to extend perfect religious toleration to all religious sects and creeds; to establish free trade with all nations—for the Austrian Government thought to confine Hungary to Austria for a market, while treating Hungarian produce as foreign; to maintain a free press, and especially the right to publish the debates and proceedings of the Diet; to develop the great resources of the country by means of railroads, bridges, and other plans of internal improvement; and finally, but as important as any, and more so than most, to provide for a system of general education. These were the reforms demanded by all classes, and predetermined upon by the liberal party in both houses.

One mode of resistance by Austria to liberal movements was to extinguish parliamentary bills by the veto of the crown; the fear of which had paralyzed the upper house, a body naturally disposed to lean to Austria. Against this the Hungarians had no adequate constitutional weapon to use, since the Austrian Cabinet was not responsible to the Hungarian Diet. The often-repeated declaration of their independence of Austria by their sovereign, and in particular the distinct compact of Leopold the Second in 1790-91, justified them in endeavoring by peaceable means to obtain an independent ministry, directly responsible to their own Diet. Such a ministry had been long talked of and claimed in the Diet. In fact, the conservative party and the opposition had differed little as to the objects at which they aimed, but chiefly in the degree of vehemence in which matters should be urged; the conservatives pleading to give time to the Austrian Court. But in 1848 the conservatives as a separate party were destroyed, the great body of them going over to the opposition. Thus it was that Louis Kossuth carried, by a unanimous vote, the resolve that the constitution of Hungary would never be free from the eternal machinations of the Austrian Cabinet until a constitutional government was established in the foreign possessions of the crown, so as to restore the nationalities as they were at the period when the Diet conferred the sovereignty on the house of Hapsburg. A series of reforms were now carried in quick succession after the termination of a discussion which had commenced with the advent of Szechenyi into political life.

Now, in looking at the events of the Hungarian struggle, the people of this country have been frequently led into gross errors, but to none more manifestly mischievous than the impression as to the nature of the commencement of the struggle. For not only was the contest no insurrection against established authority, but the reforms of 1848 were neither won by fraud nor violence. An assertion that the changes were made by force has been put forth by Austria as a sort of palliation for the commission of cruelties which have made her the detestation of the civilized world. On the contrary, every change was wrought in a constitutional manner, through legal forms, and by peaceful means. And this was the more striking



since there was every provocation to a revolutionary movement. When a royal house continues to usurp the powers lodged elsewhere by the compact to which it owes its right of rule; when it invades that fundamental law upon which alone its own authority is based; when it endeavors to debase an independent people to a provincial position, and to put their guaranteed rights at the mercy of absolute will; then, indeed, we may hold, with Robespierre, that insurrection becomes the most sacred of rights, and the most indispensable of duties. The Hungarians took no advantage of these crimes on the part of the Court. Determined to emancipate the great mass of the people from fetters imposed by the ignorance and bigotry of past ages, and to place their country on the utmost pinnacle of civilization, they were content that the executive power should remain vested in the house of Hapsburg. They had neither design nor desire to overthrow the reigning dynasty. There was no intention to depose Ferdinand. The purpose of the reformers was an honest one. They wished to emancipate the people; to recreate the nation; not to aggrandize themselves, nor to form a new dynasty. And that could be done without any infraction of the compact between prince and people. The nobles desired to curtail themselves of privileges which were in direct antagonism to the spirit of the century; they proposed to raise the hitherto down-trodden serf to a political equality with themselves. But they felt it was consistent with the dignity of their purpose to do this remodelling of a constitution within the pale of the constitution. Every measure brought forward, every reform urged, was as strictly pressed and ultimately achieved under the forms of jurisprudence, as the most conservative champion of law and order could desire. All was done with the apparent concurrence of the viceroy, the Archduke Stephen, who seemed to identify the cause of the country with his own. The Emperor-King, Ferdinand, displayed the greatest desire to comply with and complete the wishes of the people; and the latter showed no inclination to abridge a reign which promised in its close to be so brilliant and glorious.

During that memorable Diet of 1848-9, the hopes of the patriot rose to their utmost point of culmination. The independence of the realm appeared to be assured; all

the reforms immediately necessary had passed the Diet and been confirmed by the sovereign. The constitution was extended to all classes, and civil equality announced. The ancient Diet, constituted of or elected by the nobility, was changed into a true House of Representatives, whose constituents were a class hitherto excluded from the privilege of suffrage. The feudal system was abolished, and millions of inhabitants, formerly serfs, became at once citizens and freeholders, receiving, on a promise to indemnify its former proprietors for feudal services, the land they cultivated in fee-simple. Every such freeholder had a vote in the election of those who were to levy taxes upon his property; every thirty thousand inhabitants were entitled to a representative in the national Assembly; every free town to one or more representatives, according to its size and population. Thus the lower house of the Diet became representatives of the people, and not of the nobility; and to a seat in this house every citizen was made eligible. The new Diet was to be presided over by an elective chairman, and all the other officers of the Diet were chosen by itself.\*

The re-organization of the upper house, or House of Magnates, was postponed to a future time. It was thus far decided, however, that there should henceforth continue to be two houses in the Diet. As it was not proper in a representative government that one part of the legislature should consist of members qualified by birth, it was determined to re-organize the upper house; but as it was a matter of grave importance, the assembly determined to make the change at a later time and after a careful deliberation. Thus the upper house was, for the time, preserved in its ancient form.

Before the end of the month of March, 1848, a deputation of members from both houses of the Diet appeared in Vienna, carrying with them the unanimous wish of the

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\* Let it be here understood, however, that the Hungarian peasant was never bound to the soil as in Russia. He could settle where he chose; but he could not hold real estate. There were, to be sure, certainly some cases where the peasants held estates; but for this they were obliged to pay certain duties to the lord of the land. These duties, and the tenths, were abolished by the laws of March, 1848, giving to the peasant the real property of the soil, which hitherto he had cultivated on the payment of feudal duties.

Diet that the King would consent to various bills. Among these the greatest constitutional change was the restoration of the old union between the Diets of Hungary and Transylvania, provided the Transylvanian Diet concurred, a bill to that effect having passed the Hungarian Diet. It was provided, in case Transylvania concurred, that the members of her Diet should enter that of Hungary—the regalists in the upper, and the elected deputies in the lower house. All reasonable pretensions of the Transylvanians were to be admitted, and all privileges guaranteed. But, socially, the most important laws were those equalizing all classes and creeds, and that noble enactment which quit the peasant of feudal burthens, and converted him into a lord of the soil. This last bill had passed both houses, on February 4th, 1848, before the French revolution had broken out, so that the emancipation of the peasants was no result of revolution elsewhere, but the homage of nobles to truth and justice—the free act of men who stripped themselves of the hereditary privileges of centuries from motives of enlarged philanthropy and devotion to the real interests of their country. All these reforms, without exception, were accepted by the King, who, at the invitation of the Diet, proceeded to Presburg, in Hungary, with the Court, to ratify them. There, to the highest satisfaction and amid the liveliest manifestations of joy and loyalty, he gave the royal sanction, and after having solemnly sworn to protect and defend them, returned to Vienna.

Such is the true summary of the most important reforms adopted by the Hungarian Diet of 1848; such is the true history of their adoption. It will be seen therefore that they were the result of peaceful, calm deliberation; that they were commenced, carried on, and completed, in compliance with both the letter and spirit of law; that they were the result of neither turbulence, fear, nor insurrection. They were justly regarded by all patriotic Hungarians as their charter of rights, opening the promise of a national career whose progress and brilliancy should emulate that of the most favored constitutional government.

But by these laws both the royal oath and the rights of the people were made positive, and warranted against the absolute will of the Court. Hence it became the plan of the Court to render the reforms abortive. On the very day of signing the bills, the Croatian Ban, Jellachich, was admitted to a private council, and the overthrow of Hungarian nationality, by a war of races, deliberately planned. How that was carried out—the blood, the strife and struggles of a campaign, which would have succeeded triumphantly for Hungary, but for the treason of the infamous Görgei, which startled the civilized world—our readers well know. In the history of that strife Kossuth's own life is inseparably interwoven. Some errors of public appreciation, in regard to it, we may at a future time correct; but our paper has already reached an unusual length, and we must cease.

## JOACHIM MURAT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MÉRY, BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

At the mansion of the Comtesse de Lipona, at Florence, as soon as the piano ceased to accompany the airs of Bellini, that is to say, generally about midnight, the intimate friends of the family would draw together in a circle, and relate tales and adventures until morning. There was an inexpressible charm in these *réunions*. The saloon was still in disorder from the ball or the concert, but the dancers or the artists had disappeared. The music was scattered upon the desks; the card tables displayed their fading lamps, with their four vacant arm-chairs; to so much joyous bustle, succeeded a quiet, familiar conversation; coffee was served, together with delicious waffles, stamped with the arms of the Queen, and prepared by the former cook of Madame Dubarry.

No one thought of sleep during these delightful morning *soirées*. The Comtesse de Lipona used to say, "Three hours of sleep are enough for me; it is a good habit that I owe to my brother the Emperor." And the guests took pride in conforming to a habit which came to them thus directly from Napoleon. On leaving the palace, we often saw the gleam of the dawn upon the black colonnade of the offices, and upon the dome of San Spirito.

The Comtesse frequently related to us charming narratives, with that half French, half Italian grace, which never forsook her. The illustrious dame had witnessed so many dramas, so many festivals, so many misfortunes, that she was never at a loss when she deigned to furnish her contingent to this traffic in anecdotes.

One night the circle was closely grouped about her arm-chair; the noble dame had promised us something new, and her voice faltered with emotion; her calm and beautiful face was evidently agitated by some sad remembrance. Our silence seemed to question her respectfully, and she began:

"At the time when Italy was French, a sedition broke out in one of our regiments,

that was in garrison at Leghorn. It was a much more serious affair than a common mutiny. The Emperor appeared extremely irritated when he heard the news; he resolved to make a severe example, and Joachim was charged with the duty of punishing the refractory regiment. The Emperor's orders were precise and terrible; he wished for no court martials, but for the immediate execution of the culprits.

"Joachim arrived at Leghorn, assembled the regiment upon the public square, and informed the soldiers that he had received an order from the Emperor to punish them, and that he intended to do so. The vehemence of his words, his impetuous and menacing gestures, above all, the authority of his name, had already brought the rebellious troops to submission. The soldiers cast themselves at his feet; they were humble and suppliant. Joachim was moved; he was always kind-hearted: but he had received his orders; he repressed his emotion, and with anger burning in his face, and in a voice of thunder, he declared his purpose to decimate the regiment.

"The consternation of the troops was great, as you can imagine. The regiment, confined in the barracks, sent several deputations to Murat to implore his clemency. Officers and soldiers swore to confront death in the first battle, beneath the eyes of the Emperor. Murat was for a long while inflexible, in appearance at least; at last he seemed touched by their submission. But the fault was so great, his orders so peremptory, that he demanded that three soldiers, chosen from among the most mutinous, should pay with their lives for the crime of the regiment. The three victims were soon designated; they were put in irons, and their execution announced for the following day. The regiment still remained confined in the barracks.

"In the middle of the night, Joachim directed the three soldiers to be brought



before him; a sergeant, in whose prudence he could confide, led them into his presence.

"'You will be shot to-morrow!' said Murat. The soldiers burst into tears. 'Prepare for death, and fall like brave men; it is the only way to wipe out all memory of your crime. I charge myself with the duty of transmitting your last farewells, your last regrets, to your fathers and mothers. Your families did not merit children such as you. Have you thought of your mothers? Speak!' Sobs stifled their voices. 'Those poor women would have been proud and even happy if you had fallen in battle with the Austrian; but to die thus, unfortunate men! Go! I will send you a priest to afford you the last succors of religion. Think upon France and your God; from this moment you belong no more to this world.'

"The soldiers cast themselves at Joachim's feet, not to ask for mercy, but for his pardon, before death. As they were leaving the apartment, Joachim recalled them. 'Listen!' he said: 'if I should grant you your lives, would you live henceforth like honest men?'

"'No, we wish to die,' replied one of the soldiers; 'we have deserved death; let them shoot us; it is just.'

"'But if I do not wish to have you shot?' cried Joachim. 'Wherefore would you die, when I would have you live? I have never given the word to fire, except at the enemy, and I cannot bear to give it against those who are my brothers, who are Frenchmen, although guilty.'

"And Joachim wept like a woman—he, the bravest of men! Was he not, Messieurs?"

And we wept also around the arm-chair of the Comtesse de Lipano, who spoke so touchingly of her heroic husband.

After a pause, she continued her narrative.

"'Listen to me!' said Joachim, in a milder tone. 'You are great culprits, but I am glad to find that you have energy of character; you will second my project well. I grant you your lives, but it is necessary that you should to-morrow be thought dead by all the world; above all, by your regiment. To-morrow, near nightfall, you will be led out of the Pisan gate, upon the glacis; you will receive the fire of a platoon, at twenty paces' distance, and you will fall dead; at this moment the last file of your regiment

will pass across the place of execution; the obscurity of the evening will favor the deception. A man, of whose fidelity I am assured, will place you upon a tumbrel, and transport you to the cemetery. Here you will find a change of clothing wherewith to disguise yourselves as sailors, and a thousand francs will be counted out to each of you; you will remain concealed for a few days in an inn, which will be pointed out to you; in two or three days an American vessel will sail for New-Orleans; there you will go to pass your days, and live like honest men—do you hear? You will be taken on board as soon as the wind is favorable. Be prudent, and follow my advice exactly. Go; I will take care of your families!'

"The soldiers bathed Murat's feet with their tears, and repeated, again and again, that they would do as he had directed them.

"All passed as Joachim had arranged it. A severe example was given to the regiment; but there was no blood spilled, and the Emperor, happily deceived, thanked Murat for having sacrificed but three lives to the demands of discipline. The Emperor was never informed of the generous stratagem to which my husband resorted in this affair; it was for a long time a secret between myself and a few of our faithful friends, who have never betrayed it. There is now no indiscretion in divulging it, and I divulge it therefore for your sakes."

After this narrative, Murat's widow, too deeply moved to prolong the conversation, retired to her apartment. We likewise were much affected; we kept silence. Every eye was turned upon the magnificent portrait, painted by Le Gros. It represents King Murat, in a striking attitude, galloping along the shore of the bay of Naples. Mount Vesuvius, belching flames, rises in the background. Murat and Vesuvius! two volcanoes, face to face.

The conclusion of this narrative was recounted to me, several months afterwards, by a person very intimate with the imperial family. It is like the romantic *dénouement* of a drama, which seems to belong less to real life than to the imagination of the novelist.

Upon the borders of a forest, in the vicinity of New-Orleans, a huntsman knocked at the door of a modest farm-house, to seek shelter from a violent storm. It was in the

autumn of 1830. The hospitable door was opened, and the stranger was led by an aged woman into a neat apartment, plainly furnished, and almost entirely hung with Parisian lithographs, representing our principal deeds of arms.

"It appears," said the stranger, in the French language, "that my kind star has led me among fellow-countrymen."

"Monsieur is a Frenchman, doubtless?" said the old woman.

"Yes, madame; and a good Frenchman too. I have even relatives here in this apartment."

"My son is in the garden; I will go and call him; he will be very glad to see you."

"Is your son a Frenchman also?"

"Yes, sir."

This reply was uttered with some hesitation; she then added with more confidence:

"He has dwelt a long while in this country, and, God be praised! he does not repent it. This farm belongs to him. We live comfortably and respectably, and have no cause to complain of our fortune."

At this moment the master of the house entered the apartment.

"This gentleman," said the mother, "has done us the honor to repose, for a while, beneath our roof, until the storm has passed over; he is a fellow-countryman; he is a Frenchman."

The proprietor of the farm made a military salutation, and stammered out a few words of civility. The face of the stranger produced a singular impression upon him, and he was so agitated that he could not reply to his questions. At last he ventured, with difficulty, to address him.

"Monsieur," he said, "you will find my request indiscreet perhaps, but I am constrained to inquire your name. Excuse me—your face—"

"My friend," replied the hunter, "this is the only question I cannot answer. It would be easy for me to deceive you, by giving you a false name, but I prefer to be silent. A man who bears my name knows not how to lie. Now that I have refused to tell you my name, I do not venture to demand yours."

The master of the house did not reply.

"It seems that you, also, wish to keep your name secret," added the hunter.

"Yes, sir; that which I bear in this country is not my true name; why should you desire to be made acquainted with it?"

I am known here by the name of Claude Gerald."

"At least," said the mother, "this gentleman must not imagine that my son need blush for the name he bore in France. There are reasons which——"

"It is the same with me," said the hunter. "I tell my name only to those who deserve to hear it, and from this moment I think you worthy of the favor. I am Achille Murat; I am the son of the King of Naples."

Claude Gerald and his mother fell with their faces to the earth, as if stricken down by the might of so great a name.

The Prince, at that time a citizen of the United States, seeing them weep, could not comprehend this excess of emotion, which they seemed unable to control. No sooner had Claude overcome his agitation, than he pointed to the portrait of the King of Naples, which hung against the wall, inclosed by branches of green laurels, and he said to the son: "There is your glorious father! He is the master and saint of this dwelling; it is to him that I owe all. One day, when I was in danger of death, your father saved my life."

"Upon the field of honor?" said Achille Murat.

"No, upon the field of dishonor. I had forgotten myself; my brain was on fire; I deserved death. They conducted me to the port of Leghorn, with two of my comrades, who were as culpable as I was; they fired at us; we fell. It was Murat who had arranged it all. By his assistance I came to America. My two comrades died two years ago in New-York. I still live, and this life I owe to your noble father. I have labored, and I am now in comfortable circumstances. My mother, to whom a certificate of my death had been sent, received some years later a letter from her living son, inviting her to come to America. My poor mother, after having wept so much for my loss, nearly died with joy on seeing me again. And now, if the son of my royal benefactor needs my arm, my wealth, my life, all are his!"

"I recognize him in your narrative—my generous father!" said Achille Murat, with tears in his eyes.

"He has pardoned many others besides," said Gerald.

"He found none to pardon him!" replied his son.

## IMAGINATION AND FACT.

"Imagination's world of air,  
And our own world."—HALLECK.

"YEAR BOOK OF FACTS."—"HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES."

THIS is a great age—a wonderful era—every thing going ahead with such unprecedented velocity. Slap, dash, all by wheels! Whirr, whizz, all by steam! Chip, chop, ding, dong, all by wires! Here we are, and here we go! Racing along the high road of progress—fulfilling our destinies at full speed—

"While panting Time toils after us in vain."

We acknowledge the fact, and do homage, from our quiet nook, to this last and loudest offspring of Chronos,—the Nineteenth Century,—a giant personification, passing shadowy before our mind's eye at times, with mightier paces than the Homeric Neptune's, when

— "three strides he took,  
And at the fourth the distant *Ægæ* shook."

This demiourgos moves enormously—in a tempest of smoke and sound; his head wearing indistinctly the likeness of an engine chimney and the eyes of fire underneath; his long, thin arms stretched every where, and filling every thing they touch with electricity; while, for feet, he has the motion of wheels, rolling in thunder, and instinct with life, like those seen by the prophet Ezekiel! We see all this; and bid the beneficent Monster God-speed, and feel, respected Whigamore, that the material age is, indeed, a grand affair. But, in "the cosmogony of the world," as Jenkinson calls it, there are other elements and considerations beside those which touch us physically; and we have an idea that unencumbered philosophers and ponderers in quiet nooks are they who recognize them with most clearness and cordiality. So, being of the latter class, we shall, with permission of our Whigamore, (which being interpreted, Celtically, means "big Whig" or "chief Whig,") discuss the matter in a philosophic way—throw off

a few of our impressions of things in general—

"Just rattle on exactly as we'd talk  
With any body in a ride or walk."

The generality of people, then, seem to think that facts are every thing in the business of the world—the only considerations in the philosophy of human progress. Opposed to what is imaginary, facts are allowed to have much dignity. Your practical reasoners look to facts decisively—facts "are the jockeys for them"—facts that they can hear, see, handle, reckon, demonstrate; while the imaginations are mostly held synonymous with the worthless, the unsubstantial, and the ridiculous. They say, with one of Congreve's characters—we forget which—"Fiddle-faddle, don't tell me of this and that and every thing in the world! Give me mathematical demonstration." Now, we do not go so far as the astute Bayle, who, on the other hand, affected to laugh at the correct pretensions of mathematics and demonstrations, but we do think, "under leave of Brutus and the rest," that facts do not seem and have not seemed to be so very essential to the course of things on this oblate spheroid of ours, to the history and business of the mind and to the law of progress, as some appear to believe. Without troubling our heads, in this gossiping paper, with the subtleties of Berkeley and others who knock all creation into the compass of a man's perceptions—establish the column of the universe on the pentagonal base of the senses—we have an idea that more of the fictitious and imaginary are mixed up with our conditions than are dreamed of in our matter-of-fact philosophy. Human nature has been always contriving some gilding for its ginger-bread—some pleasant disguises "to make the bitter pill of life go down." Tasso, in his invocation of the Virgin Mary for a muse,



says (we have not got a Fairfax—so must stop to upset, meo Marte, this matter into the vernacular;—"help angels, make essay !"):—

"For, well thou knowest, the world more fondly turns

To old Parnassus' consecrated spot;  
And truths which graceful poetry adorns

Subdue in pleasing, and a spell is wrought  
For the most subtle and fastidious thought.

So for the sickly child, by friendly wile,

The cup's deceptive edge with sweetness fraught,  
Lures to the bitter draught; the imp the while  
Drinks life and health from the judicious guile."

And not alone have the edges of the cup been touched in this way with honeyed fallacy, but the contents of it have been very much, in all ages, "dashed and brewed" with the same emollient. Reality is not such a delightful thing, after all; the feigned and the phantasmal have always been considered the necessary complement of our condition here. Voltaire says, very pleasantly:

"On court, hélas! après la vérité;  
Ah, croyez-moi, l'erreur a son mérite."

If we take away, from the amount of what the world possesses, that which belongs and is due to the imagination merely,—which is not authentic, and could not be sworn to in a court of justice,—what will be left? Let us be Cornelius Agrippa or Albert de Groot for the nonce—make a wafture of the hand, with "Hey, presto, begone!"—and what then? There is a sudden solitude in the world! The beautiful is vanished, and the hard, blank remnant of things is full of gaps and desert places, disastrous flaws and a strange silence. Nothing now, gentlemen, but facts in the world—facts and mathematical demonstration! But it is a very hard, cold world to live in; much worse, believe us, than it was before; and, in the opinion of that pale pessimist over the way there, that was bad enough in all conscience!

They who first found out the world and roamed about on it felt its naked materialism, its matter-of-fact aspects, to be too deficient and uninviting for their ideas. The unclothed reality of things was too cold and unlovely—beautiful as it was—for their perceptions. So they began to improve it, by informing it with a creation of their own. They looked to the elements and the infinite

host of heaven, and, following their irrepressible instincts, they began to build the airy fabrics of visions and cover the universe with ingenious and beautiful mysteries. They imagined a god for the cope and clouds of heaven, and he wielded the thunder from the mountain summits; another, shaped after the most gracefully formed of men,— "the Lord of life and poetry and light,"— was the Angel of the Sun, and his sister was the Goddess of the Moon—

"Astarte, Queen of Heaven, with crescent horns,  
To whose bright image, nightly, by the moon,  
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs."

They felt the presence of a god in the winds and in fire, to which some of the earliest altars were raised. They saw a powerful divinity in the vastness and anger of the sea, and imagined a crowd of lesser deities for its caverns and depths. The forests were sacred to the universal Pan, his fauns, sylvans and satyrs; every oak had its Dryad, every river its Naiad or its Potamid; the Oreads presided over the meadows, and the Napeæ haunted the valleys. Impatient of mere reality, men in this way covered the earth and filled the air and sea with theories, phantasms, imaginations—

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets—  
The fair humanities of old religion—  
The power, and the beauty, and the majesty."

Apart from the mythologies, let us consider the effect of that abolition we have spoken of on the amount of what we know—on the circle of knowledge—of which, by the bye, Bacon asserts that poetry is the third part. Suppose we ignore the poetry,—as Plato would do, in his imaginary republic. The creations of these ancient *makers* and imaginative writers have filled up a space in the earlier ages of the world which, without them, would be a blank, and as much lost to the human mind as the pre-Adamite chaos is. Do away with them, and what a throng of splendid deeds, of heroic and beautiful figures,—demigods, champions, kings, heroes and heroines,— "fair women and brave men,"—moving in gorgeous panorama across the dark background of antiquity, shall be blotted out! What a dispossession it would be to abolish the Iliad and the Odyssey! To be deprived of Hector, the kind-hearted and manly hero, and Priam

with his mighty sorrows, the beautiful Helen, and—

"Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer"—

the splendid Achilles, the soldier-pilgrim Ulysses, and Agamemnon, king of men! Not alone would much be wanted in the want of these, but in the want of all they have suggested and given rise to in after times. The succeeding poets and dramatists of Greece and Rome drew light from Homer as Milton's stars did, in their golden urns, from the sun. They took his old imaginations and figures as their models, and reproduced them in forms which the world would not willingly let die.

Coming to our own literature, we find that the fictions of our writers—trans-Atlantic and cis-Atlantic—are as favorably remembered and as much appreciated and cited, for the purposes of life and moral progress, as the facts of our historians. In our genial moments, when the mind desires to be pleased or invigorated, it will revert with a very general preference to what is imaginary in literature; and half the world give as much and as grave attention to the men and women of Shakspeare and Scott, Irving and Longfellow, as to those of Hume and Prescott. And how intimately and lovingly we give our interest to the words and actions of these poetical creations! To be sure, the historic annals have recorded and given names to some of them. But as the dramatists and romancers present them to us, they are *bonâ fide* brain-born affairs. And thus we believe in them with an ample faith. What a world of thought and life in the plays of Shakspeare! and what a pleasure to put his grand panorama in motion, either in quiet thought or delightful colloquy! There is the venerable Lear, driven into the stormy night, and talking the truest philosophy to the elements that so feelingly persuade him what he is; and Hamlet, so sententious in his antic disposition; the fair Ophelia, the prosy "old courtier of the King's," Polonius, and the many-vested clowns knocking the jowls of dead men about and propounding conundrums for pots of ale; then the immortal bed-presser and huge hill of flesh, first of liars and of favorites; and Mrs. Quickly, ancestress of Mrs. Malaprop; then Macbeth and the terrible hags of the heath, and his more terrible wife; then Richard, and the ghosts rising in his tent and cursing

him as they pass; then the witty and adventurous Rosalind; and Desdemona,

"The gentle lady wedded to the Moor;"

and Portia, the beautiful, wise young judge; and the passionate Juliet, with the southern lightnings in her veins; and Miranda, the enchantress of an enchanted island! And a hundred others.

Then there are the creations of Scott, coming nearest of any to those of Shakspeare, and possessing even a more general popularity. Successive generations enjoy them as a legacy, and the memory always recalls them with pleasure. There is Cedric the Saxon in his low-roofed hall; the swineherd; the Templar; the gorgeous tournament at Ashby; the storming of Torquilstone; the Black Knight, fighting as if twenty men's strength were in his single arm; the peerless Rebecca, Locksley, and Friar Tuck: what an array of images, bringing back so truly and vividly the old feudal character of things! We shall never forget the feelings with which we first read Ivanhoe. All our vague ideas of romance and knightly doings were there put into a wonderful life and motion. We have since learned the effect of that splendid book upon the genius of Thierry and Victor Hugo, and how its *gramarye* has absolutely revolutionized the character of modern history. But the bugles are blowing, and we admire the picturesque bravery of Fergus MacIvor,

"All plaided and plumed in his tartan array;"

and the noble Flora, and the delightful Baron of Bradwardine. Balfour of Burley slays the guardsman at Drumclog, and the Covenanters preach and fight at the Brig of Bothwell. Edgar and Lucy walk to the haunted spring, and the last lord of Ravenswood disappears awfully into the "Kelpie's Flow," with an effect unsurpassed in any catastrophe of the Greek drama. Norna of the Fitful Head speaks her wild rune of the Reimkennar to the spirits of the north wind; "bold Magnus, the son of the Jarl," Minna Troil, the gallant Cleveland and Claude Halero feast, love, fight and rhyme in the Udaller's charmed isle. Diana Vernon on horseback clears a five-barred gate, Rob Roy cries "Claymore!" and Baillie Nicol Jarvie fights his Highlander with a hot coulter, and goes up perilously into the

Clachan of Aberfoil. Jeannie Deans stands in presence of Queen Caroline pleading for her sister's life, and Argyle puts his hand to his chin whenever the Queen or the Duchess of Suffolk are in danger of a random hit from the unconscious advocate. Monkbarrow discovers a Roman *prætorium*, and Edie Ochiltree comes up with: "*Prætorium* here, *prætorium* there—I mind the bigging o't!" The Knight of the Leopard and the disguised Soldan fight their picturesque battle in the desert, and then feast together under the palms. Richard Plantagenet leaps from his sick-bed in spite of the Hakim, tears down the standard of Austria from the mound at Acre, and hurls the giant Wallenrode from the top to the bottom of it. Dominic Sampson exclaims, "Prodigious!" Dandie Dimmont rears the family of Pepper and Mustard; Dirk Hatterick strangles Glossin, and shoots Charlotte Cushman,—Meg Merrilies we should say; but 'tis all one,—who recognizes young Bertram, and dies hard. Hal o' the Wynd fights "for his ain hand" on the Inch of Perth, in the midst of the clans Chattan and Quhule. Queen Elizabeth holds high revel in the hall of Kenilworth, and Amy Robsart perishes in the fatal trap at Cumnor. Tristan l'Ermite hangs the trees around Plessis lez Tours with Zingaris like acorns. Louis XI. and Charles the Bold ride abreast in the breach of the walls of Liege, and the head of the savage De la Marck secures for the young Scottish knight the hand of Isabel Croye. The Highland widow mourns over her son with a tragic truth and pathos unrivalled. The Last Minstrel sings a wild epic of goblin gramarye—the Leaguer of Branksome, the Lists, the Festival. Roderick Dhu fights for life at Coilantogle Ford, and Allan Bane flings to the dying chief in the cell a picture of the battle of the Trosachs. Constance perishes awfully in convent cell, and Marmion dies like a courageous knight on the field of Flodden:

"Charge, Chester, charge; on, Stanley, on,  
Were the last words of Marmion."

All these and more come thronging at the call of the imagination; and with them pass before the reader or thinker's eyes the extravagant hero of him who "smiled Spain's chivalry away," Dr. Primrose and his delightful family, Parson Adams, Sir Roger de Coverley, Uncle Toby, Evangeline, Leather-

stocking, and a thousand other personages which everybody's memory will distinguish for itself, as every eye forms its proper rainbow. These have all the distinctness of historical characters, and it is by an effort we draw the line of demarkation between both species.

And many of these last, and not the least interesting of them, are in fact little better than the fictions of poets, dramatists, and romancers. The histories of the venerable Bede, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Giraldus, Froissart, and so forth, are half imaginative. There are some of the outlines of the truth in them, but the filling up is mostly fiction: "the truth is there, but dashed and brewed with lies." The history of Scotland from the reign of Fergus, and that of Ireland from the days of Heber and Heremon down to the conquest of the country by Strongbow, are just as fanciful as the metrical romances of Scott and Moore. Then for the annals of Greece, Herodotus, who is called the father of history, sets down every thing that popular tradition and the lying priests of Egypt told him. People don't know whether to call the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon a romance or an authentic work. Plutarch applies the same stories sometimes to different persons, and, with the admirable attractiveness of Hume in our own times, has got a good deal of his incorrectness. Taylor, in his *Annotationes ad Lysiam*, says of this venerable biographer: "*Mendax ille Plutarchus, qui vitas oratorum, dolis et erroribus consulas, olim conscribilarit.*" With regard to the history of Rome, "the mellifluous copiousness of Livy," says the elder D'Israeli, "conceals many a tale of wonder; the graver of Tacitus etches many a fatal stroke; and the secret history of Suetonius too often raises a suspicion of those whispers, *quid rex in aurem reginæ dixerit, quid Juno fabulata sit cum Jove.*" Niebuhr has got into our old history of Rome, and laid about him like an iconoclast—like Leo the Isaurian come to judgment! He ruthlessly destroys a whole army of our ancient beliefs, and makes almost a solitude of the first ages of Rome, so very wonderful and picturesque in our schoolboy days. He makes a solitude, and calls it history! He demolishes the venerable Numitor and Evander, Mars and Rhea Sylvia, Romulus and Remus; the wolf, too, "the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome," finds as little mercy



as the rest: all seem to make themselves air, into which they vanish! Then the Tarquins, their insolence and expulsion; Lars Porsenna—

"Lars Porsenna of Clusium

By the nine gods he swore,  
That the great house of Tarquin  
Should suffer wrong no more;"

the siege of Rome, Cocles at the bridge, and Scævola at the flaming altar, are all inventions of Ennius, Fabius Pictor, Nævius, and others! This portion of the annals, says the German critic, should not be termed history, but simply the "Lay of the Tarquins," to take its place along with the "Lay of the Nibelungen." "Livy's *pictured page*" (if we may be permitted to make a critical emendation of Byron's phrase, in the spirit of Warburton's Notes on Shakspeare) is, as we have already suggested, considered to be as fallible as it is brilliant. Thus we have a vast amount of what is called history utterly confounded with the professed creations of fanciful minds; and there seems, after all, to be no very perceptible difference between Homer's Agamemnon or Ajax and the Cærops and Codrus of Herodotus; between Virgil's Æneas or Dido and the Numa or Clelia of Fabius Pictor: they are all equally distinct or indistinct. Scott's King Richard singing of the "Jolly Brown Bowl," and exchanging a buffet with the Clerk of Copmanhirst, seems as firm on the canvas and as true as Alfred burning the cakes in the hovel, or Knute rebuking his flatterers from a chair upon the strand of the channel.

And even as regards the more modern and authentic annals of history, we scarcely think they have paid much more respect to the actual facts of the world. Sir Robert Walpole used to say to his friends, "Don't read history; that *must* be false." And Sir Walter Raleigh, looking from the window of his prison in the Tower of London, and witnessing a quarrel in the court-yard, and the after-testimony of the by-standers concerning it, was tempted, it is said, to throw his History of the World into the fire, in despair of ever being able to gather any thing like truth from conflicting authorities. And, certainly, the differences of writers of history, their doubts concerning motives, and their disagreements concerning facts, tend to give us very unsettled ideas of history in general. Historians have sent

Col. Kirke down to us from James the Second's reign with a black and bloody renown. But he was not half so black as he was painted by the angry Whigs of that and the succeeding times. The story of the poor girl whose husband he hanged before her eyes, after she had too dearly purchased his life, on Kirke's own terms, is said by Ritson to be an impudent, bare-faced lie. Richard the Third enjoys a very bad character, though it is not unlikely the young princes were not murdered in the Tower, and that Perkin Warbeck was the true prince after all. The historians of those Tudor times underlie the strongest suspicions for a crowd of falsehoods calculated to secure Henry VII. and his family on the throne. Then there are Jack Cade and Wat Tyler: they have been receiving cruel wrong at the hands of the historians. They dared, in an age when the rights of the people were but imperfectly understood, and the influence of the feudal system still in its strength, to take up arms and go to war with their king and his nobles, for liberty! Their sufferings and provocations were undeniable, and their spirit was certainly heroic—kindred to that which animated Melthal, Furst and Stauffacher, at the Brunnens of Grutli. (Pray Heaven we may have put these immortal consonants together correctly!) The Swiss peasants were successful, and are therefore held in everlasting honor. But the Englishmen failed, and are hung up as scarecrows and *ludibria* on the field of history! Wat Tyler and Jack Cade were incited by the same blood which boiled in the face of tyrants at Naseby, Marston, Dunbar, Worcester and elsewhere, which warmed the hearts of the first colonists on Plymouth Rock, and flowed so freely at Lexington and Bunker Hill. We should begin to honor these poor English heroes, in spite of history and—alas! that we should say it—in spite of Shakspeare! It is remarkable to find this myriad-minded man, so full of the finer humanities of our nature, yet incapable of sympathizing with the cause and feelings of the mass of the lower classes: we do not say *people*, because there was no such thing in his days. But Shakspeare was, after all, a man of his era; and as little dreamed of the democratic evangels of our times as he did of the Daguerreotype and the Electric Telegraph.

Then, no man can be sure of the lesser

details of the annals, though he may put faith in some of the great facts. We are not indisposed to admit, on oath, if necessary, that there was such a man as Julius Cæsar; though whether he ever said, "*Quid times? vehis Cæsarem!*" to the boatman; or "*Et tu, Brute?*" when the republicans set upon him in the Capitol, is a matter on which our beliefs are not so decided. Most of these picturesque properties of character and of fact—so to speak—are generally furnished by the fancies and after-thoughts of the narrators for effect, or fabricated wilfully for a purpose. We need not go very far back in history to discover the truth of this. In the great naval engagement, when the French fleet was beaten by that under Lord Howe, the historians of the time set forth that the ship "*Vengeur*" being terribly shattered by the cannonade, and sinking, her flag still flew, and her defenders went down with her, crying, "*Vive la République!*" to the last. The French writers did their best to glorify this instance of devoted patriotism; and it was thus transmitted. Carlyle, in his *History of the French Revolution*, makes quite a cartoon of it with his own vigorous and picturesque pencil. But lo! an English naval officer who was in the battle, seeing one of his own country's writers taking the story, came out in the *Times*, just after Carlyle's book, and showed that the poor devils who manned the "*Vengeur*," instead of dying with "*Long live the Republic*" in their mouths, leaped overboard and tried to save their lives as well as they could—small blame to them!—and that some hundreds of them were saved in the British boats. The message carried from the dying Desaix to Bonaparte at Marengo, was a fabrication of the latter. The story of the Duke of Wellington lying in the hollow-square of the Guards at Waterloo, and jumping up with, "*Up, Guards, and at them!*" is another of the heroic figments—to be classed with those wonderfully fine sayings of the great men of antiquity on grand and critical occasions. And we are concerned to be under the impression that "*A little more grape, Capt. Bragg,*" must be ranked in the same category.

All history, in fact, is more or less fiction. Hume, in one of his letters to Robertson, alluding to the publication of Murdin's *State Papers*, which showed several of Hume's

published facts in a new light, says, with a great deal of candor: "We are all in the wrong." Indeed, Hume is among those to whom we are indebted for the imaginative coloring of history. He brought a host of Tory prejudices to his task, and a cordial dislike of the tone and tendencies of Whiggery. In this respect our philosophic historian bore a resemblance to Sir Walter Scott—the Tory of a latter generation. It would be needless to go on and give more instances of the discoloration or falsifying of historic facts which the annalists are guilty of. Like the poets,

———"they are such liars,  
And take all colors, like the hands of dyers;"

as any body who has read history with Voltaire, or *witnessed* it, like Raleigh or Walpole, can testify for himself.

Imagination, after all, seems to be the complement of the creation, of facts and things—whenever the mind busies itself with these last—the strictly mathematical excepted. If we contemplate nature, it enhances whatever we behold. The mountains, rivers, forests, and the elements that surround them, would be but blank conditions of matter if the mind did not fling its own divinity over them. Nature was thus endowed from the beginning, when men heard voices in the winds, and saw supernatural inhabitants in the uncertain shades of the hills and forests. Beings of an ethereal nature walked the earth—

"Meeting on hill, in dale, forest or mead,  
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,  
Or on the beached margin of the ocean;"

or were of the number of those who, with Poseidon,

"Took in, by lot, 'twixt high and nether Jove,  
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles."

And the modern lovers of nature, though they no longer recognize the mythologic people of the ancient beliefs in her picturesque wildernesses, clothe her manifestations with the attributes of a great supernal power; and in the towering of her peaks, the murmur of her forests and seas, the roar of her storms, the singing of her nightly stars, find revelations or prophecies of another condition of existence above and beyond this. In this respect the modern poetry of nature has a nobler scope and

purser inspiration than the ancient. The imaginations with which the elements about us are clothed upon are far profounder than those of the world's elder families. Shelley, Wordsworth and Byron speculate on the various aspects of nature with a more lofty philosophy and feeling than do Virgil, Theocritus or Lucretius.

In a lower sense the imagination materially imposes upon facts. In contemplating cities, works of art, or even scenes of nature, we almost always appreciate them for the associations that belong to them—the imaginations they excite; at least we seem to do so the more cordially for that consideration. Let us look at a gray, bleak sort of plateau between hills at one side, and the blue sea at the other, and we see nothing, perhaps, to admire. But let somebody come and say, "That is Marathon!" In a moment, while the blood thrills at the word, a glory seems to be lightning over the immortal ground; the air is thick with phantoms;

———"to the hearer's eye appear  
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's  
career;

"The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;  
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;  
Mountains above, earth's, ocean's plain below;  
Death in the front, destruction in the rear!"

It is this quality of the imagination which gives all old or storied countries that superior charm which they possess beyond new and comparatively unhistoric soils. At sight of battle-fields, religious houses, cathedrals, castles, either in ruins or otherwise, we are gratified in calling up a crowd of shadows from the dust, and finding a sort of mysterious companionship with them, during those passing reveries in which, as Campbell truly says,

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;"

and it is generally true of the human mind that it regards the *past* with a feeling of tenderness. The philosophers or *sans culottes* of the world may say what they please, but people will have a curious sort of leaning and looking to these same "old times." There is a certain charm in Time, who is the dominator of us all; and the ruins and remnants of any thing seem to speak a solemn warning of our own evanescent fate. That belief in the good old times is an instinct, so to speak, which has some

soul of good in it. It can be very easily demonstrated that these good old times were very rude, ignorant, and, in fact, bad old times; but the innate imaginativeness of our nature will not be reasoned with, and, in spite of ourselves, we are disposed to admit, with the poet, that

"Not rough or barren are the winding ways  
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers."

Any thing old and historic is appreciated mostly in proportion as it gives scope to the imagination "to point a moral or adorn a tale" concerning it. We gaze on the wild hill, the vale, the stream, or the forest of a new country with none of those feelings which fill us in beholding similar objects in an old land with the past history of which we are familiar. The former may be as fair or even fairer to see; but as

"A primrose by the river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him"

of whom Wordsworth speaks, so this object without association is merely what it stands for, and no more. But the other is not so much a place or object as a memory, a romance, a voice of tradition. In that valley is the legendary well, and close by is the inviolable fairy ring; by the stream is the ruined fortalice of some historic, high-handed name, and not very far from it is the old abbey of the Templars, now dwindled to a few walled walls, three carved arches, and a broken oriel; on that moor was fought a bloody battle in which a king fell fighting with his sword in his hand; on the slope of yonder hill are Druid stones in a circle set up there, certainly, in the remote times of those giants who descended from Thor, and

"Lived in the olde days of King Artour."

It is greatly to the disadvantage of our scenery that it has not any of these old associations of history or romance. To be sure we have some of the noblest memories in the world entwined with some of our localities; but these are too much in the foreground; they are terribly authentic; they have none of that indistinctness which the imagination loves to live in; they could be sworn to, and are too closely connected with the matter-of-fact condition of things about us. Sometimes we find ourselves regretting, foolishly enough, that we have no fairies on this continent—no fairy mythology. "The fairies of America" is a term



that sounds as *impossibly* as "Emperor of America," or as if one were to say, "The Duke of Massachusetts," or something of that kind. To be sure, in the latter case, we are ready to thank God for the impossibility. But, in the other, we should not be sorry to have a crowd of fairy traditions scattered over the flood and field of our republic. However, we must only try and be content with universal suffrage and this system of public school education; though we are poetically convinced that the other state of things would help a good deal to spiritualize the aspects of nature here, and tend to foster the imaginative faculties, now so subservient to the hard, commercial philosophy of the day. Our forests are, undoubtedly, noble objects, whether the breeze steals through their glades and shakes the upper boughs in sport, or the whole distracted army reels struggling and howling under the great buffeting of the tempest,

"And oaks come down with all their thousand winters."

But these aspects appeal to our higher perceptions of things—to our rarer and more abstract sense of what is great or beautiful. We admire and take to them, as it were, with effort. We cannot feel cordially towards them. Give us, in preference, a sight and sound of what remains of the New Forest, where William the Second

"By his loved huntsman's arrow bled;"

or of the forest of Arden, where Rosalind wandered in her boy's dress, and the melancholy Jacques met the motley fool. Chimborazo and the Mountains of the Moon are magnificent objects. We prefer the Alps; and so would most people, for the same reason: because they are *the Alps*, the familiar Alps; they are covered with associations as well as snow:

"A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
Around them."

The shadows of Theseus, Hannibal, Alaric, Attila, Charlemagne, Napoleon pass through the gorges and under the peaks; the country of Tell lies on one side of this famous Oberland, and the immortal peninsula of the

Scipios and the Cæsars on the other; and then the poetry of Byron, Shelley and others is so linked with these lofty localities! Lake Lemman, for similar reasons, is preferable to Lake Superior, and the *Ægean* dearer to the imagination than the Atlantic. After all, we have an idea that the human associations form the most attractive elements of the sublime and beautiful of objects; just as Thomson's poetry is a greater favorite with human nature than Shelley's. The farther you remove a thing from the human associations, the less the human imagination takes to it, the less it likes it, and the seldomer it recurs to it. We could here expatiate a little into metaphysics, and show the soundness of our opinions, from the nature of our moral perceptions. But we shall take some other time for this. We are not going to turn short upon the good-natured and unsuspecting reader in that manner.

In fine, this faculty of the fancy is mixed up with what we consider most real in the world. The preacher calls the world a vain shadow; and the Berkeleyan philosopher calls it a huge delusion of the senses; and Shakspeare says:

—"the world is of such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded by a sleep;"

also, that "nothing is but thinking makes it so." The practical philosophers, therefore,—the makers of railways, the managers of stocks and the owners of the telegraph or telegraphs,—cannot be considered to have the matter all to themselves. The poet and the dreamer will have as much of "the thick rotundity of the world" as they, and certainly the most enchanting portion. Schiller gives us, in an admired lyric, the idea that the imaginative being was forgotten in the distribution of the properties of the earth by Jupiter, but received, as a compensation, a general invitation to the court of the divinities. This nether "maker" or "finder" does still, of course, go up to the windy platform of supernals whenever he has a mind, but not as a matter of necessity. He has vindicated a pretty share in sublunary things, and has got a great many *châteaux en Espagne*, which he lets out to a multitude of tenants, very profitably.

W. D.

## THE TRENCHARD PROPERTY.

[CONTINUED.]

## CHAPTER IV.

A FEW days after, Stephen Randolph sauntered to the mansion house, and finding the Colonel standing on the back piazza, giving directions to a servant, turned away to the cheerful little sitting-room in which he was most likely to find Lucy Montgomery. She was not there at the instant, and to while away the time, he picked up a book that lay upon the table. It was an album, and he opened instinctively at the page which contained the vigorous lines written by himself, at the request of the fair owner. These having been read over with great satisfaction, he turned to the succeeding effusion—a doleful ditty, whose chirography exhibited the professional skill of its author, the master of the village school. It began :

“One sin, alas ! I’m fain to confess—  
Bitter envy, I mean, of this Book,  
Which lovely Lucy deigns to possess,  
Greeting it with so kindly a look.”

Randolph smiled complacently, as he compared this poetry with his own. On the next leaf came some really fine and expressive, as well as appropriate verses. He recognized the handwriting of his hated rival, and was chagrined at the excellence of the contribution. At the bottom he read :

“Selected by Charles Middleton.”

“Oh ! *selected*. Pshaw !”

Some stanzas followed, which were original, with the signature “F. H.,” unquestionably standing for Francis Herbert. They flowed off smoothly, and were by no means destitute of poetic merit ; yet they were pervaded by a sadly plaintive tone, and testified but too clearly to the morbid sensitiveness of the writer.

Lucy entered unobserved, and glanced over his arm as he read them.

“You see my album is filling up rapidly, Mr. Randolph.”

“It is, indeed ; and if the pieces were all

as sentimental as this last one, you would have, I think, an unique collection.”

“Poor Frank deserves sympathy and encouragement,” she gently answered. “He has many admirable qualities, and if they were only supported by self-reliance and vigor of purpose, he could not fail to have a noble career.”

Randolph’s lip curled with a slight sneer as he said : “’Tis a pity, as you say, that not being a man, he wants sufficient sense even to pretend to be one. But don’t let us talk about him any more ; for if he were to know it, he would die of his blushes before he could again gasp out the ‘How do you do ?’ which already nearly suffocates him in the utterance.”

She laid the volume away without reply, and taking her sewing, assumed her wonted seat by the fire. Stephen drew his chair close to hers, and after some indifferent remarks had been interchanged, started a new topic.

“Cousin Lucy”—for, since the Colonel insisted upon his claim to receive the title of uncle from her, the nephew argued that the relationship must be shared by himself—“Cousin Lucy, the old gentleman has been scolding sharply, and tells me to *reform*. What must I do ?”

“Obey him dutifully, to be sure.”

“But he finds most fault with me for a matter of necessity ; that is, mingling in the society of Delvinton. Now there is but one way of escape from this calamity, and my uncle’s consequent displeasure. Have you any further advice ?”

“Since you know the proper course, all I can say is, adopt it.”

“But, Cousin Lucy, though this is a matter in which it is very easy and pleasant for me to resolve, it unfortunately happens that the coöperation of another person is necessary.”

“Well, sir, I trust your proposed colleague is not unreasonable.”

"Far from this being the case, I refer to the most kind and amiable person in the world—the most considerate and self-sacrificing that you can imagine; yet I have cause for doubt and fear."

Lucy made no observation, and he continued: "Were my now cheerless dwelling but enlivened by the presence of another, whose home it might be for the reason that it was *my* home; one who would guide my wayward fancy by gentle counsel; who, by the daily exhibition of true loveliness of character, would teach me gradually in some degree to imitate what I could not but admire; who would be to me a friend closer than a brother, my companion never to be parted from; one to be loved, cherished, adored! Can you, dear Lucy, be such a one?"

"Mr. Randolph, I cannot."

His impassioned glance was turned full upon hers, which timidly sank beneath it.

"Lucy! think that this is to me a subject vitally real and earnest. The time has *passed* when I could treat it with gayety or trifling; now I leave jesting to others. I throw my whole soul at your feet. You will not, you cannot cast it back to bitterness and despair. You will not withdraw the hand which I seize as my hope of salvation!"

He clasped her fair palm in his, so as to require some degree of force to extricate it. That force was exerted, however, and the hand withdrawn.

Instantly he stood upon his feet; his frame shook with ungovernable passion; every vein of his countenance was swollen, and his flashing eye added intensity to the cruelty of the words which burst from his lips:

"Stay then as you are, a sneaking, penniless dependent; yes! a sneaking, mercenary, hypocritical, fortune-hunting dependent! Stay where you are: rob me of my inheritance, and share it with your base confederate!"

He rushed from the room and from the house, strode down the lawn, and then along the road to the village, at a rate which few could have equalled without absolutely running. It was not till he had reached the side of the tavern that he became sensible of the singularity of his motion, and to recover composure, relaxed into a very slow walk. Around the corner, and in front of the

tavern, was quite a throng, composed of inhabitants of the village and others. They had been discussing the late remarkable night occurrences at Colonel Trenchard's. One of them observed:

"I don't somehow believe that *Jim* can have done it. What's your mind, Jack?"

Our old acquaintance, Chapman, the individual addressed, merely answered: "I don't know what to say about it."

"For *my* part," remarked Skinner, the overseer, "I'm inclined to think that old Ichabod was nearer right than wiser folks, after all, and that the Colonel *hung himself*, when out of his head. Indeed, he talks wild about the business even yet. What do you think, Mr. Leach? He says *you* had a hand in it; that he heard your voice through the window."

"That's queer enough," replied Sandy. "I know that I have a rough voice, but I should hardly think it would reach 'way from Davy Chapman's parlor to the house on the hill. If the old man's mind wanders in this way, I really must agree with you, Skinner, that he did the deed himself in a temporary fit of insanity. They say, too, that he was greatly vexed about the injury of his big tobacco crop."

"But did the footprints on the roof and through the corn-field only exist in imagination?" This question was addressed to Skinner by a young man in a green frock-coat, whose fowling-piece and brace of pheasants showed that he had just returned from a hunting excursion. His chestnut hair curled about a face of almost feminine beauty, and his form, though exceedingly graceful, was slight, and had hardly attained the ordinary stature.

"I saw them with my own eyes," said Skinner; "but then it must be considered that Mercer and I thought that they led from the piazza around to the front of the house, and the doctor struck upon the trail that led to Steve Randolph's sort of by guess or haphazard, without tracking them plainly along the grass to where we started from."

"And what reason could anybody have had for doing such a thing?" asked Sandy Leach.

"Truly," said the youth in green, Francis Herbert, "I do not see what motive *Jim* could have had; but as to others, there is more ground for doubt."



"Mr. Herbert, I don't see but he had as much reason as any nigger, and Colonel Trenchard says the man was certainly *black*."

"But how easy and common it is for ruffians to make white black with candle smut, or a coal from the chimney corner!"

"Do you then suspect Randolph?" exclaimed Leach.

"I have not said so; but if I were in his place, and innocent, I should be very restless till the mystery were cleared up."

Stephen Randolph had overheard the latter part of this conversation ere he turned the corner, and stepping up quickly to Herbert, said in a harsh tone:

"I did not understand your remark exactly: repeat it, sir."

Herbert drew back slightly, but answered with firmness, and in a tone which showed a natural resentment at the dictatorial manner of the interrogator:

"I do not remember the *words* I used; but since you desire it, I will tell you my thought: I fervently trust that you are innocent, but cannot help regretting that you do not show more zeal in searching out the culprit."

"Lend me this a moment." This was spoken by Randolph to a bystander, from whose hand he snatched a horsewhip, with which he made several smart blows upon Herbert's shoulder, saying as he did so, "You are a meddling puppy! Take that, and learn to behave yourself."

Herbert's face flushed to a deep crimson at the insult, and then sank to an almost deadly paleness. He raised his fowling-piece, and, with an arm as rigid as if cast of bronze, held it pointed at the breast of Randolph; the hammer was thrown back, and his finger touched the trigger.

Thus both parties stood without motion for a space of time that seemed an age to those around. Then Herbert lowered his gun undischarged. Randolph smiled contemptuously and turned upon his heel. The youth, maddened at the sight, clenched the weapon and again had it half raised; but again he let it sink, and withdrawing his right hand, smote his forehead in bitterness and walked away from the group.

As he left, some of the coarser of the party gave utterance to a brutal laugh. In that discordant sound the loud cachinnation of the worthy Sandy Leach was most distinguishable.

Herbert's agony cannot be described, and few indeed can imagine it in its whole extent; yet he must be less than human who is unable, in some degree, to understand how hard it is to bear a "wounded spirit."

#### CHAPTER V.

STEPHEN RANDOLPH'S footsteps were yet audible along the hall, when Lucy burst into tears and went to throw herself into the arms of her mother. Mrs. Montgomery, surprised and grieved, clasped her head to her own sympathizing bosom and tenderly sought to know the cause of her agitation. As soon as her sobs allowed her utterance, she briefly related the conversation that had just taken place, and the harsh taunts which had been heaped upon her at its close; and then added, with her tears flowing afresh:

"Mother! mother! let us leave this place instantly; not another hour let us stay."

"But alas! my child, what home have we beside?"

"Never mind, mother; let us trust to God to provide us a resting-place. Better, far better let us be tenants of the poor-house than remain here exposed to such horrible reproaches."

"Dear Lucy, you know not what you say: here we must stay or starve."

"Then if that is the alternative, oh! let us starve."

"My child, be calm. What, after all, do the wild words of young Randolph concern us? It is not upon him we are living; no right of his is touched; our own consciences, as well as the candor of Mr. Trenchard, justify us against his passionate charge. Why then should it leave a sting?"

"But, mother, it is dreadful to be subjected to the *suspicion* of such a thing. If we were away from here, the uncharitableness of Mr. Randolph himself could not soil our name with so much as a whisper. Let us pack up and go this very evening."

"Pack and go? Who talks about going? Why, what's all this—crying? Lucy, what's the matter?"

"Mr. Trenchard! Colonel! is this you?"

"Mister! Colonel! Why in the name of the old Harry can't you learn to call me *uncle*? Surely your mother's my sister-in-law—and in *reality* too, I shall ever regard her. But what did you say about going?"

"Why, sir, mother and I have come to the conclusion that it is best we should leave the mansion, bidding you good-bye with more gratitude in our hearts for your kindness than our lips can express. Her health, you know, sir, is not very good."

"Well," said Trenchard, with a frown, "is this place sickly? just tell me that!"

"In truth, sir, there are other circumstances which forbid us to trespass longer upon your liberality."

"Come, come, I reckon I understand all about it. Stephen has been here; he left in a towering passion, I'm sure, by his savage walk; he's been saying something to you that he ought not. Confound the rascal! I wouldn't give a dozen like him for one hair of your head. So now be cheerful and like yourself, and I'll cane him if he so much as speaks to you again."

"But really, uncle, I think it is best that we should leave."

"Hush, Lucy! you shan't go; you shan't talk about it; you shan't so much as *think* about it: so be quiet. But whose step was that? Here, Ichabod! Ichabod!"

"Well, Marser."

"Who was it, Ichabod, that came in at the front door just now?"

"Marser Frank. He went right up to his room."

"Not Skinner, then? Ah, well! when Mr. Skinner comes back from Delviton watch out for him and tell him I want to see him about the wheat to be sown in the new field. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir; an' I reckon that's him now: I heard the little gate slam what leads to his house."

"Run then and head him; I'll go to the back piazza."

Thus speaking, the old man trudged away, and was not seen again by Mrs. Montgomery and her daughter till an hour afterwards, when they met him at the dinner-table along with the other member of that family of four, Francis Herbert. The latter was very pale, and spoke less than usual during the meal.

After the garniture of the table was removed, and the servant had left, they remained in their seats some moments according to custom, Colonel Trenchard glancing over the newspaper, and the others conversing. Presently he lifted up his eyes from the journal, and said in his blunt way:

"Frank, is it true, as I hear, that you have taken a horsewhipping in the village this morning?"

The two ladies started and bent their eyes instantly upon the youth. He too was startled by the sudden interrogatory; the crimson current rushed at once to his cheeks, which just before seemed bloodless, and he felt his heart throbbing in his throat. It was some moments before he answered; when he did speak, it was in a tone wonderfully calm:

"Yes, sir, I have received some blows of a whip from Mr. Randolph."

Trenchard replied:

"Well, the Herberts used to be a spunky breed; they must be changed a great sight since. I suppose, however, you are going to challenge him; but that's a poor business. Have no duels, but settle your quarrels, you youngsters, when your blood's warm and there's no sin in it. It is a pity indeed that you let the minute slip. I don't see what other course you have left open for yourself. It's wrong, though, very wrong; but Stephen's not a fellow to back out and ask pardon: it's a pity—pity—pity."

"I agree with you, sir, that duels are sinful, and have no thought of challenging Randolph to one."

"The mischief you haven't! And what then will you do?"

"What can I do?"

"Yes, sure enough, what can you do now?"

"What other course, sir, would you have had me pursue *then*? I was fearfully tempted: may I never again have such a struggle to endure. Thank God, I conquered."

"Conquered!" echoed Trenchard. "I don't understand your story: whom did you conquer?"

"Myself."

"Oh, is that it? So you take pleasure in the recollection of your cowering?"

All the youth's former agitation, so hardly repressed, returned. His evident suffering excited some compassion even in the stern breast of Trenchard. The ladies showed *their* deep sympathy without disguise upon their countenances, and Herbert, wretched as he was, drew comfort from the sight. Hastily dashing away a struggling tear, he said:

"What, sir, would you have had me do

"Had you do when a man struck you

Why, strike him back, to be sure. In such a case, don't stop to think on which side the odds are, but jump right into the fellow. I have known many a little man stump a big one. When I was down in New-Orleans, ten years ago, I happened to meet a man who had been long before, and who always will be, more hateful to me than the old boy himself. He was much stouter than I, as well as a great deal heavier, but when I shook my fist in his face on the public street he dared not toe the mark. Well, shortly after I was taken down with the fever, which kept me two weeks; and the first day I tottered out, as thin as a ghost and hardly able to hold my own weight, this cowardly scoundrel took the chance to give me a cut with his whip, as Steve did you; but you may swear he didn't bestow me a *second*. I hadn't my knife, unfortunately, or I would have given it to him in the midriff; but I clapped my fingers around his throat and clinched them tighter than ever cooper hooped a flour barrel. The villain tripped me up in a hurry, for my legs were not as stiff as a pea-vine, but I held my grip; down we came together; he battered my face till the mother that bore me would not have known it. Still I held on, and he grew blue and gasped for breath; then he got his thumb under my right eye and gave one twitch; I winced my head, and the eye-ball slipped from his clutch; the next instant his fingers stretched out with a jerk, his fat carcass rolled upon its back, and I had no call to hang on longer. He was not dead, however, and afterwards revived to do more villainy. I believe in my heart he is anxious to kill *me* in the same way I made him suffer. It is Alexander Leach I mean, that hypocritical buffoon. But to return to the present business. I must allow that you would have had no chance whatever in a regular set-to with Steve Randolph, nor would anybody else have had, for he is as strong as Samson and has the spunk of Lucifer; but then you had a loaded gun."

"And would you really prefer, sir, that I had now your nephew's blood upon my hands?"

"I tell you, Francis Herbert, if I had been in such a situation, I would have shot the man, whoever he might be! If he were my father's brother, I would have shot him as he stood—shot him with *deadly* aim."

"But, Mr. Trenchard, could you have justified such an act upon the principles of the New Testament?"

"Frank, God has made man to feel resentment, and feel it most keenly at any thing that wounds our honor; and therefore—and accordingly——"

"Pardon me, sir, for interrupting you; but Christ tells us to subdue such resentment—to hold it in check."

"Well, if it is so, we are not perfect; and surely to kill a man in a sudden passion is not like killing him in cold blood. This is exactly the reason, as I said just now, why duels are so wicked: they are more like rank murders."

"But, Colonel, if you had ever killed a man in a quarrel, do you not think you would feel sorry about it afterwards?"

"I have known others, of whom I would not have thought it, to become sorry, and it is possible I might too."

"Well, sir, have you not also known such persons to wish that any thing had happened rather than that they should have another's blood upon them?"

"Yes; Hiram Messenger was just so."

"Then, sir, if it is certain that if I had killed Randolph I should have bitterly regretted it, did I not right to refrain?"

"No, Frank; you were placed in a necessity: a man with a gun in his hand who is horsewhipped is under a necessity to shed blood."

"But I was not in a necessity, for I did not shed blood."

"How did you escape from it, though? What! to stand still under a cowhiding like a slave! It could not be endured."

"Yet, Colonel, as Christians we are bound not to slay except when our own life is in peril."

"Frank! Frank! I am not a member of the Church—you are. I could not act so: if you must, you should turn preacher, and then you would be safe."

"I cannot perceive in myself," answered Herbert, "any special qualification for the sacred ministry, and I should scorn to fly to its protection out of cowardice."

"Be Quaker, then."

"My last reason holds as to this, too, sir; and further, I do not think it right that that principle should be made the distinction of a *sect*, which the Saviour has enjoined as a characteristic mark upon every disciple."



"Frank Herbert," said the Colonel, impatiently, "it is not worth while to talk any more. You are just graduated, and may easily have too much logic for a plain old man like me; but if you are sincere in your doctrines, you of course have no regard in such a case as this for the opinion of the world. You are content to be despised and ridiculed at every public gathering—at every family fireside; to have the very boys point their fingers at you as you pass, and, in ridiculous show, mimic the operation you have undergone; to hear some negro, after being punished for a petty theft in the way in which negroes are punished, tell his companions with a grin, that he can 'stand a lashing' most as well as Marser Herbert.' You can endure all this, eh?"

Herbert was pale as death, but made no reply.

"So you are quite pleased to be the object of disgust and contempt, or else of humiliating pity; to receive the vilest insults from every bully; to be jeered at, cuffed, kicked; to be avoided by every gentleman and loathed by every woman? All this you must bear, for it is the necessary portion of the coward—or of him, that is, who *seems* to be one."

These last words were spoken after a pause, by way of extenuation, for the old gentleman, in the energy of his application of the *argumentum ad hominem*, had not noticed the increasing emotion of poor Frank, who finally had burst into tears outright. Perceiving his rather awkward apology inadequate to counteract his previous rhetoric, he added soothingly:

"Never mind, Frank; you know me; don't take it hard, my boy. We were only *talking*, of course; you brought on the debate, so you ought not to mind it."

"Excuse me, sir," said Herbert, rising and hastily withdrawing.

There was silence when he left. Trenchard looked alternately at the young lady and the old one. Mrs. Montgomery murmured, "Poor fellow!" Lucy's eyes were directed to the floor, and the long lashes quite concealed their expression. The party then, by a common impulse, separated. Lucy proceeded to her chamber, and to reach it had to pass a pleasant little room which, in the abundance of apartments in that large mansion, had been appropriated by Herbert as a sort of study. The door was a-jar as she

stepped lightly by, and she naturally cast a glance within. The young man sat with his head buried in his hands and leaning upon the table. She went on to her own room, but in less than an hour came out again, and walked so softly down the passage that a mouse would not have been startled by a footfall; when she was again opposite the study, she laid her hand upon the latch, and with the same quietness that had marked all her movements, looked inside. There Herbert still sat with his head enfolded in his arms. She entered, touched his shoulder lightly, and said:

"Frank!"

He raised his head, and his lovely visitor perceived that his eyes were almost blood-shot, and that his cheeks showed the ravages of a scalding torrent of tears.

"Ah, Lucy, is it you? Why come to look at me in my wretchedness?"

"Is it not reason enough, Frank, that you *are* wretched?"

"Alas!" he rejoined, "why do you remind me by your company that life has any thing attractive? Lucy, this world has never been an indulgent mother to me; now I am bitterly taught how utterly worthless and intolerable it is. What do I live for? Care—pain—distracting doubts—unceasing torment. Where is the pleasure that I can hope to taste which will not turn to ashes in my mouth? We exist and suffer, but to die at last. Oh! what torture can be worse than that which now rends me body and mind? And to think how trifling a thing might free me from it all: the work of an instant, and then—then—" Herbert covered his face with his hands, but removing them, added, "then a deliverance from this woe—deliverance from the presence of man."

"But you could not," said the gentle comforter, "you could not lay violent hands on that life which it required Omnipotence to give you?"

"No, Lucy, I could not. I am guilty in even cherishing such thoughts. Oh! what have I come to? How have all those resolutions, which I thought stable as adamant, crumbled? But you would pardon me if you knew—what you cannot know—the excess of suffering I have undergone."

"I can feel for you," she replied, "for I too have had to suffer keenly on my own account, and that within the limits of this

day. The injuries of us both are inflicted by the same person. We have a common pain caused by a common author. Cannot we then sympathize?"

"What! has Stephen Randolph presumed to offer you discourtesy? Tell it me!"

The youth, as he uttered these words, sprang up as one transformed, and his fine eye sparkled with anger.

"Nay, it was nothing; I merely wished to divert your thoughts."

"Lucy! Lucy! I must know it! What has he done?"

"He has done nothing; he merely said—some inconsiderate words."

"Well, what were those words? Do not vex me with such vague information."

"Well, then," answered the maiden, "though I had no thought of repeating it, since you will have me relate so trifling a matter, he called me"—she blushed and hesitated—"Mr. Randolph called me 'a fortune-hunting dependent.'"

"By heavens! the scoundrel shall rue it!" cried Herbert, pacing the floor vehemently; "he shall retract the base, unmanly slander, or I will cram it down the bully's throat!"

He started to leave the room, but Lucy quietly restrained him.

"What would you do? Will you so soon cease to obey the sacred duty of forbearance?"

"Oh, I forgot—*forgot*." There was something in the *tone* with which these simple words were spoken that must long have rung in the ears of any one who had heard them, so much was there that told of abandonment of hope and energy; of a grief bordering upon despair; of a heart well nigh broken. He resumed his seat by the table, and as at the first, his head rested upon his folded arms.

Lucy was awed by an intensity of emotion so surpassing any thing that can be felt by minds of ordinary organization, and made no sound to disturb his sad reverie. What space of time thus elapsed, we have no means of exactly ascertaining; the sun, however, in its descent had nearly reached the horizon, when the young man arose with a countenance as haggard and care-worn as if years of anxiety had left their impress upon it.

"Lucy, I want your opinion. I have

come to a conclusion,"—he smiled frightfully,—*"it is this, that I am, as Colonel Trenchard says, a coward: is it not so?"*

The maiden looked at him with surprise and apprehension, for she believed his mind wandering.

"Yes, I see," he continued; "your silence acknowledges that you believe me correct."

"No, Frank, you are not a coward; your own heart tells you you are not."

"I am—I must be. This accounts for every thing. No wonder that my guardian reproaches me, that you pity me; no wonder that men cast upon me different looks from what other persons receive; no wonder"—here the muscles of his mouth contracted spasmodically—"that I am—horsewhipped! Wherefore am I made of feeble sinews than any other of mankind? Why is an excess of bodily vigor given to one who is disposed to abuse his gift, rather than to me who would use it to raise, and to heal, and to succor the oppressed?"

"Ah, Frank, ought you not rather to bless God for the *disposition* than to envy those who, without that disposition, incur his fearful displeasure? Choose for yourself. If the Almighty thinks not fit to confer all his gifts upon any one, how can you complain if you possess those which are most desirable?"

"True, dear Lucy. What a wretch am I to dare call in question the propriety of the appointments of my Creator! You are right, you are right. Why should I care for the judgment of man? To do so is not only wicked but weak and foolish."

"I am glad," said Miss Montgomery, "to hear you speak thus once more. That which the devotees of the world might regard as a disgrace, ought rather, as it is in obedience of the law of God, to be reckoned an honor."

"Yes, yes," replied Herbert; "but the thought will recur, 'What do men think?' To be *dishonored*—dishonored for ever! Oh! Lucy, what a fate!"

"Frank! have you never admired the martyrs of ancient time? Have you never felt that you could endure like things to win a place in that noble army?"

"I have—I have indeed; and were I a minister of the gospel, I think I should prefer that field above all others which

should most signally try my faith; were it hedged in with pestilence or with fagot, the more eager, I think, I would be to press on."

"Then why not count your present sufferings a martyrdom, and summon a martyr's temper to endure them?"

"So I could, Lucy, were it not for one distinction, which you overlook. Those glorious men who died to bear testimony to the gospel, suffered indeed pangs which I dare not equal mine to, yet they had this happiness, that their *courage* was never called in question. I undergo an agony which to my frail strength is almost intolerable, and I undergo it, I trust, from *principle*; but men—and this makes the bitterness of my lot—men attribute my conduct to pusillanimity. If now some opportunity would only occur, without the sin of my seeking it, to prove my courage in some dreadful danger—but what am I saying? Do I know myself so well? Might not I succumb under such a trial, and then my condition become worse than it is? God Omniscient knoweth, and will direct the matter in mercy. But I dismiss all my doubts and distress. I am a coward indeed, so long as I remain enthralled by them. I see my duty before me, and I will follow it—may Heaven bless the determination—follow it, whatever obstacles interpose, whether it be danger, or, what is harder to bear—yet which I *will* bear—the hatred and scorn of my fellow-men."

"Frank! you are now like yourself."

"I *am* myself, dearest Lucy, thanks to you. How many, alas! have been as sore-

ly tempted, and have not had such a monitor. But fear no longer for me. I may indeed sometimes fail to perform my duty, but never again, so help me God! will I feel grief or shame at *having* performed it. But stay; why do you go?"

"I am not sorry to have stayed so long; but see! it is almost night. It will soon be supper: remember—meet the Colonel firmly."

"Doubt it not. Watch me well, and if I prove unequal to this occasion or any other, then call me craven, and forbid me, Lucy, to tell you how I love you."

Frank perceived, dark as it was, that this observation had brought up a blush, and sprang forward so quickly as to obstruct her passage through the door.

"Stop, Lucy! you must tell me. In case I *should* prove a resolute champion of the truth, will you allow me to whisper what, if you reject it not, I will dare avow on the house-tops?"

"Fy!" exclaimed the maiden, "there is magic at work. Where is that bashful gentleman whom I saw here just now? He has quite vanished and left no trace."

"He is here still," said Frank, at once changing his tone and manner; "have you nothing, Lu—I mean Miss Montgomery—to say to him?"

"Yes," replied Lucy, coolly; "I advise him by all means to refrain from imitating a certain wild youngster, not far off, who presumes to lay restraint upon the liberty of young ladies. So good evening to you."

Thus speaking, she tripped by him and disappeared in the passage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## JOURNALISM IN NEW-YORK.\*

THE appearance of three new dailies in one month in this city is sufficient to dispel all doubts as to the enterprise of New-York publishers or the capacity of New-York readers. If the establishment of newspapers depended solely on literary men, we should not be surprised at witnessing a much greater number of these too fascinating enterprises than exist among us at present. Writers as a class have not usually very much to lose. They are not particularly distinguished for a distaste to running in debt. They are not given to the calculation of probabilities in the matter of profit and loss, and are always ready for new schemes that may happen to consort with their ambition for fame or their desire of filling their pockets. But men of capital—and publishers now-a-days cannot be otherwise—are more chary of their fortunes, and calculate before they embark in any new enterprise how much they may expect to “realize” from their venture. With them the “uncertainty of human affairs” is ever a living text, and their general sagacity and good sense sufficiently indicate the training which a firm disbelief in what is commonly called “good luck” has given them. We must admit, therefore, that the sudden production of three cheap daily papers in a city which we had imagined overstocked with journals, somewhat startled our confidence in the discernment of New-York publishers. Our established prints already form a portly catalogue. Of commercial sheets we have the *Journal of Commerce*, senior and junior, the *Courier and Enquirer*, the *Evening Post*, and the *Commercial Advertiser*; among their cheaper and more popular brotherhood, the *Express*, the *Tribune*, the *Herald*, the *Day Book*, the *Mirror*, the *Sun*, the *Morning Star*, and the *New-Yorker*; the three latter distributed at the low rate of one cent each. This, it will be seen, is a very large number of daily journals for a city of the

size of New-York, and would seem sufficiently great to satisfy our wants and to deter capitalists from embarking in rival speculations. New-York, including Brooklyn and one or two other suburbs, is inferior in size to three of the European capitals, London, Paris, or Constantinople. We might therefore be contented if we did not support as many daily journals as either of the two first-mentioned cities. Yet we find that our newspapers, aided by their new reinforcement, actually outnumber those of Paris or London, or indeed of any other city of the world. And having already so many, we are far from supposing that we shall have no more.

The gentlemen who are severally connected with the *Times*, the *Verdict*, and the *National Democrat*, have probably very good grounds for assuming their present responsibilities. We take pleasure in recognizing most of them, and we speak more particularly at present of the business department, as old hands at getting up newspapers; and we feel sure that they would not have committed themselves to their recent undertakings without first sitting down and counting the cost. They cannot have been deceived by false estimates, or by unfounded advice from interested parties. They cannot be supposed to be ignorant of the public pulse, or of the vexatious contrariety of opinions and difficulty of tastes among the readers who are to furnish the ultimate means for the support of their journals. We are certain, therefore, that having allowed for all necessary and contingent expenses, they confidently reckon on paying all claims and dividing fair profits. No one will deny, in view of their enterprise and their reliance on themselves and the public, that they merit the success which they assure us they anticipate.

Taking it into consideration that these new papers are published on the cheap

\* The *Verdict*.

The *National Democrat*.

The *New-York Daily Times*.)

New-York, September, 1851.

plan; and that one of them in particular, with an amount of reading matter inferior only to that of two other New-York daily journals, is afforded at one cent a copy; and that to obtain a remunerating circulation they must from the outset be equal at least to their rivals in point of news and literary merit; we cannot but see that they are surrounded by very imposing difficulties. There is, indeed, no city out of the United States in which the publication of a newspaper is attended with so small a tax-expense from government, or in which the inhabitants are such general readers, as the city of New-York. Yet nowhere else does competition reduce the price of newspapers to so low a mark, or dictate so high a standard of literary excellence. The cost necessary to furnish one of our journals with early telegraphic intelligence, authentic correspondence from points of interest, full and reliable mails, and with that style of editorial writing which our improved taste begins to demand, is in itself immense, and seems to one who has never been at the pains to estimate its several items, positively overwhelming. And this aggregation of expense constitutes but one drawback from profits. Paper and ink may indeed be purchased at low rates, but rooms sufficiently large to accommodate the many fixtures of a newspaper are not to be procured in the heart of a city without the payment of a heavy rent, and printers will not be satisfied without they receive pretty nearly the value of their services. Reporters and editors must be paid, punctually, if not liberally. Gentlemen of the press are not noted for economy, and generally live so close to their incomes that temporary suspensions of payments involve them in the most disagreeable embarrassments. Their claims at all events must be attended to, even if those of the paper merchant or the stockholders in the concern are suffered to lie over. And if returns come in but slowly—and when at the establishment of a new journal were they known to do otherwise?—there must be a capacious reserve fund to meet expenses. In the history of every journal now prominently before the public there have been times when the most gloomy forebodings were rationally indulged by its proprietors; when the hopes they had entertained of the responses of public sympathy seemed illusive and of doubtful realization; and when

the energy that had hitherto sustained them seemed to be deprived of its ultimate dependence. We cannot be accused, then, of looking at these new enterprises with a discouraging aspect if we respond to the sentiments of distrust and solicitude which, in spite of their bold and cheerful tone, display themselves in the prefatory remarks of their conductors, and confess an anxious interest in their fate. And should any of them fail to survive the year of their birth, we shall attribute such misfortune rather to an inevitable opposition of circumstances than to a want of honest endeavor or of faithful study of popular needs.

The press of New-York, whose recent enlargement we have thus chronicled, although it shares many of its characteristics with that of other cities and of the country at large, constitutes, from various causes, a subject of peculiar interest. Perhaps among the least of these may be noticed the especial consideration it enjoys abroad—a consideration which we have sometimes been puzzled fully to account for. As New-Yorkers, although by no means unconscious of our advantages or our importance, we are certainly mindful of the existence of other cities near our own, but little inferior in point of size, possessing equal facilities of education and popular improvement, lying equally open to commerce and to foreign investigation, and equally distinguished for cultivation of pure literature and the arts. We do not forget that in this country circumstances render it impossible for any one city to be the focus of the intellect of all, or to monopolize the materials of any department of literary activity. A central capital and a jealous regard on the part of our rising cities for their own rights and reputation, combine to prevent the largest commercial emporium of America from ever assuming that position as a dispenser of intelligence, and an authority for opinion, which is so unhesitatingly and ungrudgingly accorded to London by sister cities. For our own part we are content to regard ourselves as but one among many, and to prefer an exclusive claim to nothing which we cannot prove to be peculiarly our own. But when the foreign press has occasion to speak of American journalism, it invariably selects that of New-York as the representative of the whole, and according to the current tone of our own prominent sheets draws conclu-

sions favorable or unfavorable to the spirit of our institutions and people. As a specimen of this generalization, which, however gratifying to our vanity, or to a desire for notoriety which may exist in a portion of our journalism, can hardly be said to proceed from a fair review of facts, we quote the following from an article in the *Foreign Quarterly*, published a few years since in reply to certain statements on the part of one or two American prints, which had given great offense in England:—

"It will not do, after this," says the reviewer, "to speak of the '*Herald*' but as the most popular and largely circulated sheet in America. It is popular in the proportion of its infamy and indecency. It is accounted clever, only because frightfully reckless of all moral restraints; a recklessness most effective in that condition of society. 'Have no money dealings with my father, for, dotard as he is, he will make an ass of you.' What money gives to the miser, the utterly reckless man, no matter how imbecile and ignorant, is endowed with by the party passion of America. It gives him what stands in the stead of intellect, of honesty and virtue. The extraordinary influence of a great English advocate used to be explained by the remark, that there were twelve *Scarletts* in the witness box. We cannot explain the hundred thousand readers of the '*New-York Herald*' except on the supposition of a hundred thousand *Bennetts* in America." \* \* \*

"If we are asked whether we suppose it possible to check the further advances of the democratic tendency in the United States, we answer, No; but that most possible and practicable it would be, by a very different course from that which is now pursued, to guide, to elevate, to redeem it, to conduct it to a noble and enduring destiny. As it is, every thing swells the forces of society in one direction, against which not a single effective stand is made in any one quarter. In this state of things the '*New York Herald*' made its appearance, some eight or nine years ago, and found society thoroughly prepared for its career of infamous success. In one immense division, utter recklessness; in the other, where safety lay, utter indifference. And what a lesson for some present resistance against dangers still to come, is embodied in the past course and influence of this terrible foe to decency and order! All those vices of the republic which should have been gradually wearing away—the prying, inquisitive, unwholesome growth of a young and prematurely forced society—have been pampered and bloated to increased enormity. For as nothing breeds so rapidly as vermin, the '*Herald*' brood, within this brief space of years, has almost covered the land. We are told, and we can well believe it, that the '*Herald*' has imitators and worthy disciples in very nearly every small village, town, or city in America. It seems at first incredible that no strong effort should have been made to resist all this, but a little reflection explains the cause."

With the charges against the *Herald*

contained in the above extract we have, of course, nothing to do. But its sentiments are precisely like those of the entire foreign press. It accuses us, as a nation, of a proclivity to political and social recklessness, from which we are, to say the least, as free as most of our neighbors; and ascribes to New-York newspapers an influence to which their vanity, even in its most inflated mood, can hardly lay claim. And we are told that the New-York press is imitated by that of other cities, and the nation at large, not in its literary excellence, or its enterprise, or its range of information, but in that lawlessness and grossness from which it has not at all times been exempt. We are given to understand that New-York is the centre of criminality for the United States, and that its journals are the radiations by which its evil influences extend to all parts of the Union. We think differently. We think that the newspapers of New-York maintain the larger share of that influence which they may possess throughout the country, through the commercial and industrial power of the metropolis whence they emanate. Their ability, the good sense and the good writing which their columns contain, and the sagacity for which we must give them especial credit, are also not without weight in commending them to the careful notice of all American readers. But their occasional derelictions from political honesty or personal candor do not meet with that general sympathy which our national enemies might wish to see. Many of the severest lectures they have received have been read them by the country press. Many of the sharpest criticisms to which their sentiments have been subjected have proceeded from journals in other cities, or in the interior. And so well are their opinions sifted before they are received into the creed of our citizens, that it is a little surprising they should so entirely represent the nation abroad. For we are safe in saying that one half of intelligent Englishmen and Frenchmen who read their own papers imagine, from the origin of the transatlantic extracts therein contained, that New-York is to the United States what London is to England, or Paris to France. This may pass for what it is worth, as a tribute to our metropolitan vanity.

If it were not that the cheapness of American newspapers has ceased to elicit



surprise at home, we should be disposed to indulge in a few paragraphs of admiration at the quantity and quality of reading matter which we purchase for two cents in a copy of the Tribune, or in the frequent double sheet of the Herald, or for one cent in a copy of the Times. We dare say this cheapness is to be easily and satisfactorily accounted for. The Times is an experiment; but as its proprietors know very well what they are doing, we see no reason why we may not speak of it as a fixed fact in New-York journalism, and rank it among the profitable sheets we have just mentioned. These papers have, then, in the first place, an immense circulation. The daily issue of the Tribune is about twenty thousand copies, and that of the Herald often equals twenty-five or thirty thousand. The Times, at its present low rates of subscription, may confidently reckon on an equal, and perhaps a greater circulation. One great element of cheapness, a wide sale of the manufactured article, is thus attained. Printing machinery has been brought to a degree of perfection which leaves us almost nothing to hope for, so long as we doubt the possibility of obviating friction, or of discovering a more economical motive-power than steam. The labor of the composing and the press-room has been systematized, until human fingers have arrived at their ultimate capabilities. The philosophy of advertising has been ingeniously pushed to its ripest development. Editors and sub-editors have probably learned to compose sentences as rapidly as their fingers will transcribe them. All this facilitates economy, and goes very far towards doing away with what might otherwise seem an inexplicable wonder.

A page of the Times is made up of six columns, each column containing one hundred and sixty-five lines of leaded type, or two hundred and ten lines of close type, or two hundred and fifty lines of newspaper minion. Of the twenty-four columns of the paper, from eighteen to twenty are filled with reading matter, two thirds of which is editorial, consisting of articles on political subjects and current affairs, reviews of new books, "city items," and condensed paragraphs from the mails. A leaded column of the Times contains over twelve hundred words; and as much of its editorial is printed in smaller type than that on which we have based our estimate, we can safely

reckon the quantity of editorial matter at 14,400 words, equal to eighteen pages of this Review. The remainder of the original matter, consisting of correspondence, reports, and financial intelligence, swells the amount to upwards of 24,000 words, equal to thirty pages of this Review. When we consider that this quantity of matter is renewed daily, and can never be suffered to decrease; that its preparation requires the constant services of a large force of sub-editors and reporters, who must be fairly remunerated for their labor; that the quality of what is written must never fall below a standard which the taste of those readers at whose patronage a first-class paper should aim has already set very high; and that the white paper on which it is printed costs about two thirds of a cent; we cannot but think that the science of newspaper production has been pretty faithfully studied. How large a circulation will justify this extreme cheapness we have no means of accurately determining, but we think it must at least equal twenty thousand copies. The Times probably reckons on thirty or forty thousand subscribers, and we do not see how it can divide fair profits on its invested capital with a less number.

The Tribune and the double-sheet Herald each consist of eight six-columned pages. Five of these pages are filled with reading matter, by far the largest part of which is editorial and correspondence. The price of these sheets is two cents each, and the paper on which either of them is printed cannot cost less than one and a quarter cents. They are each liberal pay-masters to all in their employ, and afford handsome remuneration for accepted contributions. The number of advertisements in each by no means equals that of any one of several other city journals, while their subscription prices are much lower; yet such is the largeness of their circulation, that they are yielding what may seem to some enormous profits. It was stated a few months since, on as good authority as financial gossip can ever lay claim to, that the dividend of the Tribune for the past year was over seventy thousand dollars.

We have mentioned these examples of cheap journals in New-York, not for the purpose of comparing them with journals in other countries, beyond all of which they are vastly cheaper, but simply because they

are the most complete triumphs of capital and skill which we have thus far witnessed in the history of the American press. Leaving their qualities out of view, of which indeed it would be invidious to speak, in the matter of cheapness they are without rivals in our largest cities after New-York—Philadelphia, Boston and New-Orleans; and we need hardly say, in the country at large. The wonder they excite abroad is perfectly natural. The Londoner who pays five pence for a copy of the Times may well be surprised at seeing the Tribune, containing nine tenths the quantity of reading matter of his favorite journal, sold for a penny. And his surprise is all the greater because he has all along regarded its more costly neighbors, such as the Courier and Enquirer and Journal of Commerce, as prodigies of cheapness—papers which most of our citizens would think it decidedly extravagant to buy.

A singular feature in the journalism of New-York is its political complexion. Most of our readers know that the two great parties are about evenly balanced in this city. From an acquaintance among our business men one would conclude that New-York was Whig, but the election returns show that we may safely calculate upon an equal number of ins and outs between the Whigs and Democrats. Our journals, however, would not seem to indicate this. Whig sheets crowd upon us as we write their names—the Courier and Enquirer, the Tribune, the Express, the Commercial Advertiser, and others; but until the appearance of our latest acquisition, the National Democrat, the Evening Post has represented the entire Democratic press of the city. As may be readily supposed, this state of things has not been quietly suffered, and numerous attempts have been made from time to time by our Democratic friends to establish a journal around which, to use their favorite expression, "the masses might rally." Singularly enough in the history of a party that polls votes in this city by tens of thousands, these attempts, although backed, as we have reason to know, by a good deal of hard work, have uniformly been failures. Had we written this article a year ago, we should have been in time to chronicle the expiring issues of the "Globe," a Democratic paper which, after struggling for a twelvemonth, was discontinued for lack of support. In

sober verity we mourned over the death of the Globe, for it was a very well-disposed, well-conducted sheet, and seemed killed more by fatality than by bad management. It was very much better than any of its predecessors, and died much harder; and as its successor is decidedly better than all, we hope it may hold on to life with more tenacity. We like the tone in which the editor of the National Democrat speaks of his paper, and the causes of the ill success of its forerunners:—

"We have had some experience in writing the editorials of *first numbers* of new papers, and especially Democratic papers in this city. If they have failed, after we left them, to make their appearance daily, the fault was not ours. We never had any charge of them when it became necessary to write their valedictory; nor have we ever mourned over their exit. They often did more good by dying than they did while living. The vitality that was in them was of that effeminate character that it would have been difficult to decide whether it did really belong to any active, intelligent, and living commodity.

"But our thirty-odd thousand Democrats in this city have been so long without a daily morning sheet, that they will, undoubtedly, look upon a pure specimen of the article as quite a curiosity; and will at least introduce it into their families just to see how it looks and what it says. We intend to furnish it to them, we hope, for many years to come. We do not enter the field this time at the suggestion of others, having no care except to receive a certain number of dollars and cents for what we contribute to the columns of our journal. We wish to try the experiment with a view of ascertaining whether it is not possible to build up a permanent Democratic daily morning sheet in this great metropolitan city. Many are of opinion that it requires a large capital to accomplish this. This we have not got, nor do we expect to have. But we believe there is enterprise and means enough among our Democracy to give our project a fair trial. The majority of our city population is Democratic; the majority of the people of the Union is Democratic; and so is the majority of the people of this State. When it is asserted that they will not support a well-conducted journal that advocates pure Democratic doctrine, a stigma is cast upon the intelligence and liberality of the Democratic party. It will be our object to prove that this disparaging assertion is untrue. We will labor with energy and zeal in our new vocation. \* \* \*

"It cannot be denied that every Democratic journal which has been started of late years in this city has lingered out a brief and sickly existence, and then yielded up the ghost, without even a natural spasmodic struggle to prolong its life, and without much seeming disappointment on the part of the proprietors, or regret of the party to whose service its columns had been devoted, as the exponent of their principles. So common has been the failure of Democratic

journals in this city, that it is generally supposed that after the election is over the paper must go down. So often has this prediction been verified, without even a single exception, that the people appear to be anxiously awaiting the anticipated result, as though it were a fixed fact. We have no doubt that there are a great many honest and well-meaning Democrats who would, for the moment, feel disappointed if our paper did not break down immediately after the election. We can see no good reason why a Democratic paper should not succeed in a city of more than half a million of inhabitants, and with a natural majority of Democrats. At all events, we intend to try what industry, energy, and perseverance will do."—*National Democrat*, Vol. I, No. 1.

It is even true that a city which yields to none other in the world in readiness to imbibe political feeling and foment political excitement, has for many years supported more or less neutral papers, while with a solitary exception those journals that have been devoted to one of its two great parties have languished and died. The "Sun," a neutral sheet, possesses a larger daily circulation than any other journal in New-York, and perhaps than any other in the world. The Herald has never suffered from lack of patronage, and several smaller neutral papers within the shadow of the Sun and Herald establishments are enjoying the stimulus of very healthy incomes. We are not aware of any other city whose journalism presents so anomalous a feature.

The weekly papers of New-York are many in number, and of various characteristics, exhibiting in a marked degree the enterprise that distinguishes our daily press. They outnumber the dailies some two or three to one, and one who is disposed to ascertain their exact number by personal research will weary himself in stumbling through the intricacies of Nassau and Ann streets before he has half completed his task. Although English writers are apt to speak of their weekly journalism as the most perfect in the world, we are persuaded that our dignified and semi-naturalized "Albion" will not yield to the "Examiner," memorable though it be in the name of Albany Fonblanque; and that the "Spirit of the Times" may very well compare with "Bell's Life in London." We must, however, confess that our various hebdomadal imitations of inimitable "Punch" have been failures. We are of the opinion that a paper precisely like Punch cannot be sustained by us at present. The experiment has been tried,

often and faithfully, and "our first humorists" have been engaged to contribute, but such dismal sheets as "Yankee Doodle" and "The Town" have been the sole consequences. Punch's wit is emphatically the wit of society; society of long duration, complex institutions and clearly defined features, open alike to the most trenchant and the most delicate satire, and sufficiently rigid to be often attacked at the same points without losing those peculiarities that have provoked assailants. Foreigners are obtuse to the wit of Punch. It plays wholly on the national, and would cease to exist if it ceased to be English. But as a matter of fact, we have as yet no society, if we may in the term include those different conditions of ancestry, education, modes of thinking and modes of living which make up the social life of a body of people whose disposition of circumstances has not been broken in upon by revolutions or immigration. And so it results that when our pictorial satirists have used up the "B'hoys" of the Bowery and the "Suckers" of the West, they have very little left to fall back upon. This may partly explain our lack of a national Charivari; and it is also true that we cannot at once change Brother Jonathan's long face to a round one, or occupy ourselves in hunting up materials for laughter when each one of us has quite enough to do at getting his dinner.

Most of the New-York weeklies, like their contemporaries of Philadelphia and Boston, are intended expressly for country circulation, and are of large size and very heterogeneous contents. It is not uncommon to find one of them devoted to a dozen or twenty different objects of interest, taste or study, among which literature and the fine arts have hardly enough elbow room to make themselves visible. Very many of our cheap "blood and thunder" novels, written by "Harry Hazel," or "a distinguished naval officer," or "the most eminent of our rising novelists," have first appeared serially in the columns of certain of these weeklies, where, we doubt not, they gave great satisfaction. We have also seen in the columns of these identical sheets valuable disquisitions on the deepest matters of philosophy, essays on religious subjects that might have been penned by a Doctor of Divinity, agricultural treatises whose perusal would benefit a thorough-bred farmer, and



candid reasonings on politics and the affairs of the nation. This versatility, or comprehensiveness, as Bulwer Lytton would style it, has been also profitably adopted by the Sunday press, in whose columns, in addition to their overwhelming mass of town gossip, theatrical criticism, and serial fiction, one often meets with sermons from our celebrated clergymen, appearing a little awkwardly, it must be owned, among their unwonted companions; like a sober youth suddenly tossed into a party of gay roysterers whose amusements he is somewhat puzzled to share.

Notwithstanding the reputation of hard work and inadequate remuneration attendant upon the profession of a journalist in a large city, and the precarious future which is ever represented as forming the bounding horizon of his path, there is no lack of recruits of all ages and of all degrees of talent to the great army of writers for the press who find subsistence in New-York. The advice constantly given to all such eager aspirants for the honors and rewards of literature by our leading editors and journalists, is regarded by them as fallacious and unfounded; and never having been called on to undergo the difficulties against which they are cautioned, and from which it is in their own power to remain aloof, they feel very little hesitation in committing themselves to an undertaking which presents so many attractive features to the man of talent without capital, and yet in whose successful prosecution capital is so largely and vitally concerned. Upon the establishment of a new paper, therefore, in this city, offers of service in its various departments are sure to come in upon the proprietors with most perplexing obtrusiveness, and with a pertinacity that in most cases seems to admit of no denial. As an instance of this, we may mention that the conductors of the Times, in addition to the numberless negatives which they dispatched to applicants during the summer preceding the appearance of their journal, were obliged to let sixty or seventy applications lie over to be publicly answered in their first number, owing to sheer want of time to attend to them by letter. And there is no one of our leading journals that does not daily receive offers of literary service from writers in various parts of the country, many of them proposing

quantities of labor and terms of compensation which, it is not too much to say, would not be submitted to by one artisan or day laborer out of a hundred.

To one of impulsive sentiments and little forethought, the profession of a writer for the city press is undoubtedly fascinating. In sober truth, and without arrogating to newspapers any purities of honor or dignities of thought which our common sense tells us they can never possess, the position of a journalist, and especially a journalist in a large and influential city, is necessarily even more than respectable, and can be made of eminent reputation if its incumbent practise those manly virtues which are deemed necessary to the integrities of private life. It disowns all circumstances of wealth and fashion, and bespeaks for the man who holds it a reception into the society of refined and intelligent men and women, which property, unaided by education, might seek after in vain, and which can only be forfeited by violations of good breeding, or derelictions from personal honor. It at once inducts him into the free-masonry of intellect and art. It throws him professionally among authors, painters, musicians, and the favored few whom fortune makes the Mæcenases of current genius. It gives him the *entrée* of the concert room, the gallery, the senate chamber, and the studio. It spreads before him an array of privileges, whose purchase would demand a fortune, and which renders him for the time contented with what pecuniary recompense he may receive, and oblivious of all drawbacks which the future may have in store for him.

Nor are the duties of the novitiate journalist so severe as to discourage his ambition, or his ardor for his vocation. Youth is strong and healthy, and the effects of the close atmosphere amid which he performs his work, and the sedentary constraints he is obliged to undergo, may be nullified by that exercise in the fresh air, and wholesome carelessness in hours of recreation, which is common to most young men who are placed within reach of the stimulating activities of busy life. His duties have not yet palled upon him, and he has not reached those anxieties of existence, those murmurings at the superior success of others, those solicitous longings after better fortune, which pertain so invariably to men

of middle age. He sees other young men about him working harder than himself, and receiving less pay; young lawyers drudging at copying for the mere privilege of a good "seat;" newly-created M. D.'s toiling through hospitals and private sick-rooms in back-streets, with no other reward than "seeing practice;" clerks in their third and fourth years barely clothing themselves from their salaries; and he congratulates himself on his easy and profitable occupation. And at this time of life, while ahead in the race and feeling no diminution of vigor in view of the ground yet to be passed over, it would seem that at least an equality in social circumstance and possession of this world's goods might be attained in after years by one so highly favored at the commencement of his active life.

But, unfortunately, men of the press rarely possess those habits of economy and calculation that attend the progress of rising business men, with whom it has at first been a matter of great difficulty to earn their living. Indeed, as a class, they are noted for extravagance, for disproportionate and heedless expenditure, for carelessness of the future, and for a constant enjoyment of empty pockets. Their habits of life are not calculated to produce caution in spending money or forethought in saving it. The younger *employés* of a newspaper establishment are paid weekly, and are in consequence exposed to the almost irresistible temptation of a small and constantly-recurring surplus; in each case a trifle in itself, a few dollars more or less, yet a noticeable aggregate in the course of the year, and which if laid up would swell to a firm and useful capital by the time its owner possessed sufficient experience in his profession to make it available. But such savings are rarely practised. What remains after maintenance disappears amid suppers, recreations of the turf and water, expensive presents, and importunate companions; and the end of the year finds the journalist as poor as at the beginning. And such courses of life rarely fail to perpetuate themselves. If with abundant means of saving, you have accumulated nothing at the expiration of one year, the chances are that with increased facilities you will have saved nothing at the end of another. If for a length of time you have suffered irregular hours and irregular overflows of pocket to conquer your notions

of steadiness and economy, you will find it difficult in future to be steady or to save. It is melancholy to see men growing old as hack-writers, as poor as when they commenced their career; fortunate indeed if year by year they are permitted to retain their places, and are not ousted by fresher and younger rivals. And such is almost sure to be the destiny of men of the press in large cities, unless they overcome early in life the injurious influences of their profession of which we have just spoken. They cannot expect to be exempt from those conditions under which they live in common with other men. In our centres of civilization, capital is a rigorous deity, whose favor must be propitiated, no matter by how great sacrifices. Clerks, to be merchants, must have capital, must have saved, if they have not inherited it. We ask pardon for uttering so obvious a truism, but it is a text equally applicable to hired journalists, and we think pretty generally forgotten by them. The writer who has capital enjoys an advantage over his brother writer who has nothing but his salary to depend upon, precisely like that of the moneyed business man over the salesman or book-keeper whose expenditure constantly equals his income. One is independent, and the other dependent. One has it in his power to order; the only option of the other is obedience. One, having the power to plan, finds pleasure in contemplating his future; the other, possessing very little on which to build his hopes, narrows himself to the dubious existence of the moment. The income of one is continually increasing in arithmetical ratio, while that of the other, after a certain lapse of time, remains invariably fixed. Spendthrift clerks do not often rise to the command of establishments; and the writers who eventually become editors and proprietors of city journals will, in most cases, be found to have saved their money, and to have relied as much on their pecuniary as on their mental capital.

We say "most cases." We would leave room for occasional triumphs of eminent talent over all drawbacks of extravagance, recklessness, and irregularity. But such triumphs, every practised observer will own, are rare. We think that intelligent industry is a better guide to success than spendthrift talent. And, in fact, to write well for the newspapers, does not require a very

large degree of native talent: it demands little more than that ability which moderate intelligence may acquire by faithful practice. "Men may think," says Bulwer Lytton, "that it is a deuced easy thing to write for the papers; but if they try it once, they will see how much they were mistaken." We agree with this remark. It is *not* an easy thing to write a creditable newspaper article. In our own observation, men of undoubted abilities, but of small experience in writing, have appeared very discreditably in print. But they would not have made a much better figure at laying brick, or at navigating vessels, or at any other craft with which they were not practically acquainted. Writing for the press is a profession—a craft. Men of ordinary abilities may labor at it to good advantage, and between the respective productions of any two newspaper writers, the eye may see no more difference than between two contiguous brick walls laid by different masons. And then it is not until after years of service, that journalists are allowed the privileges of the strictly editorial columns, where genius, and certain kinds of talent, native to but few men, and acquired only by infinite difficulty, can alone display themselves. One man may write a better leader than another; may be acquainted with more facts, and have a better faculty of drawing inferences from his stock of information; may have a more copious fund of allusion; may be better able to satirize a political enemy, or dignify a party friend; may reason away prejudices more skilfully, and advance doubtful propositions with a better grace: but genius is not a better hand at the scissors than industry; and "city items," fatal accidents, military parades, freaks of mad oxen, personal rencontres, variations of the thermometer, and horse-thief committals, may be chronicled as well by unknown scribblers as by Messrs. Greeley or Bryant themselves. It is among such themes as these that young journalism finds its occupation, and those of its members are wise who seek in the exciting task of making them known to the public a source of pecuniary profit, as a backer in after years, rather than a fame, whose attainment is, to say the least, problematical.

But if a writer be sufficiently healthy in mind and body to withstand the wearing effects of a long probation in duties which often lose their interest, and seem but drud-

gery in comparison with the higher labors of the press; and sufficient forethought to save his money, while there are no special drafts upon his purse; the eminence he will eventually gain in the journalism of a great city will be both honorable and profitable, and will seem not unworthy of the sacrifices that have purchased its attainment. For in no other country beside our own can the journalist—the editor—speak his mind fully on the great topics of social and political welfare, and thus perform his real and whole duty. We would not lower the freedom of the American press, by comparing it with that of any of the continental monarchies; and we shall look in vain among the servilities and the aristocracy-worship of London journals, for that independence and boldness which characterize our own. It will be difficult to find a foreign sheet that dare speak its real sentiments upon prominent national subjects, till it has first ascertained that what it may say will not provoke the active wrath of government. London newspapers find it for their interest to be obsequious to court dictates; the Parisian press, enjoying a larger liberty than any other in Europe, is constantly watched by the police. With us, it is needless to say, there are no such restraints. Our press, expected, and in most cases disposed, to observe the rules of decency and order, is privileged to speak its mind on all subjects with which it is concerned, with the assurance that its opinions will meet with such a reception as their honesty and value may bespeak. And although no one pretends that newspapers form public sentiment, or create creeds and systems of belief where none before existed, it is a grateful truth to the journalist, that he has the privilege of laying the results of extended information and practised reasoning powers before a large audience of intelligent men and women, and of compelling the assent of candid minds to what is undeniably true, whether fact or theory, but which, had it not been proved, might have ever remained disbelieved. A well-informed, truth-loving, and independent editor has the satisfaction of knowing that his readers are predisposed to side with his views, regarding him as a closer student of public affairs than themselves, and as a better authority in doubtful and difficult questions. Thus, although they may think strongly and even obstinately for themselves, they



are inclined for the sake of bettering and fortifying their main conclusions, to square with the expressed views of one whose especial business it is to record and draw inferences from facts with which he is better acquainted than themselves. Perhaps their ideas are misty about certain matters not of every-day mention; the refracting medium of editorial intelligence clears away the fog, and presents to them their former notions in definite and tangible form. And often, for the mere sake of convenience, they permit opinions, of whose ultimate issue they are careless, and whose paternity they would deny, if at any time proved to be unfounded or mischievous, to flow in such channels as the practised hand of the journalist may indicate.

Without assuming to the journalism of New-York an influence over the thoughts of this nation greater than that enjoyed by the press of large and emulous cities on either side, it is not too much to say that it is vastly more influential abroad. A fact mentioned a few pages back readily explains this. The papers of New-York represent the American press throughout all Europe. The Philadelphia "North American" and the Boston "Atlas" may scarcely be known at London, at Paris, or at Berlin; but the Tribune, the Herald, the Courier and Enquirer, are in all foreign reading rooms, on the tables of all literary men, whether German, English, French, or Italian; read by diplomatists, scholars, politicians, merchants, and circulated to an astonishing extent among the common people. We need not enlarge upon the importance of the field thus open to the inculcation of republican opinion, or the privilege our journalism thus enjoys, of being the medium of free opinion from our

highly favored nation to others less advanced in the study of those first truths which despotism has ever striven to keep in obscurity. It will, indeed, be an unpardonable fault, if a press so peculiarly honored shall ever retrograde in honest thinking or honest speaking, or shall content itself with looking on while freedom is at war with oppression.

In conclusion, we would congratulate the entire American press on its many improvements in style and tone which it has been our pleasure to witness of late years. That spirit of rancor, of jealousy, of low abusiveness, of unwillingness to see any thing of good in opponents, of blind subserviency to the basest uses of party, in which so many of our journals were steeped, has, we are glad to say, wonderfully diminished, and the courtesies and refinement of education and manliness are fast taking its place. We do not err in saying that scurrility is no longer at a premium, and that a reputation for political malice and personal abusiveness is bad capital on which to build up a newspaper. We are creating a name for national enterprise and good behavior, which the mass of our citizens are unwilling should be perilled to gratify dishonest editors, or bribe-taking publishers. Foreign advances, too, are stimulating our own ambition, and American journalists are mending their style as well as their spirit; are learning to say what they have to say in the best manner, and with the aid of those graces of which their predecessors were ignorant. And there are no reasons why we may not augur constant improvements in future, and predict a time when our journals shall be models to the world for courtesy and literary grace, as well as for independence, enterprise, and adaptation to popular wants.

## EVENINGS WITH SOME FEMALE POETS.

## SECOND EVENING.

*Scene:* In the midst of our books. Table with papers, decanter, glasses, and smoking machines.  
*Present:* JOHANNES; BELLOWS.

JOHANNES.—Well, I have not been disappointed by glancing over that book. I expected to find nothing in it, and I have found *very* little, and that little was not new to me. Imitation seems to be the great burial-ground of our female poets, and I might add, of our male poets too, with few exceptions. Our ladies, more than those of any country on the blooming countenance of the jocund earth, have the faculty of making verses, and respectable verses too, at times; but the high art of poetry, in the general hurry of stitching *lace* and *face*, *love*, *dove* and *glove* together, is entirely forgotten, or if not forgotten, only recollected to be discountenanced and sneered at. A perfect defiance seems to be cast at Thought. Ideality, the faculty of imagining, creating or making, is only used in making clean paper ridiculous, and fancy is only paramount in the evidence that those ladies write fangying they are poets. It would be a great blessing for readers if the five sixths of our ladies who now deluge the magazines and journals with verses, to the infinite destruction of nice white paper, would adopt Moore's lines as their creed, and ponder well on the third line:

"Take back the virgin page,  
 White and unwritten still:  
*Some hand more calm and sage*  
 The leaf must fill."

You may say that the very fact of their continually writing shows what a great imagination they must have; and I will agree with you that it takes a long stretch of that faculty in themselves to believe what they write is poetry. Yes, I will say, in that respect they do not lack imagination. I should decidedly say that the faculty in them was of the order called India-rubber. Apropos of this, I have made a discovery: there are three or four orders of this faculty, concerning which I am going to correspond

with my physiognomical and philosophical friend Redfield, to direct his attention to them, that he may arrange them with the scientific references which their great characteristics demand. First, I have the *Papier Maché* order of Ideality, which has the effect of keeping the brain in that sort of softness indicated by the title *maché*, which fits it essentially for receiving impressions and for rolling itself into the moulds of other minds, and coming out with an appearance, not altogether original as may be expected, not altogether displeasing, which is not to be wondered at, for the shape is not its own; not altogether imperfect, which may be anticipated, for it wears otherbodies' spectacles; not altogether perfect, for it cannot see through those spectacles as the otherbodies from whom they are stolen can; nor altogether contemptible, for all those several reasons. This *Papier Maché* order of the faculty is that which actuates and facilitates a benevolence on the part of the possessor, which, though it may seem to said possessor very philanthropic, appears to me rather cheap and selfish, inasmuch as it costs nothing and tends to self-glorification: this benevolence is that which the rearers of others' offspring term *adoption*. And it is not at all to be wondered at if the adopted some day seek their rightful parent. Another order of the faculty is the *Gutta Percha* one; which also, in a state of softness, is in effect much the same as the former, save that its pliancy is greater, and its piquancy not so great. When this faculty by circumstances becomes heated, its adhesiveness to every thing irrespective of ownership is very remarkable, and its stubbornness on cooling down so determined, that it is almost impossible to prove that it clings to what did not naturally belong to it. Its *adoption* is of a very redoubtable character, and seems to carry with it an illustration to

a certain theological dogma, that out of its grip "there is no redemption." A third order is one which I would classify as the *Monkey*, and which fully explains its peculiar reference, that of *imitation*, at the same time that it admirably characterizes the antics by which this imitation is made visible, and which is the sole consolation to the reader of such; the ludicrous cunning that o'erreaches itself, amusing from its sheer shallowness, where a serious attempt at mimicry of another's thoughts would only command our contempt. A fourth I would name as the *India-rubber* order, and which, as I hinted, explains its characteristic. The exercise of this order of the faculty has direct reference more to the state of the possessor's mind than to the matter which the said possessor pens, though the latter is the beacon by which a reader detects the existence of such in the mind of the writer. In the case of our female poets it is drawn on to an amazing length, and stretched to an almost inconceivable tension. It is the most self-pacifying of the orders of the faculty of Ideality, and when in full action tends to much danger in making its possessor believe he or she is gifted with the divine afflatus. In some writers it is painfully evident to an immense degree, and is only tolerable on account of the amount of audacity it brings to its aid; and we all know as well as Danton that "audacity" is a most commendable appendage in this age of forwardness and go-aheaditiveness. Vanity is nearly allied to this order, and would be more so, if the shallowness by which it is made evident was not so rudely visible. The abuse of the order is seen when the possessor, not satisfied with stretching it to even a more than usual length, tugs at it unnaturally till it snaps and ruins the hopes and aims of the too insatiate adventurer.

BELLOWS.—But, Doctor, don't you think that few would be so incautious as to trifle with such a faculty when they know they have naught to retreat on?

JOHANNES.—Vanity is unconscious of a climax, Morton; and the very use of the faculty in the manner I mention, and to such purposes, deludes itself. Their stretch of imagination is wonderful, and from constantly fancying they are poets, they become utterly regardless of their true position, and like the gnat around the lamp, they never desist until they immolate themselves to

their daring. It is one blessing that they carry their surest destroyer with them: like the phoenix, which, as the Easterns believe, flaps his wings with such velocity that he sets fire to the wood which consumes himself. You see they virtually flap themselves to utter annihilation—*blow* themselves out; and, thank Heaven, have not the consolation of the phoenix, that of rising juvenescent from their graves. Sometimes, unfortunately, a witch of Endor in the shape of an editor holds up their living ghosts to the public, tricking them out to more advantage than they ever could possibly attain if left to themselves.

BELLOWS.—Then they carry out the similitude of the bird more completely: they *die to live*.

JOHANNES.—By the hand of my body, to borrow an oath from Mr. Hardcastle, you're improving, boy. Yet, in the end, you will find that they are but mere mortals, and live to die. It is a fact that the sun, about the warmth of which there is so much said, is cool, *remarkably* cool, as some of your Broadway-parading juveniles would say. This is an ascertained fact; and so of your lady writers, they make a good deal of noise, but if there were a few experiments played off on their productions we should find them pulseless and frigid. Reichenbach the German philosopher, in his very interesting work on his researches into the dynamics of magnetism, heat, light, and electricity, says that "experience shows that all stars with reflected light appear warm to the sensitive, while all others with proper light are cool." Just like most of our poets, male and female; and if the light which they stole from Byron, Moore, Tennyson, Keats, Mrs. Hemans, some of the elder dramatists, and those of the time of Goldsmith, Murphy, and Sheridan, was returned to the "places from whence it came," we would find that very little of themselves would be left, and that little would be *left out* of all consideration; for, like the M. Valdemar that Poe wrote about, they would sink into miserable dust. It is the mesmeric influence of other minds that holds their frail carcasses together.

BELLOWS.—They are not all so, I hope, Doctor?

JOHANNES.—*They—all* of whom I speak—are so; but there are a few whom I would not, nor could consider in the same position.



BELLOWS.—Well, positively, that is the first sentence you have uttered to-night, Doctor, which allows me to breathe. I had almost made my mind up that you were a gone man as regards the poets—especially the female ones. Now since you have a favorable opinion of a *few*, I have some hopes, and long to hear who they may be. Who are the ladies who have been so fortunate as to win the critical sympathies of so ferocious a commentator?

JOHANNES.—I will tell you. First—ha! I perceive my speech has not had the same effect on the liquor as it had on your breath; you have drawn on that considerable.

BELLOWS.—Well, you know yourself said that it takes ardent spirits to discuss the female poets.

JOHANNES.—No apology, boy. Here, fill my cup, thou witty Ganymede. Now fill your own, and just hand me that meerschaum. (Lights it—puff, puff.) Now I will tell you. Well, as poets, I have the greatest regard for Alice Carey and "Edith May" of all the women writers in the country. I believe they have more of the *mens divini* in its truth than any of their competitors. I spoke to you of the former and some of her merits before. Both of those writers are highly imaginative. The first perhaps has the more originality, the latter the more graceful expressiveness of the two. The first loses in effect by not having a sufficiency of language in her best pieces ("Lyra" excepted) to make her ideas plain to a casual reader; the second gives a more favorable idea of her imagination by the bounding expressiveness with which she conveys her thoughts. Miss Carey seems to have a dreamy imagination, giving every thing that misty force and present concentration which is so remarkable in dreams; while Miss May appears like one of our modern revolutionists, full of the spirit of energy and vigor. Miss Carey is abstracted, lingers much round the sorrowful, and broods over it in the temples of her imagination. Miss May is a propagandist of her thoughts, and as such makes them catching at a glance. You have read Gulliver's Travels, Morton?

BELLOWS.—Oh, yes. He that lived with the Brobdig—what-d'y-e-call-'em—people, in a box like Tom Thumb? Capital, eh?

JOHANNES.—Confound you and Tom Thumb! You've read the book? (Morton

nods.) Well, I should liken Alice Carey to Gulliver bound by the Lilliputians in the shape of the English language; "Edith May" to Gulliver escaping from the same by the aid of ditto. The Carey is an eagle in a cage; the May is an eagle on the wing. You can look longer on and study the one; you see the other passing, and are delighted. I have directed your attention to some of Miss Carey's poems on our last evening, and shall now show you why I think so well of "Edith May." You must not imagine, because she is bold and vigorous, that she has not depth of sentiment beside. She has; for at the same time that she dashes along with a brilliant exterior like the revolutionists I compared her to, she has like them a purpose. Here is a fine chant:—

#### TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

BY EDITH MAY.

"*Te Deum laudamus!*" through the green river meadows,

Where noon, pacing slow, holds in leash the fleet shadows,

Blown like a cloud from St. Agatha's altar,  
Drifts down the south wind the loud-chanted Psalter:

Under the light of the tapers lies sleeping  
One whose fair soul was not whitened by weeping.

Sorrow stood far from her—love, in mute reverence,

Knelt to the shrine of her starry intelligence;  
Charmed by her music of being, dull cavil  
Lay coiled in her presence; and lion-like evil,  
Lying in wait for her soul frail and tender,  
Crouched at the blaze of its virginal splendor.

Over her calm face a radiance immortal  
Flows from the smile of her mouth's silent portal;  
They who kneel round her from matins till even,  
As they kneel at the tombs of the blessed in heaven,

Think not to question that presence resplendent,  
Where fled the soul that is shining ascendant.

Down from the gray clouds the March winds are swooping,

Out of the low soil pale phantoms are trooping;  
Lift on the wings of St. Agatha's choir,  
The great "*De Profundis*" rolls solemnly higher:  
Under the light of the tapers is lying  
One whom keen anguish made ready for dying.

Sorrow, that writes, with the pen of an angel,  
God's burning thoughts through her mystic Evangel;

Passion, that, laden with memories tender,  
Crowns himself king with their tropical splendor  
Weeping Repentance, with hands lifted palely—  
These were the spirits that walked with her daily.

Death, creeping near while she knelt in devotion,  
 Froze on her features their mournful emotion.  
 They who reluctant draw nearer, to falter  
 "Ave," or vow at the steps of the altar,  
 Marking it thence, ask, in fear, if the sorrow  
 Lying slain on her lips will not quicken to-morrow?

It is really a noble hymn. The picture in the second stanza is beautifully imagined, and the music of the rhythm, which flows in like judicious light on a grand painting, is only marred by the rhyming of *cavil* and *evil*, which, though it has naught to do with the especial music of the verse, inasmuch as rhythm and rhyme are two very different things, breaks and ripples the perfect gracefulness, like a solitary rock in an otherwise undisturbed and smooth river. In regard of art, too, one or two corrections might be made which would serve the music of the poem. The second line of the fourth stanza, for instance,

"Out of the *low soil pale* phantoms are trooping,"

is rough in its construction. "Low soil pale" is very inharmonious. To read the line correctly we must divide it into five feet of one dactyl, two spondees, one iambus, and one trochee; thus,

Out of the | low soil | pale phan | toms are |  
 troop-ing:

which will not read to the preceding line, which is composed of three consecutive dactyls and an ending trochee. All this disorder is created by the injudicious selection of the three words "low soil pale," which cannot by any means be made a dactyl, and which is the metrical foot necessary to their place. I might say, if I was an Irishman, that the *foot* is exactly two *ells* too long. The letter *l* comes in too quick; if its appearance in the line was like "angels' visits," et cetera, the music would be better, and my remarks unneeded. I would not take this trouble, boy, to show you her faults, save that I think Miss May is worthy of a serious study, and far above a mere puffing exclamation of approval. Good ore is always worth refining. Some of "Edith May's" blank verse is remarkably beautiful—full in felicities of diction, and rich in conceits of fancy and imaginative passages. "October Twilight" affords some extracts of beauty.

Her appreciation of the beauties of nature under its various guises is all worthy and congenial to her high poetic temperament. Horace was right: nature, not art, makes the poet; and it is evident that Edith May is a true lover of nature. Art to her is secondary, at the same time that without a full appreciation of its power as an ally, and a steady and judicious acquaintance with it in consequence, she would do herself and her nature an irretrievable wrong, and but half display the gifts which nature has presented her with. Art is a sort of showman; the more experience, the more to advantage can it display the beauties of its charge, and the better can it costume it for the captivation of all visitors. Art is to poetry what Barnum was to your friend Tom Thumb or Jenny Lind. He tricked out the diminutive freak of nature in such artistic equipments, and presented him so knowingly, that he shall in future times take rank with the Faustus, Paracelsus, Cardan and Cagliostro of the past, who strove to make people believe that they possessed the knowledge of making gold from every thing. He has proved his more than right to such an association; for with a dexterity that showed all his fingers were not thumbs, he made the pigmy carriage of the Lilliputian a perfect gold wagon, his woolly horse a conductor of auriferous intelligence; and by the daring dispensation of a "bird song" he charmed—what is far more wonderful and difficult than stealing the heavenly fire—the money from the purses of the enlightened "Yankee Nation." Barnum is the art of existence, and art is the Barnum of poetry. And inasmuch as Barnum (be that commodity ever so great or little a component) is a necessity to existence as Bunkum seems to politics, so is art a necessity to poetry.

BELLOWS (*yawning*).—Y-e-s, I always thought so; in fact, I know by myself. I love to converse with nature; it is so delicious to lounge at Hoboken and fancy one's self in the groves of Arcadia—of Arcadia; to feel one's self a poet. I feel like writing a pastoral then—I *really do*; I feel as though I was some heathen god; and, curse them lutes! if I could only play one I should feel capable of something great. I really think I should abandon myself to the woods altogether if I could manage to pipe some melodious reed. Did I ever read you my

poem on an evening at Staten Island, commencing—

"O Staten, loveliest of isles  
On which the sunlight ever smiles!  
O Staten, Nature's sweetest prize  
That ever met my longing eyes!  
O brightest pearl in Hudson's mouth,  
Which opens to the ocean's foam,  
A welcome for the sons of South,  
And all who ever lost a home!  
O son of Europe, hither flee!  
O God———"

Hang it! my memory's getting weak from study. That's a pretty piece of imagination, Doctor?—that allusion to the isle in the mouth of the Hudson—daring, you know. I love the Byronic—Moore-ish too.

JOHANNES.—Ha! ha! ha! You'll—you'll be the death of me. Ha! ha! ha! he! he! he! Yes, a pretty piece of imagination, surely. I wish the island was in your mouth, you confounded fool!

BELLOWS.—Doctor, I contend that——

JOHANNES.—An empty head ought to be silent. Morton, be quiet! You can no more write a poem, or even a tolerable verse, than I could stand on my head on a liberty pole.

BELLOWS.—You take a great *liberty* with my *pole*, Doctor: really, now, you won't listen——

JOHANNES.—Now don't be a fool, boy. Fill your pitcher, like a sensible man, and listen to me; fill your pitcher.

BELLOWS (*filling and singing*).—

"Give me but this; I ask no more:  
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher."

JOHANNES.—Stay; that *pitcher* puts me in mind of a capital little Servian poem which "Talvi" gives in her "History of Slavic Literature." It is very good, and runs thus. A woman speaks, or rather sings:—

"Come, companion, let us hurry,  
That we may be early home,  
For my mother-in-law is cross.  
Only yestreen she accused me,  
Said that I had beat my husband,  
When, poor soul, I had not touched him:  
Only bid him wash the dishes,  
And he would not wash the dishes;  
Threw then at his head the pitcher,  
Knocked a hole in head and pitcher.  
For the head I do not care much,  
But I care much for the pitcher,  
As I paid for it right dearly;  
Paid for it with one wild apple,  
Yes, and half a one besides."

Now the whole question of the right of the

"gude wife's" proceeding rests on the question, Had the husband a right to wash the dishes? Now your silence admitting of no question, I fear me, unless you listen, I shall have to heave the pitcher (when it is empty) at your head, (and one shall be as hollow as the other.) Keep cool, boy, and let us return to "Edith May." Of the poetic fancies I spoke of, we find some elegant evidences in "October Twilight:"—

"Oh, mute among the months, October, thou,  
Like a hot reaper when the sun goes down,  
Reposing in the twilight of the year!  
Is yon the silver glitter of thy scythe,  
Drawn thread-like on the west? September  
comes

Humming those waifs of song June's choral days  
Left in the forest; but thy tuneless lips  
Breathe only a pervading haze that seems  
Visible silence, and thy Sabbath face  
Scares swart November—from yon northern hills  
Foreboding like a raven; yellow ferns  
Make thee a couch; thou sittest listless there,  
Plucking red leaves for idleness; full streams  
Coil at thy feet, where fawns that come at noon  
Drink with up-glancing eyes."

And again:—

———"Evening comes  
Up from the valleys; over-lapping hills  
Tipped by the sunset, burn like funeral lamps  
For the dead day."

This last passage would be much improved if for the word *over-lapping* some other was substituted. Here is a passage and a picture which has all the healthiness of tone and finish of Thomson:—

———"Mark how the wind, like one  
That gathers samples, flits from herb to herb  
Through the damp valley, muttering the while  
Low incantations! From the wooded lanes  
Loiters a bell's dull tinkle, keeping time  
To the slow tread of kine; and I can see,  
By the rude trough the waters overbrim,  
The unyoked oxen gathered; some, athirst,  
Stoop drinking steadily, and some have linked  
Their horns in playful war."

The authoress is evidently a student of Ten-nyson. These passages full of beauty remind me of his neatness of expression, while the conception of the pictures, especially the last one, has the grouping of Jamie Thomson. You must read the entire poem for yourself, boy; I am not going to cull you the choicest bits; but here, in faith, I can't pass without reading these aloud: they are remarkably happy in expression, and rich in imaginative conceit:—

———"The dusk sits like a bird  
Up in the tree-tops, and swart, elvish shadows  
Dart from the wooded pathways."



And—

—“Amid the faded brakes  
The wind, retreating, hides, and cowering there,  
Whines at thy coming like a hound afraid!”

Her descriptions bear the same relation to Thomson's that the mind of woman does to that of man, partaking more of the fanciful and less of the strength of ideality. Her diction bears the same ratio, with an evident study of Tennyson, in her best passages, at times equalling either of those poets. Her “Chaplet of Bronze” is a beautiful poem. Alice Carey has more genius, “Edith May” more force; Alice Carey more thought, “Edith May” more facility; “Edith May” more brilliancy, Alice Carey more terseness; “Edith May” more heartiness, Alice Carey more heartfulness, than each other respectively; and from which I should imagine that “Edith May's” writings will have more immediate popularity, Alice Carey's more longevity.

BELLOWS (*looking thoughtful*).—Ah, yes, I suppose so.

JOHANNES.—Very different from “Edith” is Caroline May. A great lover of nature also, she is entirely devoted to the sentimental and pensive. Without a sufficiency of imagination to make it a characteristic of her mind, she is thoughtful, quiet and sensible. Her fancy is subdued and temperate, and she never fails, because she has the good sense to know her own mind. With an ardent love for poetry in its truest sense, she never dares when she is doubtful; and she has too high a sense of her duty as a woman to fall in the track of most female writers, and scream herself to death like the Grecian Cicala. Here are a couple of sonnets which embody much of Miss May's character and felicity of expression: they are the more pleasing for that they are so unambitious; and the thought running through them the more welcome because it conveys a true sense of the poet's necessity happily and sometimes *very* happily expressed:—

#### QUIET.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

#### I.

As well might that pale artist, whose keen eye  
At home, abroad, in sunshine, or in storm,  
Seeks in light, shade, position, color, form,  
Something his picture-love to gratify;  
As well might he in utter darkness try

VOL. VIII. NO. V. NEW SERIES.

To paint on canvas the sweet images  
That, mocking nature, yet can fancy please,  
As the poor poet strive, amid the cry  
Of careless tongues, to think, much less to write,  
His thoughts of music in such words as may  
Be music too; for even as good light  
Is to the painter's work, so quiet day,  
Or if that cannot be, then quiet night,  
Is to the poet's well-beloved lay.

#### II.

Yes! quiet to the poet is what light  
Is to the painter. It disposes well,  
In pleasant order, thoughts that else would dwell  
In chaos, painful to his inner sight;  
It brings out Feeling's softest tints aright;  
Gave Fancy's gorgeous gloss it can correct,  
And give the shades of reason due effect  
To mellow what would else appear too bright.  
Without it he becomes morose and sad,  
Through the deep longings that are pent within,  
To try those God-sent powers, which never had  
Kindred communion with the world's vain din;  
Though oft the master-poet is made glad  
From lessons taught by slaves of strife and sin.

The last sonnet shows the writer an artist in the painter's sense. The comparison of quiet and light to the poet and painter is done very picturesquely, and betrays a true appreciation of the wants of each. Miss May is an amateur in the pictorial art, and these sonnets may be taken as some of her experience in the double capacity of author and artist. In both she is a student of the fields and the hills; and better than all, Morton, boy, she comes up to my idea, which I told you of before, and oftener has the bodkin and the needle in her hand than the pen. She makes suitable time however for both, and in the use of them is alike graceful and sensible. Her lines “To a Student” give her own character and likings:—

“Lift up thy face in gladness  
To the sky so soft and warm,  
And watch the frolic madness  
Of the changeful clouds, that form  
A mimic shape, in every change,  
Of something beautiful and strange.

“The love of nature heightens  
Our love to God and man;  
And a spirit, love enlightens  
Farther than others can,  
Pierces with clear and steady eyes  
Into the land where true thought lies.”

All her own writings carry out, at least in intent, what she preaches.

BELLOWS.—Do you admire the verses of Mrs. Welby? I think they are extremely pretty.

JOHANNES.—Extremely pretty? Bah! If prettiness is a poet's chief characteristic, the writings of such are extremely useless. Prettiness in poetry is like prettiness in woman, for that it is generally unaccompanied by any thing more substantial. I say generally, for we have *some* exceptions. Some of the handsomest, prettiest people I ever met, were complete fools and idiots; as Carlyle says, mere "clothes screens." It is a matter of fact that numbers of light-headed people were and *are* very pretty. No doubt, this prettiness, bringing on vanity, especially in women, facilitates a monomania on the subject of *self*, until the unhappy "prettiness" becomes insanity, and "wastes its sweetness" in a very pretty edifice, 'ycleped a lunatic asylum. The most diabolical piece of furniture ever invented was a looking-glass. It has ruined more women and sent more mustachioed young gentlemen to destruction than can possibly be comfortably situated in the next world. If any piece of domestic intelligence ever was conected by Lucifer, it must have been the looking-glass. It is a sort of decoy for human geese, seducing them within the long range of flattery; then consequently follow confusion, weakness, and annihilation. Nature carries out her laws through every thing. Some of the most delicate and *pretty* flowers have not the slightest perfume to delight the sense of smell. They are great on *appearances*, like very many human and quadruped animals. Some of the most seemingly delightful and plausible mortals are the most infernal scoundrels behind their appearances; and some of the most beautiful animals are the most treacherous and vicious you can hunt up in natural history. As to your "prettiness" as characteristic of Mrs. Welby's poetry, you are as shallow as you usually are. Whom did you hear say it was pretty? You don't know of yourself what it is! I advise you to read her verses; but as you asked my opinion, I will give it to you beforehand. Don't shake your head, Morton; I won't make the old joke about there being nothing in it, for that is a fact too well established. You remind me of some persons I know who have attained a reputation (but, by-the-bye, which you have not) for a vast amount of sense because they never say any thing; and I cannot refrain from smiling when I hear them characterized for

wisdom. They don't say any thing, because they haven't any thing to say, and like all empty spaces, their brains but give a good echo to whatever is said last. Of all people, such are the most contemptible. A man without an opinion, be it right or wrong, is like a withered tree which cannot shelter one from either the sunshine or the storm, and is indicative of naught but a present barrenness. And——

BELLOWS.—Yes, Doctor, exactly; but as to the poems of "Amelia?"

JOHANNES.—Well, as to the poems of Mrs. Welby, I think them musical: that puts me in mind that my voice is quite the opposite. Just fill my glass, boy; my throat is as dry as——

BELLOWS.—A fish's.

JOHANNES.—Or a work on political economy. (*Drinking.*) Ha! the machine can't work without oiling. Well, Mrs. Welby's verses I consider not only pretty, but musical; sometimes hearty, sometimes faulty, when she rhymes *hers* and *tears* and *hers* with *years*, which occur in her "*Melodia*." *Riven* and *heaven* and *impearled* and *world* are allowable, where the thought more than balances the execution; but occurring in poems, the chief beauty of which is in the music, are scarcely to be tolerated. Such rhymes as *torches* and *arches* I think not "according to law," nor *entrances*, *glances*, and *enhances* with *fancies*. Mrs. Welby rhymes too often on the same word. Her rhythm has a pleasant bound, and her conceits are generally happy, but lack strength. I agree with Dr. Griswold, that "she walks the Temple of the Muses with no children of the imagination; but her fancy is lively and discriminating." In a notice of her life he says, perhaps in extenuation of her lack of remarkable force, that "No painful experience has tried her heart's full energies." It is not strange that the tide of misfortune, like the Nile to its banks, should fructify the poet's brain. I believe it. True stamen only shows itself when there are obstacles to overcome; and mankind is never so happy, hopeful and trustful, take my word for it, as when it has tugged with, and overcome, evil fortune. Man, so made strong, fears not the future, save that his strength be taken from him by disease. He always has a force in himself, an army in his brain, that will cross Alps and ford oceans. I know it, Morton,

and I would rather see a young man with a crust and an empty pocket, beginning the world, than with his pouch full of golden eagles. Yes, sir, "a beggarly account of empty" pockets before the wealth of Astor for a young man. He *may* become a MAN in its truest sense, but with a bank behind him the chances are against him. Misfortune, like a dark eye, has fire in it; and if I had a daughter, Morton, I should give her to one whom misfortune had assailed, and not beaten, though claimed the victory over, or to a brainful, penniless youth. I *would*, believe me. I am experienced, and know the strength to be found in such. Misfortune may come in various shapes, but if he whom it fronts *is* a man, he will be a "man for a' that," and have a chance to show his nobility, by claiming that honest, fearless title. If he never writes, he enacts, an epic, and proves himself the truest poet. Think you that Maternus, the noble slave bandit, who to avenge his wrongs on the Roman Emperor Commodus trod in danger, and through his great enemy's camp, from the recesses of Transylvanian woods, passing months of hope and patience, wandering through Illyrian forests and Alpine passes, from the "Danube to the Tiber," to gain the gates of Rome,—think you that he was not a poet? Think you that the pagan maid who sought the father of Thomas à Becket in the streets of London from the Saracen-land, with but two words of the land's language to which she was flying in her mouth,—those words her lover's name and the town he lived in,—think you she was not a poet? Think you that in our day Humboldt, traversing the earth from the Himalayan peaks to the summits of the Andes, having Cotopaxi and Chimborazo for his watch-fires, and the heretofore untouched token-marks of God for his study and inspiration, making to our senses all nature rhyme with primal nature's laws,—think you he is not a poet? Or think you that Peter the Great, working in the dock-yards of Britain, toiling for knowledge to make *his* navy perfect; that Napoleon wanting his dinner in Paris, and afterward planning to make Paris the Rome of his day, and rule the world; that Wolfe Tone struggling against fate almost, in Dublin, London, Paris, gaining new vigor for his restless soul, returns from America to die on the altar he had hoped to redeem; that Washington and

Jackson—were not all poets? They *were*, every one of them. They lived *poets*, which is but another name for the truest *men*, and acted more poetry than could be written by the world's bards in a century. Here's to all their healths: stay—no—their memory; Humboldt is the only one living.

"Well, here's their memory: may it be  
To us a guiding light."

We've wandered somewhat from the ladies—not *quite* gallant, as you say, Morton. Well, we'll return to them, and that's more than the future, I fear, will do.

BELLOWS (*yawning*).—And what poetry *will* live, Doctor? It appears to me you would like to commit murder on all the poets and poetesses; you will not allow any of them even a short existence.

JOHANNES.—Poetry to live, then, sir, must be either very good or very bad. A poet will only live in being the best or the worst of his time. If their writings are good, they will *command* existence; if bad,—so ludicrously bad as not to be verse at all,—they will live to be laughed at, simply for the amusement they will afford; but all between falls like the sinner between two stools. Byron will live, and Fitzgerald, the miserable "small beer poet," as Cobbett called him, will live; while all between—your Barry Cornwall, Alaric Watts, *et hoc genus omne*—will have evaporated into the "airy nothing" which they ambitiously sought to give "a local habitation and a name" to. Ditto of Poe as the greatest mind, and Smith as the most ridiculous, (in proof of which overhaul his "Black Hawk,") when your crowd of asthmatic filibusters and kid-gloved sonneteers who hover about the sacred stream are smothered and buried where they fell in the sheets which they so laboriously begrimed.

BELLOWS.—Heigho! And do you really believe as you say?

JOHANNES.—I never say aught that I do not believe, and I talk to you as I would to them, and as *I have spoken* to some of them. The philosopher's stone, my boy, could not keep them alive.

BELLOWS.—But there's the "Columbiad," and lately Mr. Landis's large poem on "Liberty," and Mr. Foster's "New-York by Gaslight," which I consider a prose "Don Juan;" and then there's—

JOHANNES.—Out on such stuff! I tell



you that if those men swallowed at a dose all the pills of old Parr, or if they were mummied by some resuscitated Egyptian, they never could by any accident be remembered, save indeed they passed through the alembic of Barnum's Museum. But let us change the subject, for I feel like dying suddenly myself under the blighting influence of even a consideration of such mere earthy stuff.

BELLOWS.—Well, suppose we take a glance at Mrs. Hewitt?

JOHANNES.—Yes; we shall find in her something to please. Mary E. Hewitt has considerable force and fancy, and altogether is much superior to the crowd who crush each other in the magazines. Her love poems are happy, and convey the passionate anxiety of a true and loving woman. Here are a few verses from "Love's Pleading:"—

"Speak tender words lest doubt with me prevail:  
Call me thy rose—thy queen rose! throned  
apart,

That all unheeded of the nightingale,  
Folds close the dew within her burning heart.

"For thou'rt the sun that makes my heaven fair;  
Thy love, the blest dew that sustains me here;  
And like the plant that hath its root in air,  
I only live within thy atmosphere!

"Say I am dearer to thee than renown,  
My praise more treasured than the world's  
acclaim;

Call me thy laurel, thy victorious crown,  
Wreathed in unfading glory round thy name."

In all of Mrs. Hewitt's poems there is much earnestness, which is a pleasing contrast to the sentimental lack-a-daisy of the "female poets." In the following stanza there is a trite observation very artistically told:—

"God bless the hardy mariner!  
A homely garb wears he,  
And he goeth with a rolling gait  
Like a ship before the sea."

And a very beautiful appreciation in this:—

"But oh, a spirit looketh  
From out his clear blue eye,  
With a truthful childlike earnestness,  
Like an angel from the sky."

The trustful spirit of woman is combined with a happy fancy in the following stanza from "Green Places in the City:"—

"Breath of our nostrils—Thou! whose love embraces,  
Whose light shall never from our souls depart,  
Beneath thy touch hath sprung a green oasis  
Amid the arid desert of my heart.

"Thy sun and rain call forth the bud of promise,  
And with fresh leaves in spring time deck the  
tree,  
That where man's hand hath shut out nature  
from us,  
We, by these glimpses, may remember thee!"

And—

"Think the dew drops there each blade adorning  
Are angels' tears for mortal frailty shed."

There are some capital lines in "A Yarn," the tale of a sailor who was the lone survivor of a vessel that was lost in a hail-storm on her passage home from Labrador. Ere he began his tale,

"Jack's brawny chest like the broad sea heaved,  
While his loving lip to the beaker cleaved."

You must read the poem, Morton, for yourself. I'm not as good a reader as I used to be, but I will "pipe" you a few stanzas which are striking, and which ought to make you anxious to peruse it yourself:—

—"The pattering hail  
Had coated each spar as 'twere in mail;  
Loud swelled the tempest, and rose the shriek—  
'Save, save; we are sinking!—a leak! a leak!'  
And the hale old skipper's tawny cheek  
Was cold, as 'twere sculptured in marble there,  
And white as the foam, or his own white hair.  
The wind piped shrilly, the wind piped loud;  
It shrieked 'mong the cordage, it howled in the shroud,  
And the sleet fell thick from the cold, dun cloud."

Those lines make us as chill and stiff as Coleridge's picture of the icebergs:—

"The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around;  
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled  
Like noises in a swound."

Or the opening of Keats' "Agnes' Eve." Here's another stanza quite in keeping. It is the morning after the wreck, and "the dead lay around him every where." The mate had been quite hopeful through the storm, and cheered his comrades to work the vessel:

"True to his trust, to his last chill gasp,  
The helm lay clutched in his stiff, cold grasp—  
You might scarcely in death undo the clasp;  
And his crisp brown locks were dank and thin,  
And the icicles hung from his bearded chin."

Sometimes Mrs. Hewitt betrays a fine imagination and exhibits some lofty thought. She is often forcible and not seldom unequal. "The Last Chant of Corinne" is in her best love style. My attention was lately directed to it by a maiden with as candid a mouth, and as brilliant a pair of eyes, as

one could wish to light upon him, and which even at the advanced age of Johannes are things which are not altogether resistible.

BELLOWS.—I suppose they were like Kathleen's eyes that destroyed St. Kevin's peace of mind, and which Moore tells were

"Eyes of most unholy blue."

JOHANNES.—No, boy; they were wholly (holy?) black. The lady read me the chant, and I agreed with her that it is very good. But I am getting tired, and will close the book with one word: Don't read much of the female poetry, or female any thing. If you wish to improve your mind, eschew the feminines, with one or two exceptions; perhaps it is best to eschew them altogether until you can form an opinion on the strength you shall have acquired by a study of the best male models. By making them (the women) your primal study, you will be adopting the Bloomer costume of literature, which, however we may admire it on a handsome female figure, can never suit the *mind* of a man. You might as well

"Hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs;"

for, as regards the mind, one would be just as indicative of strength as the other. If you study women's writings before you can laugh at them, you will be a perfect Bloomer; with

an approach to the appearance of a man you will in reality be a woman, and Heaven knows there is quite enough of nonsense in that sex already without your augmenting it. Come now, don't get angry; you'll be a good fellow and an honorable citizen if you take to read, and mature your mind. You will think better of me, no doubt, at a future day than you do just now. Come, boy,

"One bumper at parting."

BELLOWS.—Faith, you've been bumping me all the night.

JOHANNES.—Here's more common sense to the ladies, and more patience to you!

BELLOWS.—Nothing about the black eyes?

JOHANNES.—If you're not off presently you shall have a pair of them.

BELLOWS.—Doctor?

JOHANNES.—Well.

BELLOWS.—Here's more patience to you, and more common sense to both of us—black eyes included.

JOHANNES.—Young Impudence—

BELLOWS (closing the door after him).—Good night, Doctor. (Singing on the stairs.)

"'Tis all round my hat."

JOHANNES (*smokes*).

J. S.

## MASS FOR THE HUNGARIANS

## WHO FELL IN THE LATE GLORIOUS STRUGGLE WITH AUSTRIA.

[The following fine lyric, from the proof-sheets of a volume now in press, has been handed us by the author, Mr. Wm. R. WALLACE, as appropriate to the coming event referred to more particularly in an article in this number. Our readers will remember several fine poems which have appeared in our pages by the same hand. They are characterized by a force of diction and sweep of imagination as rare as it is inspiring to the poetic feelings. The forthcoming volume, we doubt not, will be widely called for.—Ed.]

## I.

ALONE and in darkness I chanted their mass—  
 The mass that a poet should roll  
 For the brave who have fallen in Liberty's pass,  
 Through the shadowy aisles of his soul.  
 The Shades of old Heroes were kneeling around ;  
 TELL, WASHINGTON, EMMET were there :  
 Their brows were with Liberty's aureoles bound,  
 And their broad, spectral banners waved out without sound  
 On the funeral breath of the air.

## II.

Alone and in darkness I chanted their mass :  
 But shall that be the only one said ?  
 Is it thus they shall slumber in Liberty's pass ?  
 No ! a grander mass still for the Dead !  
 Then again will the Shades of those Heroes appear :  
 Not soundless their banners shall wave ;  
 But, like thunder-storms bursting on Tyranny's bier,  
 They shall blaze, while the Austrian is trembling with fear,  
 And KOSSUTH avenges the Brave !

## III.

The tapers that light up that terrible mass  
 Shall the fagots of battle-flames be ;  
 Its organ, the cannon in Liberty's pass,  
 Roaring down from the ranks of the free ;  
 The priests are fair Liberty's soldiers who stand  
 On their soil which they swear to redeem :  
 Oh, never was mass for a mortal so grand  
 As that to be rolled over Hungary's Land,  
 By the blood-dripping bayonet's gleam !

## IV.

Then rest, Heroes ! rest with the Heroes of old !  
 We trample in scorn on the lie,  
 That for Faction your glorious banners unrolled—  
 For Freedom alone did ye die !  
 Yes, rest, Heroes, rest ! Every zephyr that sweeps  
 O'er the battle-field murmurs your fame :  
 Oh, yet shall your monuments soar on the steeps  
 Of your own beloved Hungary, saved from the deeps  
 Where the Tyrant would bury her name !



## CONSTANTINOPLE NOW.

THE whole approach to Constantinople through the Dardanelles is the most exquisite thing in the world. On either side you are presented with spots of undying interest and classical renown: like Paul you "sail under Cyprus;" you anchor in full sight of that stronghold of chivalry, Rhodes; every island as you pass has its separate story of ancient or modern fame, and many of the spots are beautiful of themselves. Tenedos appeared finely as the steamer swept by; the low coast of Troy, with the Achilles' mound, was full in sight; next came the spot where Leander and afterwards Byron swam diagonally across the Hellespont; and then we were amongst a small fleet off Dardanelles, waiting permission to pass between these forts, whose immense guns the traveller has no opportunity to see or hear. Fortifications abound along these thinly-settled hills on either side, which directed by European science might give a very warm welcome to any intruder, but at present are of very little account. If a ship of war were only obliging enough to anchor right under a battery, after some trial the Turks might manage to hit; but to a steamer in rapid motion they could do no mischief. So that their capital city lies at the mercy of the world by sea as well as by land, and yet in its long history it boasts of having been but twice taken. It is more than twelve hours of steaming from the Dardanelles up to the city; but a world of fatigue is richly repaid by the view as you draw near Constantinople. If there is a great disappointment laid up for one inside, outside the most excited imagination is surpassed. I saw it when the morning sun was just gilding its lofty, needle-like minarets and vast domes (almost without number) with a flood of gold. Golden points and glittering crescents rise from every part of the city; high over all tower the mosque of Achmet and the superb dome of the once Christian St. Sophia, and above the gloomy turrets which girdle the whole rise up palace and seraglio-walls of dazzling white. The effect of the entire

view, so far exceeding that of any other city, is owing to the number, beauty and size of the domes and minarets. The latter are not confined to the mosques, though St. Sophia has nine; but every public bath here, as in Cairo and Damascus, is distinguished by a huge dome, and there are one hundred and thirty of these; then each khan and large bazaar has one or more; so that Stamboul (as the Turks call it) may well be named the city of domes.

The "Golden Horn," the inner harbor, has no equal. The "Sweet Waters" flowing into it, upon which stand many summer-houses and small palaces, serve to keep it clean; the depth of the water allows the largest vessel to discharge its cargo right at the quays; only two bridges interrupt its navigation. Its shelter is as perfect as that of a Liverpool dock; and a thousand large vessels would not crowd one another. Here is the favorite promenade of the Turk. Whole fleets of light canoes, called *caïques*, are shooting all the day up and down these quiet waters. On the Christians' side are arsenals, barracks, military schools, naval and military hospitals, and dock-yards belonging to the government; on the opposite side a row of mean, half-painted, decaying wooden houses, a wonderful contrast to the fine view from the Sea of Marmora. Next on the Turkish side is the holy suburb of Eyoub, the palace of the Sultan's mother, the country-houses of wealthy citizens, each with its little boat-house. Then the arm of the sea contracts, and you are floating past kiosks, gardens and fountains, until you leap ashore at the favorite spring-house of the last Sultan, and see where his horses were buried, and where he and his ministers smoked away many a sultry hour in the sweetest of marble pavilions, in the midst of the falling waters. Europe has nothing more refreshing, and the Orient nothing more oriental, than this rural little palace.

The most holy cemetery deserves special notice. Its beautiful little mosque, which no Christian ever entered, and in which every

new Sultan receives his consecration, stands right upon the Sweet Waters, commemorating by its name that standard-bearer of the Prophet who fell at the siege of the city; and back of it commence the tombs of the royal families; and opposite is a convent of priests, a fact slightly at variance with the usual statement that Mohammedanism has no priesthood. Having lived nearly a fortnight with a party of fourteen of the Turkish clergy, and witnessed their frequent chants and prayers, I cannot but regard this matter as settled, notwithstanding the guide-books.

All the way from the water-side and along a mountain-side for miles, the tombs of the turbaned believers stand as thick as possible among the cypress trees. A dead uniformity of pattern, though a constant variety of finish, is observed among them. There is always the marble post at the foot and another at the head, the latter bearing the turban, in case its owner has not been decapitated, and frequently inscribed in flaming blue and gold with the name and occupation of the deceased; the pyramidal marble slab between generally containing a hollow full of water for the birds, but in the small mosques groaning under a load of magnificent rugs and shawls. The tombs nearest to this holiest of mosques are commonly built over with graceful iron-worked roofs to keep away the birds, and are exceedingly rich in Moslem style; that of the murdered Sultan Selim is one of the most conspicuous. Near by are those of the children of Sultana Ateya, who wept herself to death because one after another of her sons was bow-stringed to prevent any dispute in the succession to the throne. Except some of the oldest tombs on the hill, all others are in perfect repair, a wonderful thing in the East, where a structure begins to decay about as soon as it is built, and never is cared for after the clumsy architect has left his work. Scutari, which I crossed the Bosphorus to visit, is vastly larger than Eyoub, containing twenty times as many tombs as there are now inhabitants in the "Queen of the East;" but is not near so impressive except by its decay and apparent antiquity and almost endless extent. Scutari itself is an exceedingly shabby village. Guide-books tell us that every house has a color according to the nation which occupies it; a pure invention of the imagina-

tion, as most of the buildings on the Asiatic shore are of such colors as wind and rain please to paint on decayed wood; and, except the elegant marble tomb of Sultan Mahmoud's favorite horse and a new stone barrack for the military, there is no structure of any pretension in this far-famed Asiatic suburb, the peculiarly-preferred resting-place of the Turk, in obedience to the tradition that he holds no permanent abode on the European shore.

This ancient faith that they are to lose their capital city, the common feeling that the hour of downfall is near at hand, a destiny that has been proclaimed for nearly five centuries by all writers upon Turkey, seems reflected from the melancholy face of the Sultan and confirmed by his constant failures in efforts at reform. It is true that no other country has changed more; he that would see the genuine Mussulman conqueror has come on the stage already too late. The flowing robes of the high officers and their picturesque turbans are no more to be seen; from the Sultan down, the military, the police, and the various officials, wear a blue European uniform, and the ungainly tarboosh, or round, red cap of Fez. No longer do the traitors' heads grin from the seraglio gate; no more faithless wives are slipped through that wide trough into a sea-green grave. Neither are the packs of wolfish hounds as numerous and formidable in the streets; nor the merchants as honest, hospitable, lazy and pious as of yore. Snake-charmers are rare, slave-markets nearly deserted, opium-smokers all but unknown; richly-paying "Howadjis" can enter nearly every place unmolested, and detect nothing of the ancient bigotry of the all-conquering Moslem. And yet, decaying as it is at heart, every effort to improve failing through the corruption of the agents of government, European after European throwing up his employment in disgust or dismissed to give place to some court favorite or Armenian pretender,—with an army of three hundred thousand men, forty ships of war, several steam-vessels, the control of all the force of Egypt, and a revenue increased by the abolition of several monopolies, the Ottoman Empire may outlive the predictions of strangers and the expectations of friends. Sustained by the strong arms of England and France, it may weather worse gales than that now blowing upon it from the North.

It was noble, indeed, in a sovereign conscious of his inability to resist, to refuse the surrender of the Hungarian and Polish refugees, who had been received into his hospitality and promised safety and support in the ancient fashion of the East. Still, though the Russian wolf grit her teeth for the blood which would speedily have been shed, the lamb may be defended by the justice of her cause, the unanimous public sentiment of the world, the countenance of England and France, the efficient help of the very foreigners she has saved, and the necessity of arresting the ever-extending encroachments of the most dangerous power in the modern world.

Generosity to the suffering is a marked feature in Abdul Medjid's character: the recalled Ambassador of Louis Philippe received not only a present in money, but the offer of a high place under government if he could not do better at home; the Intendant of Austria, under similar circumstances, having intimated that money would be acceptable instead of the usual jewels, received the salary of an American President as a parting gift; and it is rumored that the poet-statesman Lamartine will accept and occupy the wide acres presented him by the Sultan in the vicinity of Smyrna. The detention of Kossuth is readily explained by the fact that the rights of humanity, as understood in Turkey, required that he should be hospitably entertained, but did not require that he should be freely dismissed in face of the Russian declaration that this would be regarded as a sufficient reason for war.

But the Pope's countenance, praised as it is for benevolence, expresses no more than this sad young Sultan's. As we saw him passing to worship one Friday noon, attended by all his high officers on horseback, with a number of beautiful led horses in the train, a row of military with music lining one side of the street, a crowd gazing in silence, you seemed to see the destiny of his race in his sickly, effeminate, pensive and rather handsome face. The chief thing, next to the beauty of the Sultan's stud, was the uniform obesity of his officials: none of his servants seemed at all worn with work; and many an Ethiopian eunuch looked the perfect picture of animal comfort. The bands played tolerably, the soldiers coughed sadly, the crowd was the quietest I ever

witnessed, but the grace of the horses was worth a voyage to behold.

The Hippodrome is the great curiosity of Constantinople. It is the only public square. It contains the principal remains of ancient art, and yet after all it is rather a disappointment. First and foremost is the Burnt Column, a singular, many-colored shaft, greatly shorn in height and stripped of the metal plates that once held its granite blocks together, and chiefly noticeable for its obscure history, its odd hues, and its very considerable height. Probably it once bore a statue of Apollo, and instead of being huddled up in old wooden houses, stood in dignified position in the great square. Next comes an obelisk looking very like a deserted stone chimney, once covered with plates of brass, but now threatening to fall. Then come the three twisted serpents of Delphos, a very queer thing, *supposed* to have supported the tripod of the oracle; but the heads are gone, the tails are not visible, and the twisted copper mass looks the tasteless imitation characteristic of the Turk. Then comes the only tolerable thing, and *that* spoilt by being out of place and keeping, the Theban Obelisk, a mate to that still standing at Heliopolis, fifty feet high, of one piece, having on its base a bas-relief exhibiting the machine by which it was raised. Here stood anciently the four bronze horses of St. Mark which have travelled so famously; Constantinople having stolen them from Rome, Venice from Constantinople, and Paris, for a short time, from Venice. As so much better ones can be made now-a-days, they are not likely to be disturbed again.

The finest bazaars in the world are at Constantinople. Having visited those of Cairo and Damascus, and seen some that were very curious in Syria, and made little purchases in all, I can praise those of Stamboul with a good grace. Like the Eastern shops elsewhere, each article is sold in its separate quarter; here jewels, there nothing but shoes; here drugs, there only fruit. Each merchant has a very small stock, and his office is in proportion, six feet by four; just room enough for a row of shelves behind him, and space in front to lie down and sleep, pray or smoke. The Oriental fashion of smoking and drinking coffee before the conclusion of a bargain is not thought of now, except for large purchasers. I never



was offered the chibouque by a shopkeeper in Constantinople, and but twice at Damascus. But the peculiarity of the Constantinople bazaars is, that they are so well built; and, instead of being covered with ragged mats, like those of Damascus, or only here and there a grim arch, as at Acre, the vast extent is covered with a solid stone roof, arching over the street for miles. From the main trunk run smaller ones, also arched, at right angles, and at intervals occur the khans or lodging houses for strange merchants, and exchanges for the wholesale trade. These bear the name of some Sultan or Sultana by whom they were built, and are pretty nearly free to the public. In these the storage room is of course larger, but not to compare with what our own merchants require, and I found them everywhere dark, dingy and old. In Damascus the shops were framed of rough, unpainted wood, and the covers or shutters, which were locked every night, but never closed if the merchant only went to the mosque, were no better than the commonest barn door in Connecticut. In Constantinople, these were always finished with neatness, with a low, carved balustrade in front; the same idea very differently expressed. The most striking articles here were some Persian embroidered merinoes and silks, which attracted much notice at the London Exhibition. It struck me there were fewer conveniences for sleeping, and fewer still so pleasantly occupied, than in the other great Eastern cities. The truth is, the almost daily arrival of steamers in the Golden Horn has sadly disturbed this Sleepy Hollow; has really excited many a quiet Mussulman; has made sad havoc in all his habits, good and bad, and made him familiar with cheating in business, intemperance in drink, intrigue and inhospitality.

The slave mart, I have said, was nearly closed. My dragoman insisted upon it that the vigorous efforts of the British Ambassador had entirely swept it away. He has done all he could, and no single man could do more. Long familiar with this court, his tact, decision, energy, fearlessness, have all but triumphed. Yet, in the old spot, right under the most magnificent mosque in the world, in a number of small apartments, were sundry sooty damsels and a few white ones, very anxious to find a purchaser; and occasionally a Turk was observed study-

ing the hand and form, or moving round the persons of the living merchandise. Being alone, excepting my timid servant, which was worse than being quite by myself, I could not discover much; only that these were the best dressed slaves I had seen—far better than the almost naked things on the Nile, that they had the muffled face like Turkish ladies, were exceedingly jocose, even to singing out to me "Good, good," and desirous to "find a new home" somewhere as soon as possible. I saw no beauties among them—those are reserved for Sultans and Pachas; but none so filthy and chimney-sweepish as at Cairo and Assouan.

I was struck by the honesty of a mosque servant close by. We were alone: I offered him several dollars just to enter the sacred edifice, which was empty at that moment. There can hardly be a doubt that he was poor enough to be tempted: but he would not yield; perhaps he said with the apostle, "Thy gold perish with thee." I had to be content with a distant peep at the large, carpet-covered floor, and the fine dome hanging with many lamps, and remember how many Turkish houses of prayer I had already seen. For, without a Sultan's firman and janissary, what I had freely seen at Cairo was forbidden fruit here. The peculiarities of the Constantinople mosques is not their size or age, nor their costliness or peculiar sanctity. The "Tagliouns" at Cairo is far older, and the St. Omar at Jerusalem far holier. But these, besides having more domes and minarets, have more spacious grounds, better conveniences for bathing, finer sepulchral monuments, and larger colleges of priests. One of them is very remarkable for a pile of chests and boxes of jewels and treasures, deposited by individuals for safe keeping, which remain from century to century untouched, quite as secure in an open gallery of the place of daily prayer, as if guarded by all the bank vaults of Christendom. Some of the fountains or Sibeels are very singular structures. Imagine a round marble house, with large windows grated with bronze, and men standing within all day long to pass fresh water to the windows—each cup a present in fact from some pious deceased person to the public. Sometimes you ascend a flight of marble steps, and suck the water from a little brass knob; and often the overhanging roof, or the entire building, is very fantastically

decorated. In a sultry land, and a general scarcity of water, there is a mercy in all this.

The whirling dervishes, very improperly called "dancing," seemed utterly spiritless, compared with the howling brethren of the same name whom I had met in Egypt. The cream of the exercise was merely that forty men, in long but full woollen robes, sailed round their circular hall to some monotonous music, bowing to their superior once in each revolution, and receiving the same civility in return. There was no religious frenzy about it, nothing of the mad excitement I had witnessed before; the whole affair was formal and stupid enough. They had attended prayers at the mosque before, and generally have the Koran read or recited afterwards, and profess to be still a body of monkish ascetics, but are charged with being sad hypocrites, making only a cloak of their godliness. When fanaticism expires, in a body like this, it is succeeded by the worst kind of pharisaism. A good story about the present Sultan is that, a voice coming from a previous Sultan's tomb, saying, "I burn," instead of paying for prayers to get the poor fellow out of the fires of purgatory, he tore open the tomb, and found a rascally dervish, whose "burning" was quickly cooled down in the Bosphorus.

A very strange sort of cistern is that which bears the name of "the thousand and one" columns, containing at present less than half that number in an underground area of two hundred and forty feet by two hundred, and occupied now by wretched-looking silk weavers—not so naked, however, or sickly as the books declare. Every part of this structure marks the barbarous period of art.

The Seraglio is supposed by strangers to be merely the residence of the Sultan's ladies: so far from that, the principal government offices are included within its walls, and you have perfectly free entrance as far as the outer court. Near the over-praised mosque of St. Sophia is the "Sublime Porte," the outside gate of the Palace, a name now transferred to a stiff pile of state offices at a little distance; then on the right as one enters is a Pacha's palace, evidently a great place of resort, but a huge pile of meanness. Opposite to it stands the arsenal of ancient armor, once the church of St. Irene; and adjoining that some red tombs

of an unknown antiquity, but placed here by the Turk for safe keeping; then come the mint and treasury. An ordinary gateway leads to the palace proper, whose grounds are filled with trees and occupied by buildings of every shape, except the beautiful or magnificent, erected by different Sultans according to the caprice of the moment; an irregular and vast expanse (those say who have visited it all) of kiosks, baths, fountains, and cypress groves.

The common streets of Constantinople are mean, filthy, and uninteresting in the extreme: not named or numbered, nor laid down upon maps, a stranger is absolutely helpless; and, as there are no lamps at nights, and some danger of dogs, and an awkward feeling that you might be robbed and murdered without anybody's knowing it, and then the most miserable of stone pavements to stumble over, and a very raw, uncomfortable wind from the Black Sea, one may be pardoned for not liking Stamboul any too well. Byron says that "five days out of every seven you might d—n the climate, and complain of spleen at Constantinople." The never-cleaned streets, the half-open graves, the extensive burial-grounds in the city, the extreme filth of the greater part of the population, and the absence of suitable medical treatment, more than explain the frequency of disease and death.

To leave Constantinople and not mention a bath would be unpardonable. Even the smallest Oriental town is thus provided, and the "queen city" has over three hundred for the public, besides many private ones for the wealthy. The exterior is always unpromising. The first apartment to which I was admitted was very lofty and spacious, dome-lighted, and pierced with numerous air-holes. In recesses along the walls persons were reclining with sherbet and the chibouque, as if to recover from extreme fatigue: a small café makes a corner of this reception and dressing-room. A half-naked fellow assists you to strip, ties up your clothing in a separate parcel, and girding a towel around your loins, and putting clogs on your feet, leads you to the next warmer apartment. Not familiar with the mystery of pattens, I preferred to walk bare foot over the warm marble, but actually fled with terror from the inner apartment, where the heat exceeded a hundred degrees of Fahrenheit. After a

while, however, mustering courage for the worst, I gave myself up to a half-naked, shaven-headed Turk, who laid me on my back, and watered and soaped, and rubbed with a hair-glove, and bathed, till with the excessive perspiration I felt quite dissolved. Then a white napkin was bound round the head, and a dry linen around the waist, and the same attendant led forth to a lounge in

the great hall, with whatever refreshment I pleased to order. After passing a sort of dreamy half hour, to a Turk the highest joy in existence, I returned to my lodgings in a parboiled state, enervated and indolent, unfit for work, and hardly fit for play, freshly equipped with fleas, and quite unmoved to the customary extravagance about the unequalled delights of the Turkish Bath.

F. W. H

## THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1852.

WE anticipate more than ordinary interest and excitement in the approaching canvass for the next President of the United States. All parties are burnishing their armor and providing and collecting their warlike munitions for the impending contest. The disunionist of the North has already uttered his battle cry of "Free Soil or Disunion;" and in reply to this announcement of his political creed, is heard the response of the distant South, in accents imperious and threatening, of "Slave Labor and Disunion." The Democratic party, still writhing under the defeat of "forty-eight," and in a measure suffering the privations of the treasury spoils, are desperately engaged in creating new issues on which to rally their forces, and on which they hope to retrieve their fallen fortunes in the coming contest. The Whig party, too, have interests in the political struggle for supremacy. After a contest of twenty years against the assumptions of the arrogant and self-styled Democracy, they have succeeded in the vanquishment of their opponents, and have given to the country an administration distinguished for talent, for political wisdom, and undisputed integrity. Yet an administration qualified to accomplish so much for the prosperity of the country has been circumvented and trammelled, its energies crippled and prostrated, and its action rendered inefficient, by a Congress which has thrown every obstacle in the way of reform. Every expedient has been resorted to by the disaffected and defeated ranks of Locofocoism, to divert the public mind from the discussion and establishment of the important

principles which the party in power is organized to secure. For the accomplishment of this sinister object, sectional jealousies, which had slumbered from the days of Andrew Jackson until now, have been excited and aroused. Fanaticism at the two extremes of the nation has been reanimated and excited to unprecedented activity by the insidious wiles of defeated demagoguism. It has been publicly proclaimed, that for the preservation of the "Union," old issues must be abandoned, old parties dissolved, and new ones organized. This absurd notion has been propagated with as much zeal, activity, and earnestness, as if the Union were actually in danger of dissolution. The whole of the *inflammatory* declamation relative to the dissolution of the Union is, at least now, unnecessary, and only productive of evil. True, infatuated and misguided fanaticism at the North has been loud, clamorous, and treasonable in its bold denunciation of the Union; but however unfriendly their sentiments, and vigorous and united their action to accomplish its overthrow, their numbers and influence are too contemptible to justify any apprehension on the part of the true and patriotic friend to his country. This position is fully sustained by reference to the contest of 1848, when the abolitionists of the North had their own candidate in the field, who received the undivided support of the party, and also the disaffected "Free Democracy" of the State of New-York. Yet under circumstances so favorable for the triumph of their principles, if such principles ever could triumph, they were unable to carry the vote of a single



State, or even to secure a respectable minority in any State, save in New-York, where they coalesced with the Van Buren school of Democrats.

Neither, do we apprehend, need there any more alarm be excited relative to the action of the more impulsive nullifier of the South. The thunder of his eloquence, when he first proclaimed disunion, was indeed startling; and as it rolled peal after peal through the political heavens, many there were who had their misgivings, until it was discovered that the bolt of the thunderer was pointless and unaccompanied by the vivid and destructive flash of the electric fluid. Long since has the most timid friend of the Republic taken courage, and forgotten to tremble at the direst maledictions of the most turbulent agitator. The disunionist of the South has no political influence out of his particular and limited circle. He has not the power to levy taxes, organize armies, fight battles, or elect Presidents. True, he has openly advocated treason in the most decided and menacing tone. Long has he labored to kindle an incendiary flame which should eventually consume the fair proportions of that temple of liberty in which the freemen of a continent are destined to assemble and worship. Yet notwithstanding the energy of his treasonable appeals to the people, no step has been taken towards the accomplishment of his treasonable purpose; no disunion banner has yet been given to the winds of heaven; there has been no "assembling of the hosts to battle." The laws of the *United States* still continue to be fully executed in the infected district, without opposition from the most chivalrous of the conspirators, and the earthquake rumblings of revolution have receded and diminished, until its loudest note of discord is but faintly audible. They have finally appealed to the ballot-box, and found that the people were against them. They have taken the last lesson of the demagogue, and it has taught them that the masses of the South are as firm for the Union as those of any other section.

Granting then from these facts that the Union is in no danger, it is absurd folly to organize a political party for its preservation. The American people, with the exceptions alluded to, regardless of sect or party, are the true conservative party into whose hands the destinies of the Republic may be safely committed. No inflammatory declamation,

no sectional jealousies, no "Fugitive Slave Law," can ever alienate their deep and abiding affection from the American Union. Full well do they know that political liberty, national independence and prosperity, are the direct and grand results of this glorious confederacy of republics. Let the revolutionary and disorganizing demagogue but make his treasonable appeal to the people, and from the grave descendant of the Puritan, still clinging to the rocks and hills of his Pilgrim Fathers; from the impulsive son of the South, amid his luxuriant and productive fields; from the rude borderer on the wilderness shores of the northern lakes; and even from those distant and romantic regions where all the gorgeous wealth of oriental fable appears to have been realized; from the wide extremes of this broad continent comes the responding shout of the nation as the voice of one man, proclaiming unchanging and eternal devotion to the Union.

At this period no inconsiderable portion of the newspaper press of the country, under the management of both political parties, is claiming precedence for certain distinguished statesmen in the impending contest, on account of the patriotism and vigor with which they sustained the Union when assailed by Southern and Northern nullification. It is shown by the journalists, that independent of the arduous Congressional duties imposed upon their favorites, which they have discharged with such distinguished ability, they have accomplished much more, and all for the Union.\* They have visited all the

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\* It is necessary for us here to enter a caveat against the too unguarded sweep of our contributor's observations. Doubtless there have been many attempts to ride into consideration on the wave of this excitement, as is usual with political aspirants; and their lack of other qualifications was expected to be hidden under the veil of this sublime devotion eulogized by our friend; but there were men who thought it necessary to step (from positions already attained by all the qualifications necessary for any) down into the popular arena, and with words of power and wisdom cool the heats, clear the perplexities, and arouse the patriotism that the strife had engendered. This, in these men, was legitimate and grand. They had fought the battle in other forms; had staked themselves upon it, when the issue was not known; throwing aside their sectional predilections, and taking a national and judicial attitude—just to all, and fearless of none.

They properly therefore came among the people

more populous thoroughfares, and startled and electrified their inhabitants by the vehemence of their declamation for the Union. They too have unhesitatingly and gallantly eaten "Union dinners," and drank to the immortality of the Union. All of this is very well. But we fancy that this manner of defending the Union is pleasant and easy, endangering neither life nor limb; especially when we consider that the Union is in no danger. Speech-making is a most unsatisfactory test of the qualifications of the aspirant to the Presidency. His eloquence is an accomplishment, practised as well by the wily demagogue, who by false professions seeks to mislead the public mind, as by the true-hearted patriot. It does not follow, because an aspirant is attached to the "Union" or its "compromises," that he has the qualifications necessary to discharge with efficiency all the various duties of President of the United States. The wild borderer on the farthest verge of civilization is as devoted in his attachments to the American Union as the most lofty patriot; yet it is questionable, with this one qualification, whether he would fill with dignity the chair of State, and discharge its duties with intelligence or ability. But we apprehend that there are other important qualifications which should distinguish the aspirant to the Presidency, besides mere devotion to our national confederacy. He should possess enlarged, comprehensive, and liberal views of national policy, matured by a profound and thorough investigation of the theory of our government. His mind should be unfettered by any of the "one-idea-isms" which so much distinguish the politician of the present day. He should prove his capacity to watch over the affairs, civil, political, commercial, and agricultural, of the government over which he seeks to preside, and to administer justice and execute the laws with a firm, independent, unwavering, and impartial hand. His devotion to the Union should not be manifested so much by rhetorical display and glowing eloquence, as appears to be the prevailing notion of the present day, but

when they found the demagogues still exciting them against the very laws of peace which had been agreed upon by all sections; and their success, too, is obvious to all men. One of the most hopeful omens in modern politics is, that the voice of wisdom stilled the raging of the demagogue wave.—Ed.

should be proven by a life of sacrifice and devotion to the principles of republican truth on which our government is based.

It is farther contended that the candidate must be pledged to the compromise measures, and particularly avow his determination to sustain without modification the Fugitive Slave Law. To this we can see much objection. The doctrine of pledges, as it has operated heretofore amongst political aspirants, appears to be a cunning device of the demagogue, by means of which he seeks to mislead the public mind, and secure popular favor; and when he comes into power, the pledge, often and solemnly repeated, is neglected or forgotten. Instance after instance might be cited in proof of this position. Who does not recollect that the candidate of the Democracy in the canvass of 1844 pledged himself to his party and the nation, that under no circumstances would he ever consent to the dismemberment of the territory of Oregon? The people believed the candidate, and trusting in his good faith, elected him to office. But the Chief Magistrate had forgotten the pledges of the candidate, and without apology or explanation, he unhesitatingly signed away by treaty one-half of the territory to which, he asserted, our title was "clear and unquestionable." This and similar instances conclusively prove that pledges made by the candidate are no guarantee that the wishes of the people will be regarded by the officer.

We can see no necessity or propriety in exacting a distinctive pledge of a candidate to execute the Fugitive Slave Law. His oath of office requires him to enforce it, and would certainly be a more ample and reliable guarantee than the most distinct pledges which could be made before his election. It is highly improbable that a candidate will ever come before the people and ask of them their support for the purpose, if elected, of revolutionizing the government or any portion of its laws. No one, excepting those who are connected with the extreme wing of ultra Northern fanaticism, proposes to nullify the existing law; and to suppose that an advocate of that "higher law" which has been lately propagated with so much earnest enthusiasm could ever procure a nomination at the hands of either of the great political parties of our country, is a notion too absurd to combat. And even were it possible that such a treasonable en-

thusiasm could be elevated to the chair of State, however violent might be his hatred to the law in question, however devoted he might be to that "higher law" discovered by modern philanthropy, and however reckless, unscrupulous, and abandoned his general character, yet we much question whether he could be so deeply lost to every sense of moral obligation as to lay perjury to his soul by the violation of his constitutional oath, or to conspire for the subversion of a law which before the world he had solemnly sworn he would execute.

It is admitted that there is a feeling of repugnance existing in the North towards the institution of slavery in the South; but much as the people of the North may deprecate its existence, there is neither the power nor the inclination to subvert it. Slavery in the South exists not by virtue of Northern will or legislation, but by Southern. A Massachusetts Legislature has no jurisdiction over existing laws and institutions in South Carolina. Northern zealots are fast learning that, however great the evil of slavery may be, it is far removed from their control. They are also making the discovery that the more they agitate the question of abolition, the more hopeless becomes the condition of the slave—the more tightly are riveted his fetters. They are learning too that in the tempest they have excited, the wheels of legislation have been stopped, important matters of general and local interest have been postponed or abandoned. During the contest of pro-slavery and anti-slavery over the prostrate and degraded African slave, the interests of the white free laborer of the North have been disregarded by both parties as unworthy of notice or protection. At this crisis, however repugnant African servitude may be to the feelings of the Northern man, he feels and knows it to be his true policy to cease from its useless agitation. He may regard the Fugitive Slave Law as a relic of barbarism, growing out of an institution established in an age less civilized and just than the present, yet is he willing to endure its continuance without a murmur, and submit to its most repugnant exactions without complaint, if his submission will silence the croakings of disaffection and fanaticism, and place a final quietus on the voice of agitation. This state of facts we should think would prove satisfactory to the most quarrelsome and jealous Southerners, without arousing

the anti-slavery prejudices of the North by requiring pledges which are contrary to the principles in which they have been educated, and which would only tend to foster sectional jealousies dangerous to the harmony and general prosperity of the country.

But in the mean time, if instead of permitting the excitement on the slavery question to expire for want of opposition, the friends of peace and order should proclaim that the approaching contest for the Presidency is to be a crusade against abolitionism, in which the disunionist of the North is to be for ever crushed, the hostile attitude you assume gives an importance to the political influence of free-soilism which the insignificance of the party does not merit. The force of the Union party is overwhelming. It can bring into the field a thousand to one, in a contest with disunionists; but you cannot thwart their policy or divert their purposes by engaging them in a warfare with a Union party. Their great destiny is to agitate. To excite, to irritate and inflame the public mind, is the object of their mission. Opposition gives vigor and importance to their action. They lose nothing by defeat, as they had nothing at stake. They are not even disappointed, for they expected nothing but to be overcome by superiority of numbers. They have in fact fully accomplished all their purposes. The friends of the Union may marshal their forces and shake the nation with their Union thunder, but the disunionist is neither killed, wounded, nor even disheartened at the tremendous explosion. He in fact rejoices that an opportunity is furnished to bring his batteries to bear, as he might express it, on the forces of oppression. The contest has plunged him in the whirlpool of excitement. It has quickened his blood. It has re-animated his flagging energies. It has given impulse and vigor to his discussions, and importance to his party. It has enlisted public sympathy for his cause, and brought new recruits to his standard. He has gained much by the contest.

In the mean time victory has declared in favor of the Union party. They have saved the Union, which was in no danger. They have manfully vindicated and proven the truth of principles which scarce one in a thousand ever doubted. What has the great "United Union party" achieved in the contested field? It occupies the same



ground, stands in the same position, and leaves the nation resting on the same political basis on which it rested before the battle for the Union was fought. Nothing has been accomplished; no new principles have been developed; no new policy has been marked out for the progress of the nation in its march to greatness.

The same results will naturally flow from adopting as an article of party creed the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. This would give additional cause for dissatisfaction on the part of the disunionist of the South, and add more fuel to the flames of disaffection and nullification which have already burnt with so much fury. It would give strength and consistency to their action, and add numbers to their ranks. Many who have heretofore been silent in the discussion of these exciting issues, or who have manfully defended the Union, would be driven into the ranks of nullification by the repeal of a law which tended to guard their private interests from infraction. Even States distinguished for their high-souled patriotism would waver in their devotion to a government which had failed to recognize their peculiar institutions, and afforded no protection to their distinctive rights. They may even be tempted to desert the national banner under whose protecting folds they have won imperishable glory on many a hard-fought field, and range themselves under the flag of treason given to the winds by the hands of nullification.

All our experience proves that any issue whatever made on the subject of slavery must tend to foster and strengthen those sectional jealousies which may yet become formidable to the harmony and perpetuity of the Union. The feeling of enmity between the hostile parties has never been harmonized, but always increased, by a discussion of their matters of difference.

In the mean time the nation has lost years in this age of progress in raising new and fruitless issues, whilst the practical interests of the nation—its commerce, its manufactures and mechanical arts—are languishing for want of adequate protection. Notwithstanding mines have been discovered in our wide domain unexampled in richness and extent, although millions may have rewarded the industry and enterprise of the pioneer to the distant El Dorado, yet is the nation daily stripped of its vast resources, and the

gold of California is found insufficient to pay the cost of imported fabrics, whilst American skill is idle and unproductive. It matters not to the enervated Mexican that *his* native mountains sparkle with precious ores. Whilst millions are dug from the earth, this nation is impoverished and bankrupt. And it matters not to the American that the California steamer discharges at his sea-ports her freight of massive gold; for the same gazette which announces her arrival and comments upon the incalculable wealth of the nation, heralds the departure of the European steamer freighted with the same precious metal for the purchase of cotton, woollen, and iron fabrics. At the same time American machinery is idle, her manufacturing skill paralyzed, her factories many of them closed, and the rest tottering on the verge of bankruptcy, and the commercial interests of the country threatened with a revulsion unprecedented in American history.

In the tempest of discussion relative to the "Fugitive Slave Law," the internal commerce of the country is perishing from the accumulated obstructions to river navigation. Whilst sage politicians are gravely discussing the constitutionality and expediency of a law in which the great majority of American citizens have no direct or practical interest, the boatman on our western waters, uncared for by Congress, finds a deep grave beneath the treacherous wave. Apply to Democratic sages who control the action of that great party, and a portion of them will tell you that the "noise and confusion" incident to the settlement of the "Union question" is so great that you cannot now be heard. Others, who unscrupulously voted for the annexation of Texas and California, and are now encouraging the conquest of Cuba, without inquiring or caring for the constitutionality of any of these measures, will tell you that the improvement of such a river as the Mississippi, rolling its mighty waters from one extremity of the nation to the other, bearing on its broad and ample bosom the products of half the confederated States of this Republic, is an object merely local in its character, and that its improvement was never contemplated by the American Constitution. Such counsels will continue to prevail so long as Congress continues to be the centre of the agitation on the subject of slavery. It will, then, be the height of

folly and madness for the Whig party to admit into the coming Presidential contest any of those unprofitable and exciting topics that have been for the present professedly settled. Any attempt to revive them should be "frowned down," for they tend to weaken

the Union, and will continue to prevent the triumph of any of those principles for which the party exists; and keep us under the iron theories from which we are now suffering.

R. W. M.

*Nauvoo, Illinois, Sept. 24.*

## OUR GENERAL REVIEW.

### AN ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE OF THE TIME.

ENGLAND.—In England the closing of the Crystal Palace was permitting the press and people to direct their attention once more to the affairs of the world in general. It was closed on the 11th ult., after having proved one of the most successful and splendid speculations of the age. The structure will probably be removed, in spite of the popular desire to the contrary. Hyde Park is an appanage of the Court and the aristocracy, and it is thought a show-box or other property of the commonalty would be out of place within its precincts.

The English were making great preparations for the reception of Kossuth, who was expected at Southampton in the American ship of war. Upwards of a score mayors of towns and cities wrote to the Mayor of Southampton to express a desire to join in the popular welcome. London and its municipality were prepared to give the Hungarian exile a polite and kindly reception. The desire to do honor to him is very general: for the Ministers are not disposed to curry favor with the despotisms just now. Two of them—the Secretary of War (Lord Palmerston) and Mr. Gladstone—have publicly denounced or condemned the high-handed doings in Naples and elsewhere on the Continent. So that no government consideration seems to stand in the way of a general English welcome. And it is a good and a cordial thing to see the two great and powerful families of English tongue and name, forgetful of past differences, standing side by side and foremost in the cause of humanity in the midst of such frowning and threatening despotisms. After all, there is no fear of the ultimate triumph of free governments all over the world, when England and America join hands in so noble a cause as this. Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet against the King of Naples has called forth a wrathful reply from his Majesty, implicating and taunting the English Government; while the speech of Lord Palmerston at Tiverton has excited a general indignation among the continental rulers—Louis Napoleon included; and it has been stated in a German newspaper, (the *Ober Post Amt Zeitung*), that the toleration extended to the band of Teutonic conspirators now in London is a breach of good faith towards the German rulers, who are

about to make remonstrances against it. London is, in fact, looked upon as the centre of the European democrats. The object of these is a steady radical revolution in Europe, to be brought about by the union of the people and by their contributions. The German Committee propose that shares shall be bought in national loans, which the chief men of the movement shall guarantee, and which shall be repaid on the liberation of the nations. Mazzini has been trying to get up such a loan for the particular behoof of Italy. Just now Professor Kinkel, the poet, is travelling through the United States for the purpose of expounding and furthering, particularly among our German population, this grand liberating project.

The *prestige* of our American republicanism is beginning to impress and agitate the United Kingdom in a very remarkable manner. The English press has become greatly occupied with these States, and its tone has become vastly more respectful and conciliatory. Latterly the Hon. Mr. Lawrence has been creating a sensation in Ireland, far more deep and general than that caused by the visit of the Queen to that island. The *Times* allows that he was every where received "with almost royal honors." And indeed the sincerity with which he was followed and *fêted* was the more emphatically proved, that he did not go among the people to promise them any thing or to flatter their passions or political leanings. His speeches, throughout, tended the other way—were full of calm advice to rely upon themselves and help themselves. Nevertheless, there he was—an American—from that great and rich land of their dreams—the land in which millions of their countrymen had a home and a refuge, and from which within the last few years over two millions of pounds sterling had come from poor Irish laborers to their poorer friends in the cabins at home; so that, if Mr. Lawrence were really the grandson of Brien Boru himself, he could not have been received with more cordial respect and enthusiasm. Furthermore, they identified him with that spirit of American enterprise which, in the matter of steamships and railways, is making such wonderful changes in the world, and hoped something was about to be done for the country at last. Some of the people actually had an idea that he

was in secret the agent of some invading *propaganda* who came to spy out the nakedness of the land and prepare the way for the descent of an army of Americans! Some vague notions of Cuba and the *fibusteros* were running through their heads; and certainly such ideas were not calculated to diminish the fervor of their welcome on the occasion! Mr. Lawrence went from Dublin to Galway to see the bay which it is proposed to make a packet station, between Ireland and America. He afterwards visited Limerick, and then proceeded to Cork. These localities and one or two others are respectively contending for the honor and profit of being the "station;" and it required all the ingenious politeness which the Hon. gentleman could command, to order his phraseology in the midst of such rival claims. But he got through it admirably, and praising the localities generally, disclaimed any desire to decide on the most eligible place for the station. The hospitality of the Irish seems to have overcome his diplomacy in a great measure, and though the fact is not stated, we strongly suspect that, while at Cork, the Hon. gentleman must have kissed the celebrated Blarney stone. However this may be, it is very certain that his visit produced a salutary agitation in the Irish mind, and made a strong impression on the English press. The *Times* says that Mr. Lawrence, in visiting Ireland, went to take a look over what was shortly to become *his own*—that is, his country's; for "every Celt will one day renounce the sceptres and coronets of the old world." This great exponent of English sentiment seems to acknowledge, frankly, that the Irish are justified by circumstances in running away from the place of their birth to America; and prophesies that they will "fulfil the great law of Providence which seems to enjoin and reward the union of races. They will mix with the Anglo-Americans, and be known no more as a jealous and separate people." Strange sentiments these, coming from the grand organ of British supremacy.

The submarine telegraph between France and England has been laid down in the English Channel, from South Foreland to Sanngate, near Calais. The line consists of four copper wires, like bell-wires, cased in gutta percha, and twined with hempen strands into the size of a rope an inch in diameter. More hempen strands and wires of galvanized iron are twined round this, and all form a flexible casing  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick. Messages have been flashed through very satisfactorily, and the communication with Paris will doubtless be shortly completed.

In Ireland the Catholic Association, which was about to be got up in opposition to the late Anti-Popish Bill, has been a failure. The Catholic people and hierarchy are not agreed upon the matter. Many of the Irish bishops are in favor of the Queen's Colleges and the government system of education. But Dr. Cullen, Primate of all Ireland, is bent on an exclusively Roman system—separating, in all things, the sheep from the goats—the Catholics from the Protestants, with whom no terms, no faith, is to be kept. All the Irish priests and bishops are not prepared to go these very Catholic and consistent lengths, and hence one more

element of Irish discord. All this may result, in time, in a sort of ecclesiastical independence in Ireland, like the Gallican in France.

Fergus O'Connor's great scheme of a "National Land Company" (under which the soil was to be apportioned in small lots, with houses, to those holding shares in the business) has fallen to pieces. They say near £100,000 has disappeared, and that Fergus, the manager, "does not know where to find it." The whole affair is in Chancery. Daniel O'Connell, with whom Fergus worked in the agitating line in Ireland some twenty years ago or so, used to call the descendant of the last King of Ireland "feather-headed Fergus." Daniel was Turkish in his tastes, "bearing no brother near the throne;" and he managed to cast off his colleague, who went to England and set up for himself as Chartist. His occupation, in any character, is now gone, like Othello's.

The Queen of England and her family are sojourning at the royal seat, Balmoral, in the Highlands of Scotland.

England is preparing to get up her *steam* in the world. The Royal West India Mail Steam Packet Company is about to place five new leviathan steamers on the line between Southampton and the Isthmus of Panama—the Amazon, Oronoco, Parana, Magdalena and Demarara. These huge sea-horses will be churning the great Atlantic way in the beginning of next year, and turn a vast amount of the trade between the Eastern and Western hemispheres into a central channel. A company has been also formed in Liverpool for the purpose of increasing the trade and intercourse of England with the Brazilian empire. Three new steamships of large size, and on the screw principle, are to be put upon the line as a beginning. They will be of 300 horse-power each, with an average speed of ten knots an hour. It is calculated that the distance will be run in twenty-five days. In this connection we may observe that the English are just now trembling for the continuance of the trade with Brazil. For some time past, in their efforts to put down the slave-trade, the British have been domineering somewhat over the various ships trading to the ports of Brazil—a proceeding which has caused some discontent on the part of the Brazilian Government, which feeling has been aggravated by the support which England is affording Rosas, Dictator of Buenos Ayres, against whom Brazil has been making some hostile demonstrations. The Emperor now threatens to demand the interference of other powers; and the merchants of Manchester, being among those most deeply interested in the trade with Brazil, have requested Lord Palmerston to interfere and prevent any rupture of the relations between the two countries.

The London *Morning Post* contemplates a larger steam project than the foregoing—to wit, regular communication with Australia; giving as a chief reason the rapid advances of the Americans in the Pacific, and the advantages offered to their commercial marine by the repeal of the Navigation Laws. The *Post* says that if England will not place efficient ships upon that eastern line, the steamers of America will anticipate them, and manage the trade and intercourse of the Pa-



cific. The peaceful rivalry of England and America is apparently destined to hasten the progress of civilization in a very rapid and unexampled manner.

FRANCE.—With all the elements of society in a state of ferment and ominous fluctuation all about him, Louis Napoleon holds right on, without abating a jot of heart or hope. He lately assisted in laying the foundation of a great central market in Paris, and told the people on the occasion that he was only carrying out the old imperial intention; that, forty years ago, the French Government was about to do what he had now such satisfaction in performing; thus linking himself with the popular associations of his uncle's time. He then said that, as he then laid the foundation of a building which would shelter the market people from the inclemencies of the seasons, so he hoped to be able to lay the foundations of a social edifice which would afford sufficient shelter from the violence and fickleness of the passions. He then invited a deputation of the market-women to visit him at the Elysée, and they visited him accordingly,—

"These daughters of the *Halle*, stronger than men,  
Huge women, blowed with health, and wind, and rain,  
And labor,"—

when he most gallantly kissed half a dozen of them, and so made the fair descendants of the famous old *poissardes* all over Paris his fast adherents for life! The Prince-President affects to treat the French people as his uncle treated them before—as a light, unreasoning race, full of enthusiasms, and liable to be easily impressed. A little time will tell if he has made a correct estimate of the national mind.

One hundred and seventy-eight persons were arrested for the Paris plot. After being regularly interrogated, seventy-two foreigners and four Frenchmen were set at liberty; eleven others were afterwards let go. The Department of the Ardèche was put under martial law. This is a broken and rugged district, containing a great many secret societies; and, on a recent occasion, the soldiers and gendarmerie had been attacked by mobs, in two or three places.

Prosecutions of the press continue. Five or six editors of the *Événement*—a bold republican paper—were knocked off, one after the other, by the angry mace of the law. Among these courageous children of the pen were two sons of the celebrated poet Victor Hugo, Charles and Victor, who were sentenced to several months' imprisonment. The old gentleman, like Torquil of the Oak, in the Fair Maid of Perth, encouraged his sons to throw themselves forward in the fight, and when the last was carried off, wrote a letter to the succeeding editor, Vacquerie, which brought down one more prosecution. The old man says that the earth still moved, though the Italian inquisitors tried to make Galileo and the world believe it did not; and that, in the same way, the cause of liberty still moved and would move, in spite of all the tyrants of the globe. A hearty old cock this!

"Coquerico coquerico,  
France! met ton schako!"

As for M. Auguste Vacquerie, he has hit upon a plan by which he probably hopes to touch the hearts of the tyrants. He sits down to a leading article and begins:

"Two and two are four;

"The elephant is one of the largest of quadrupeds; what a flexible trunk and what sharp tusks he has!

"It is generally considered that his late Majesty, King Henry IV., was killed by the stroke of an assassin, in the Rue de la Ferronnerie. Political causes were certainly connected with this bloody act, so grievously to be deplored by the nation.

"The Queen of England has seven children."

And so on! Other unfortunate editors, who write as Damocles feasted, with a sword suspended over their heads, leave the leading columns blank—to remind the President of his old enemy, Louis Blanc, we suppose. Vacquerie has appealed to the Court of Cassation against his sentence of six months' imprisonment and 1000 francs fine, being doubtless ready to exclaim with Béranger:

"Mille francs! mille francs d'amende!  
Dieu, quel loger pour six mois de prison!"

"A thousand francs! what a rent for six months' lodging in jail!" Rouy, the editor of the *Presse*, has also appealed against his sentence; and Barrethe, the editor of the *République*, was to be tried for libel on the 14th ult. Altogether, the lawyers of Paris were in high feather. It has been stated by the Marquis de Jouffroy, a legitimist, and editor of the *Europe Monarchique* at Brussels, that all negotiations for the fusion of the two Bourbon houses have failed. The *Ordre* continues its canvass for the Prince de Joinville as next President. The same paper published a long list of fires that have lately blazed in the neighborhood of Paris, giving the Government no little uneasiness.

Several of the Paris journals hint that Louis Napoleon meditates against the red-republicans of the National Assembly such another measure, as that by which Napoleon purged the Tribunal, and sent a body of his enemies to exile at Cayenne. The red-republicans oppose the revision of the Constitution, and it is asserted the lawyers of the Elysée have advised the President they may be removed "at one full swoop," seeing they have subscribed to the democratic loan which Mazzini has set on foot to liberate Italy. This, it is reported, can be tortured into a matter of impeachment; and if it can, we think Louis Napoleon will certainly impeach, and thus remove the Mountain.

GERMANY.—The thirty or forty powers and principalities of Germany are all busily engaged in bringing that multifarious nation to its previous condition, and obliterating every trace of 1848. The Frankfort Diet is leading the way in this business of recalcitration. A little time ago it passed a resolution to demand of the several federal governments of the fatherland that they examine their several constitutions granted since 1848, and to alter the same in all cases where they may not be found in perfect harmony with the constitution of the despotic Bund, represented by the Diet. If it should so happen that the people of any federal

State will not quietly go "back again," the Bund will appoint a commission to investigate the matter, and settle it, when called upon. This central power has also determined to draw up a general federal law of the press, to oppose and correct the existing abuses of the press, and thus help the grand scheme of arrangement it has in view. This Frankfort Diet, of course, expresses and sustains the policy of the rulers of Germany who have thus agreed to nullify all their late concessions, on the plea, doubtless, that they were frightened into the granting of them, which was indeed the case.

The King of Prussia—always considered to be one of the mildest and most liberal of the German governors—(we recollect the *bonhomie* of his manners when he visited London a few years ago, and went with Mrs. Fry to see the prisoners in Newgate, where, with that good lady, he knelt down and said his prayers among them)—this King, we say, shows himself as anxious as any of them to get back to the old ground. Cologne, that city "of three and seventy stenchers," according to Coleridge, is at present in very bad odor with his Majesty, who finds the political airs of the people the worst of all. He first put down the Cologne *Gazette*, and he lately directed a prosecution to be commenced against six of the municipal councillors, who, in a debate concerning an address to the King, were considered to have cast reflections upon the government. The poor Burgomaster who presided at the meeting of the town-councillors was severely reprimanded for allowing them to go on speaking. On the 24th of September, the Diet of the province of Brandenburg were suddenly prorogued because some of the members on the day before ventured to allude to old guaranteed rights and such things. On the same day the establishment of the *Constitutional* newspaper of Berlin was confiscated and put to silence, and the editor and all hands left to join the nearest club of secret conspirators for want of something to do. These clubs, which are scattered all over Germany, and called Communities of Free Religion, have lately fallen under the suspicion of the governments, in consequence of information transmitted from Paris by the agents of Louis Napoleon, to the effect that the Paris plot comprehended some designs against the rulers of Germany. The consequence has been that the houses of the leaders of these "communities" have undergone a general search, and every thing suspicious has been seized by the authorities.

A commercial treaty has been made between Hanover and Prussia, by which the former virtually enters the Zollverein, or Customs Union of Germany—the objects of which are protection and equal tariffs among the States of the Union.

The finances of Austria are in a very debilitated condition. The Government lately called on all Europe for a loan; but the money has come but slowly in, and there is a chance that the amount will not be forthcoming. The Emperor relied very much upon the Londoners; but the recent sentiments of Gladstone and Palmerston, and the excitement about Kossuth, have done away with his chances in that quarter. In the mean time Francis Joseph has been to visit his Italian dominions, lately pacificated by Radetsky.

He made a grand entry into Milan on the 21st of September. Surrounded by soldiers he rode along, while the people preserved a calm demeanor which has been called respectful. He held a military review, and heard high mass in the cathedral. Several houses in the city were illuminated in the evening, but more as a matter of fear or policy than loyalty. The Emperor took up his quarters at Monza, the country palace of Radetsky, twelve miles from the city. During his absence, his uncle's old minister, the Nestor of politicians, Prince Metternich, (who also ran away with such celerity in 1848,) came back to Vienna. He entered it on the 23d September, and was received by Prince Esterhazy and other members of his family. The crowd are said to have received him with respect, that is, they did not pelt him with any thing, and said nothing. The Prince, who is very old, will not, it is stated, meddle with statesman-craft any more.

On the 22d Pesth was the scene of a horribly ridiculous spectacle. Louis Kossuth and thirty-six of his brave companions were hanged upon the public gallows—in effigy. As they could not strangle them literally, the Austrian officials resolved to do execution upon them by strong effort of imagination. And so while our good ship *Mississippi* was bearing the rescued Magyars out through the Pillars of Hercules into the Atlantic, the soldiers of Francis Joseph were drawn up in square about the gallows in the public place of Pesth, and the sentence of each of the contumacious Hungarians (to the number of thirty-six,) having been read, the hangman took thirty-six black wooden *simulacra*, and launched them into eternity, according to the forms in such cases made and provided. To each wooden traitor was attached his name and brief biography. Kossuth's cartel was as follows:—

"Ludwig Kossuth, born in Monok, county of Remplin, Hungary, forty-seven years old, of the Protestant religion, married, father of three children, advocate, and newspaper editor, Hungarian Finance Minister, and deputy of the city of Pesth at the Hungarian Diet, has from the beginning to the end of the Hungarian revolution played the principal part, and this preëminence was particularly shown in October, 1848, when he prevailed upon the Diet to remain together and not obey the Imperial mandate dissolving it; further, that he took upon himself the presidency of the Provisional Government, or so-called Committee of National Safety, and issued paper money, in order to furnish means for an armed resistance to the Imperial Government, which he developed in a dangerous manner, by recruitings, organization of a National Guard, and 'Landsturm'; that he himself joined the army in its invasion of the Austrian archduchy, declared the succession of Francis Joseph a usurpation, transferred the seat of the Diet from Pesth to Debrecsin on the approach of the royal forces under Windischgrätz; that by means of exhortations and proclamations, by rewards and martial courts, he raised the enthusiasm of the army and the people, and excited them to go on with the revolution, and tried to gain the sympathy of foreign countries through his agents abroad; that he, finally, on the 13th of April, in a private conference, and on the 14th in a public

sitting, proclaimed the total separation of Hungary from the Empire, outlawed the sacred dynasty, chose a Ministry in his character of Governor, took the oath of independence on the 14th of May, and on June 27, 1849, preached a crusade against the allied forces of Austria and Russia, and ruled Hungary with the power of dictator, till at last he was compelled by the events of the war to resign, (August 11, at Arad,) and soon afterwards fled into Turkey."

Then followed Richard Guyon, born at Bath, in England. On the same day, thirty-eight others were summoned to come and be hanged within a specified time. Of course they'll be hanged if they do. On this fatal occasion, the bodies having hung the usual time were cut down, and then buried, doubtless, in unconsecrated ground.

The Elector of Hesse has got a great number of political prisoners in his fortress of Spanzenberg—counsellors, burgomasters, directors, generals, and colonels. The editor of a paper at Mayence was imprisoned for quoting from the *Berlin Gazette* a report of one of Gavazzi's London lectures which was rather hard on the Catholic Church. The son of privy councillor Welcher, of Baden, who had given medical advice to some wounded rebels, was let out of prison, on condition that he should emigrate to America.

Every thing, in fact, seems to show the design of the German rulers—a design which, as we have already said, has given rise to a very general conspiracy, the head-quarters of which is in London, and the object of which is a German revolution. Professor Kinkel has come to this country to raise funds for that object among the German population here, and the lovers of revolution in general. His purpose has been announced, and he has collected, it is said, over \$40,000 in these States. The peoples of Europe now perceive that no sudden outbreak and victory of the masses can succeed in beating down the despotisms of Europe, with all the influences of custom and the formidable strength of armies on their side; and that the people must first agree to act every where in concert, and take care to have every where the proper sinews, weapons, and munitions of war, when the time of rebellion shall come

**TURKEY.**—Turkey has let Kossuth go, after a detention of two years. This act may involve the Porte in serious difficulties. Austria has already begun to concentrate her troops on the frontiers of Bosnia, Servia, and Wallachia. Turkey is just now full of difficulties, present and prospective. Her finances are at a very low ebb; so much so, that the Government lately took the extreme and somewhat disgraceful course of demanding back again the diamonds which had been for some time past given with orders of honor. The various provinces of the empire are in a state of great confusion; and not the least of her troubles is her difference with the Pasha of Egypt, who is about building a long railway from Cairo to Suez, and that without any recognition of the Turkish supremacy. The English Government, which, of course, would benefit by the railway more than any other in the world, is trying to make peace in

the matter, by the mediation of Sir Stratford Canning. The making of the road will go on whether the Sultan permits it or not.

On the 7th of September the Hungarian prisoners, fifty-five in number, arrived in the Dardanelles in a Turkish ship; whereupon the captain of the Mississippi went on board, and going up to Kossuth, saluted him in the name of the Republic, said the ship of war was at his disposal, and quite in Oriental fashion, which, however, was not at all disgraceful to the West, presented him a purse of money—\$15,000. It was a great scene when Kossuth found himself on the quarter-deck of the Mississippi; seeing he was now as much out of the power of Padisha or Kaiser as if he was sitting on New-York Battery! He was quite overcome, and spoke of his liberators and friends with tears rolling down his face. Capt. Long, too, caught the contagion, and, stammering at the commencement of a regular address, could only come out with—"You are welcome to this ship, sir! Three cheers for Governor Kossuth!" Which mode of salutation, seeing he could bring out nothing better under the circumstances, he repeated: "Three cheers more for Governor Kossuth!" And if there was little oratory, there was a great deal of shouting and genuine emotion.

We see it stated that Sir Stratford Canning and Mr. Lavalette proceeded to the Dardanelles to congratulate Kossuth on his departure. On her way up the Mediterranean, the Mississippi touched at Genoa, Spezia, and Marseilles. The Sardinian authorities, though friendly to the patriot, were reluctant to give him permission to land; and though he desired to touch the soil of Piedmont, he acquiesced, and remained on board. It has been stated that he will make a stay in England, on his way to the States; but at this moment it is uncertain whether he will turn aside from the direct course to New-York.

**SPAIN AND CUBA.**—The Spaniards, who were at first terribly indignant at the invasion of Cuba, have subsided into a state of calm satisfaction, on hearing that General Lopez was *garrotted*. They are also satisfied, it is said, with the intentions of England towards them; and they have complimented Lord Palmerston for his desire that Cuba shall not be taken by the *filibusters*. But the shrewdest speculators are of opinion that this Spanish gratitude is rather premature, for it is believed that England will only agree to guarantee the possession of Cuba to Spain on condition that some sort of reform shall be introduced into the island; this guarantee to be against foreign invaders *alone*, not against the efforts of the Cubans themselves. It is further reported that a rich and influential merchant of Cuba has gone to London to induce the English Government to interfere for the suppression of the slave-trade, a fixed yearly payment by Cuba to Spain, and the participation of native Cubans in the government of the island. The present temper of the English nation and ministry seems to show that England will not guarantee the possession of Cuba to Spain in the present condition of the island. The organs of the Government at Madrid were at first inclined to



advise war with the United States, and the seizure of American vessels to compensate for the loss of Cuba, but that mood is over. And the results to Cuba will probably be that some alterations will be made in the government of the island, to meet the wishes, not of the islanders, but England.

A letter written to the *London Morning Post* by a Spanish officer, offers an explanation of the enmity of Lopez against the Spanish Government. In August, 1836, Lopez, then a Brigadier-General, at the head of 2,000 men, was sent from Madrid to join the army operating against Cabrera in Aragon. About 60 miles from Madrid, he allowed himself (being at breakfast at the time) to be surprised by the Carlist General Gomez, who captured his entire column with the exception of a few cavalry fugitives. Lopez was confined by Cabrera for several months in the citadel of Santa Vieja, till liberated by the Christiano General San Miguel. From that time to the last hour of his existence Lopez was never reemployed by the Spanish Government. His friend Valdez gave him an appointment in Havana, some years since, when he was Captain-General; but the Government at Madrid did not recognize it, and Lopez was dismissed when the successor of Valdez arrived. The high spirit of Lopez brooded bitterly over this, and his resentment against the Spanish Government incited all his future attempts on Cuba.

ITALY.—It is stated on authority that, in the recent consistory held at Rome, the chief question under debate was, not the regulation of cardinals or bishops, but the probability of some general outbreak in 1852. A letter received from Vienna, in answer to one sent to the Austrian Ministry by the Pope, was also discussed. It is described as giving His Holiness every assurance of assistance against the people, who, he now sees with fear, regard his priestly government with abhorrence, and are ready to defy it on the first favorable opportunity. Should a Roman Republic be proclaimed, Austria will send an army to Rome capable of quelling all rebellion. Attempts at assassination continually take place at Rome. Letters from Milan state that the attempted re-joining to welcome the Emperor Francis Joseph to that city had failed. The majority of the population quitted the town while the Emperor remained, and left to their servants the compulsory duty of illuminating, &c.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The monarchy of Hawaii is favorably progressing under the fostering care of John Bull. The King is assuming the customary state of all the rest of the potentates; and the court of Hawaii is a faithful miniature of that of Buckingham Palace. The President of Peru has sent to let his "august Majesty" Kamehameha know that he was President; and the King tells his "great and good friend" in return, that he is extremely well pleased to hear it. The *Poly-nesian* publishes the treaty recently made between England and Hawaii. It conforms to the treaty of 1849 with these States, and will be ratified in ten months. It guarantees the complete independence

of the island kingdom. An ordinance granting certain privileges of inter-island navigation has been granted by the King, empowering Mr. Howard to establish steam navigation between all the ports of the kingdom. The first steamer is at work by this time. The anniversary of the restoration of the Sandwich Islands by the English Rear-Admiral Thomas in 1843 was celebrated on the 31st July, in great state. Admiral Moresby in the *Portland*, and H. M. brig *Swift*, were contributing to the splendor of the jubilee. On the report of the discovery of gold in Australia, a great excitement rose at Honolulu, and five vessels were at once advertised for Sydney, and four or five thousand bags of flour changed hands in a day.

PLAGUE AT THE CANARY ISLANDS.—A terrific plague has been lately raging at the Canary Islands, to which, it is said, it was brought by some fishermen, who caught it on the coast of Africa. A letter from the islands says that "History does not record any thing so sad as the spectacle which the island of Grand Canary has presented and still presents. The best directed pen attempts in vain to relate such misfortunes and horrors, and words would not be sufficient to depict their intensity."

VOLCANO IN MARTINIQUE.—About the first week in August last, the Montagne Pelée, in Martinique, began to vomit sulphurous vapor with a terrible noise, like the trampling of cavalry. The top of the mountain was hitherto regarded as an extinct crater, and the recent explosion threw up its old coatings of soil, burnt and impregnated with sulphur. Montagne Pelée continues to exhale poisonous sulphuretted gases.

REBELLION IN MEXICO.—Mexico has been lately—and perhaps is still—in a perilous predicament between bankruptcy and rebellion. She has an empty exchequer, and has been for a good while puzzled how to raise the wind. A sort of States General, (ominous name!) that is, a Junta of the Governors and Representatives of States, met about the middle of August, to devise some means of recruiting the national finances. But they did nothing decisive. In the mean time, the people of the Northern States of Tamaulipas and New Leon became dissatisfied, chiefly with the Government prohibition which forbids them to bring into their States duty-free goods obtained by them from the Americans in exchange of commodities of their own. The Central Government wished, in fact, to raise taxes, and raised a rebellion instead. For lo! a proclamation was issued against it on the 3d September, signed Canalez (Governor of Tamaulipas) and Gonzales; and another appeared on the 16th, signed by Colonel Carvajal, and ending with, "Long live Liberty," and "Death to Tyrants." In justification of the movement, these manifestoes dwelt upon the inefficiency and misconduct of the central power, which permitted the Indians to massacre a great many of their people, and which distressed and hindered the trade of the community, by an unjust

system of prohibitions and duties. They specified about a dozen demands, and offered them with a belligerent alternative. The alternative came first; for, on 19th September, Carvajal, assisted by two companies of Texans, under the command of Colonels Tremble and Lewis, attacked the Mexican troops at Camargo, and drove them out after killing sixty of them. Other advantages followed, and then the insurgents succeeded in taking possession of the town of Reynosa, where they found a field-piece and a quantity of small arms. In the mean time, the Mexican General, Avalajos, proceeded to put Matamoros in a state of defense and await the approach of the revolutionists, who by this time had circulated their pronunciamento and the account of their successes very generally. General Canalez, Governor of Tamaulipas, was said to be approaching Matamoros, and Avalajos preparing to meet him, either to fight or negotiate. The two Texan companies, hearing that Canalez was about to take the chief command of the revolutionists, declined to coöperate any farther. It is now confidently reported that negotiations are pending between Carvajal and the Government, and that if the latter shall agree to redress the grievances of Tamaulipas and Leon, the rebel forces will be disbanded.

THE POLAR EXPEDITIONS.—All the ships which went to the Arctic Circle last year, from England and America, have returned without finding the whereabouts of poor Sir John Franklin or his ominously-named vessels, the *Terror* and *Erebus*. The crews of eleven ships have in vain tried to reach the secret so closely concealed in the terrible wildernesses that lie around the pole. Captain Austin's four ships, the *Resolute*, *Assistance*, *Intrepid*, and *Pioneer*; Sir John Ross's two, the *Felix* and *Mary*; Captain Penny's two, the *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia*; the *Prince Albert*, the *Prince of Wales*, *Commodore Pullen*, (sent by the Hudson's Bay Company,) and Mr. Grinnell's two, the *Advance* and *Rescue*, have only succeeded in discovering that Sir John spent the winter of 1845-6 on Beechey Island. Detailed accounts of these expeditions will doubtless be given in time.

On the 26th of August last year, the *Advance* and *Rescue* entered Wellington Sound, and there found Captain Penny's two ships. Captain Penny had then made the only discovery the expeditions were enabled to make. He had found three graves in a spot on Beechey Island, and knew by the wooden head-boards—the dates on which were so late as April, 1846—that they were men of Sir John Franklin's crew. A direction post found near the graves was formed of a boarding pike-staff, seven feet long. The spike end had been broken off within five inches of the point of the iron, and the staff was found lying on the ground. Some canvas which was found was proved by several persons to be part of a trysail of one of the vessels; the letters N. C., ("naval canvas,") and a yellow sort of Government thread in it, showed that it did not belong to the mercantile marine of England or any other country. Shortly after the

American ships, those of Captain Austin and Sir John Ross arrived at the same place.

On the 8th September, the *Advance* and *Rescue* proceeded through the ice to Barrow's Inlet, and on the 11th reached Griffith's Island, beyond which they did not go in a westerly direction. They left this on the 13th, intending to return home, but were locked in near the mouth of Wellington Channel. They were then drifted by the ice-drift to 75° 25' N. latitude, and thence southerly into Lancaster Sound. Here both ships were kept for five months. While thus frozen in, the terrible night of the Arctic regions fell upon them, and for eighty days they remained in darkness! The thermometer (Fahrenheit) ranged 40 degrees below zero. About the 5th of November the *Rescue* was abandoned to economize fuel and let the men *come together*. For a long time they expected the vessel (the *Advance*) would have been crushed in the awful commotion of the bergs about them, and slept in their clothes with their knapsacks on, ready to take to the ice in the last extremity! At last, on the 18th of February, the sun rose, and it was morning; whereupon the crews cheered the luminary as if they were Fire-worshippers! On the 13th of May the *Rescue* was re-occupied; and on the 10th of June the ships came into the open sea. Captain De Haven then proceeded to Greenland, where he refitted, and then proceeded northward once more. On the 11th of July he had reached Baffin's Island. He continued warping through the ice till the 8th of August, when he became again perilously entangled in a sea of icebergs. He there found that the north and west were already closed against him, and seeing that further effort would be useless, he returned. The ships of the different expeditions reached their respective homes about the same time—the last week in September.

The Arctic explorers, Sir Edward Parry, Sir James Ross, and Captain Beechey, hearing the accounts of the expeditions, were of opinion that Sir John Franklin had taken the north-west passage out of Wellington Channel, which in the opinion of a great many would lead into a *more open expanse* of sea. The Danish interpreter who went out with the *Lady Franklin* is of opinion that Sir John and his ships are still safe. Captain Penny says that nothing effective can be done among the icebergs of the high latitudes without a screw-steamer. He expressed himself ready to go back again with such a vessel, and addressed the Admiralty for the purpose. But they decline to aid any further attempts this season. Sir John Ross, differing from the rest, believes that Sir John Franklin did not proceed to the northwest. He credits the report of certain Esquimaux that Franklin's ships were wrecked in Baffin's Bay, and a portion of the crews murdered by the natives. Captain Penny, however, with a greater show of correctness, disbelieves the Esquimaux statements—interprets them differently. For, this matter turns upon the meaning of some words in the savage dialect of those miserable polar human beings. Considering every thing, we think it probable that still further efforts will be made to learn something of Franklin's fate.

## HOME NEWS.

Accounts from California are always interesting. Those received toward the beginning of last month were of terrible import. The Vigilance Committees of San Francisco and Sacramento had been hanging several men for robberies. Two men, named Whitaker and Mackenzie, had fallen into the hands of the San Francisco Committee, who prepared to bring them to punishment; but they were taken away by the regular authorities, and the Committee then plotted to get them again by stratagem. After three days' confinement, these prisoners were taken, on Sunday, 24th of August, from their cells, to hear divine service in the jail of the city. Just as they had taken their places, the outer doors of the prison were burst open, and a crowd of citizens, rushing in, seized Whitaker and Mackenzie, and carried them out, in spite of all resistance. At the same time, the bell of the Monumental Engine Company began ringing, and the people, who guessed or suspected the nature of the signal, rushed in the direction of the rooms of the Vigilance Committee. In a few minutes a carriage drawn by two gray horses dashed impetuously into the midst of them, and in it sat the pale and terrified prisoners, with pistols at their heads. They were quickly carried into the Committee chambers, (the first story of a large store,) and the enormous crowd waited in a state of agitated suspense for the result. In twelve minutes, the wooden doors of the store windows were thrown open, and several of the Committee appeared leading out the condemned men. Two ropes were "reeved" to a pair of blocks above the opening, and the ends of these being put round the necks of Whitaker and Mackenzie, the miserable men were pushed out and suspended in the air, in sight of the agitated multitude. After they had hung till life was extinct, the coroner was admitted to hold his inquest. In Sacramento, also, a body of the citizens took the law into their own hands, and hanged a man whom the Governor had reprieved. At Monterey, William Otis Hall, convicted of grand larceny, was murdered in his cell, after the marshal of the prison had been gagged by five or six men in disguise. The latest accounts say that these executions have ceased, and that crime has materially diminished. The Illinois steamer lately brought two millions in gold. The auriferous harvest continues undiminished. The quartz veins continue to be worked with great success. A disease had broken out among the Chinese resembling the cholera. Dr. Wozencraft, United States' Indian Agent, has been busy making treaties with the Indians of the middle counties of the State, and nearly one hundred clans or tribes have agreed to be peaceably disposed towards the whites. The searchers are every where turning the rivers out of their beds, damming the streams and blasting the quartz rocks in all directions. The prophecies of those who said the gold of California would be quickly exhausted seem to be very far removed from their fulfilment.

A great robbery took place on the Isthmus lately. The specie train of the Pacific Company was set upon by robbers seven miles from Panama; three of the guards were shot down, two

mortally, and the thieves carried off the box of gold, which they expected to contain two millions of dollars. Just then Capt. Garrison and some others came up and pursued them. The box delayed them, whereupon they left it and fled. Several were taken, and it was thought others would be caught. Two colored men, Summers and Cromwell, of New-York, were among those captured; two others were Dr. Berry, of New-Orleans, and Laban Manning, of Illinois. These and others are in prison.

The Panama Railroad was progressing favorably. The engineers expected to run a locomotive to Gatoon by the 12th ult.

A Woman's Rights Convention took place at Worcester, Mass., in the middle of last month. Several ladies and gentlemen contended that women did not occupy their proper position in society; that custom and education conspired to keep their natural powers in a state of non-development. In the course of the proceedings, a letter was read from the "mannish Mœvia," Miss Martineau, the meaning of which was that the women, instead of theorizing too much, should choose certain avocations and lines of thought and life, and follow them out. "The success of women in this way," she said, "would determine the question of their fitness for those strenuous professions which now belong to men." Miss Martineau thinks that a short ante-marital application to any higher order of business will not have any worthy result; the calling or course of life should be followed on to the end. She seems to put aside the marriage instincts very unceremoniously. But, indeed, unless women agree to do so, they can hardly choose for themselves any better avocations and duties than those that now belong to them. The rearing of a young family is one of the noblest and most sacred callings that a woman or an angel could be engaged in. Nothing so dignified as bringing up the young immortals. Calculating eclipses, haranguing from stumps or platforms, or bleeding patients in a hospital, are certainly not comparable to it. But if women generally abjure that bringing up of the little immortalities, of course they may turn their hands to any thing they please, though then the question intrudes itself, "How is the world to get along?" "What about our posterity?" The female Convention should think of this. We hope they are not going to abolish *maternity*.

An immense coal-field has been surveyed in Iowa. Dr. Owen, the geologist, says that between Johnson and Iowa counties an uplift of carboniferous sandstone is encountered. The entire area of this new coal-field is not less than 20,000 square miles, an extent nearly as large as the State of Indiana. He estimates the beds of coal to be 100 feet in thickness, and lying near the surface. The beautiful river Des Moines runs through this large coal-field. Seeing that we are not to have in any very great hurry the cheap fire which Mr. Paine and others have promised to obtain from hydrogen gas, this coal discovery will have a highly beneficial effect upon the machinery and manufactures of the West; though it is not improbable that, in time, coal will be entirely superseded as a means of combustion and heat.



Attempts have been recently made to remove the seat of government from Boston, and leave the beautiful State-House in the Common to be appropriated to some other purpose of general utility. Last February it was ordered, in the House of Representatives, that a joint special committee be raised to consider the matter. The Senate agreed; and the report was in favor of removal. A series of amendments and discussions followed, which resulted in the failure of the resolve to obtain the assent of the Legislature. The discussion will be brought on again, and it is not improbable that the seat of government will be shortly found somewhere in the neighborhood of Worcester.

Rejoicings have been lately made for the opening of the Hudson River Railroad to Albany, which brings that city and New-York within three hours and a half of each other.

Preparations are made to receive Kossuth with an enthusiasm second only to that which greeted Lafayette in 1823. A subscription to raise \$100,000 wherewith to present him has been spoken of, but as yet it proceeds rather slowly among the general population. The Germans will doubtless contribute *con amore*, but the only liberality of the rest of the community has been, as yet, exhibited by two traders, who naturally desire to make their very large and handsome gifts serve as a means of advertisement. Mr. Genin, the famous hatter, publicly offers \$1,000, and Anderson, the Wizard, offers the produce of one of his necromantic *noctes*. These are excellent and praiseworthy offers; but they prove how intimately the spirit of trade and commerce interpenetrates the mass of our wealthy community. It is a good sign when motives of trade lead men to the performance of good and generous actions.

Father Mathew has lately been in New-York for a few weeks, preparatory to his setting out for Europe. This distinguished philanthropist has administered the pledge to a vast number of his countrymen in these States, and thereby conferred a large benefit not alone upon the recipients but upon society at large. The Hon. Henry Clay has suggested that a subscription be made to compensate the Rev. gentleman in some way for his great services, and commenced it himself. Father Mathew is a very poor man and a very good man; but we are of opinion that if, instead of the virtue of an apostle, he had but a larynx capable of running up a couple of octaves or more, he would have a better chance of putting a small modicum of *dust* into his friar's wallet.

A telegraph line is at present in operation con-

necting Boston with Montreal and Quebec. A message can be transmitted from the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi in a couple of hours!

The remains of a mastodon were lately discovered in Sussex county, N. J. They comprised a tusk ten feet long, teeth ten inches long and weighing seven pounds each, and a fore-leg measuring three feet six inches from the fetlock to the knee. Indian traditions say that the Delaware was formerly haunted by these lacustrine enormities, and that, after a time, they went westward. Their bones are often found in Ohio. The old stories of dragons, hydras, unicorns, and so forth, may, after all, have had their foundation in the traditionary facts of remote generations.

The Council of New-Orleans lately petitioned to have a navy-yard erected at that port; but the Secretary of the Navy says he thinks the service does not require any additional yards just now.

Major Tochman, the Polish patriot, has communicated to the press at Washington the address of Louis Kossuth to the United States of America. This address was written at Broussa, in Asia Minor, in March, 1850, and was in the hands of Major Tochman since February of this year. It was withheld, very naturally, till the liberation of Kossuth had been determined on. It is an eloquent spirit-stirring affair—full of all the most noble and elevating sentiments of liberty. In it he appeals to Americans as judges in the high court of Human Freedom—the highest court of appeal in the world; and sets forth all his aspirations and policy in the attempt to liberate Hungary. He says Hungary is not yet conquered; that he is still Governor of that nation; and, in a strain of fervent prophecy, he looks forward to a rising of the Hungarians and other nations, which will yet break the power of the despots in pieces. The style of Kossuth is highly impassioned and poetical, such as best appeals to men engaged in lofty and desperate courses; but it is clear and vigorous, and overruled by a sound and steady judgment. Kossuth intends to leave his wife and children in England. This shows that his heart is in Europe, and that he will not stay long in America. His heart is in Hungary; and it is not improbable that he will soon take up his abode in London, and thence watch and excite as much as possible the chances of revolution on the continent of Europe. Freedom's struggles are not yet over there. Indeed, it is probable that the bloodiest are about to begin. Several French families have gone across to the English island of Jersey, fearing some outbreak in France.

#### NOTE TO PORTRAIT OF GENERAL COOMBS.

WE hoped to have been able to give, with the portrait of GENERAL LESLIE COOMBS, a biographical sketch; but we have been disappointed, not receiving it in time for the present number. It will be an exceedingly interesting narrative, and we hope to give it in the next issue.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac and the War of the North American Tribes against the English Colonies, after the Conquest of Canada.* By FRANCIS PARKMAN, JR. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. London: Richard Bentley.

This is a truly valuable contribution to our historical literature. It is a work of great original research into a "strange eventful history," prosecuted with unwearied industry among the buried archives of governments, and through obscure private records of adventure; and when we add to this, that the author, in order that nothing might be wanting to a conscientious performance of his task, spent much time by the camp fires and in the canoes of the people who are the principal subjects of his work, that their character and habits might be more effectually studied, we have indicated a book which should at least attract the attention of all intelligent readers. It will be found worthy of a place by the side of the famous histories of Mr. Prescott. Admirable in manner, and profoundly interesting in the matter of it, no library should be without it.

*The Captains of the Old World, as compared with the great Modern Strategists: their Campaigns, Characters, and Conduct; from the Persian to the Punic Wars.* By HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. New-York: Charles Scribner.

Although this is a work intended for popular circulation, it is a laborious and a learned one. The subject will necessarily commend it to the general attention of the public; and when it is observed that the author has gone to the original sources for the information necessary to his design, it will be considered a work of excellent authority on the subjects of which it treats. We hope that the success of the present volume will encourage Mr. Herbert to carry out his intention of giving us others on "the Captains of Rome, the Captains of the Eastern Empire, the Captains of the Barbarians, the Captains of the Middle Ages, and the Statesmen and Orators of each of these periods in succession." Such a series of works would be a most interesting and valuable addition to our literature, executed by a gentleman of such learning and taste. The volume before us is very elegantly gotten up by the enterprising publisher, and is illustrated by designs of the author's own drawing. The "Onset of Numidian Horse" is exceedingly spirited.

*Memoirs of the Queens of France, including a Memoir of her Majesty the late Queen of the French, Marie Amelia.* By MRS. FORBES BUSH. From the second London edition. Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart. Two volumes.

These are very graceful and interesting sketches of the Queens of France from the earliest records

of the nation down to the present time. The authoress, with great tact and admirable clearness of style, presents in a succinct form the principal facts in the lives of these personages, illustrating their character and actions without tediousness or circumlocution. She has made a book both interesting and instructive.

*Naval Life; or, Observations both Afloat and on Shore.* By W. F. LYNCH, U. S. N. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1851.

Sketches of the lives and adventures of sailors are probably, as a class, the most readable of all books. This one is exceedingly so, and will well repay perusal. Lieutenant Lynch is well known to the reading public by his narrative of the exploration of the Dead Sea.

*The Ladies of the Covenant: Memoirs of Distinguished Female Characters, embracing the period of the Covenant and the Persecution.* By Rev. JAMES ANDERSON. New-York: J. S. Redfield.

If the times, in Scotland, of which this volume treats were literally those which tried men's souls, these most interesting and instructive memoirs will show that for heroism, fortitude, and self-sacrificing devotion to their faith and their duty, the gentler sex were no less worthy of the crown of glory than their illustrious fathers, brothers and husbands.

*Watching Spirits.* By MRS. ELLET. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1851.

Mrs. Ellet, in this elegant little work, has entered a new field. Her graceful pen could have found no more fitting one. She has divided her subject in the following manner: "Watching Spirits;" "The Ministry of Angels;" "The Lessening of Angels;" "Elect Angels, or Angelic Relations to the Work of Christ;" "Departed Spirits;" "Apostate Spirits." The book is elegantly printed, and illustrated by fine engravings from pictures by the old masters.

*Margaret; a Tale of the Real and the Ideal, &c.* By the Author of "Philo" and "Richard Edney and the Governor's Family." Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

A revised edition of this remarkable book. Those who have not read it will be surprised at the remarkable genius displayed by the author. Primitive New-England scenes and characters drawn with singular vividness and individuality; at least, if not in accordance with our preconceived ideas of them, are formed by the author into the most matter-of-fact background of a canvas whereon are displayed the loveliest ideals of his fancy, and through which he causes to gleam fitfully, and sometimes with an uncertain radiance, flashes of poetry, moral teachings, and religious thoughts wonderful for their boldness and power.

*Episodes of Insect Life.* By ACHETA DOMESTICA. Third Series. New-York: J. S. Redfield. 1851.

This volume completes the series of this beautiful, instructive and entertaining work. Having already expressed our opinion of its merits, we need only say that it is carried through by the author with the same spirit and vivacity, and that Mr. Redfield has accomplished his idea to make it one of the most elegant series of volumes that has ever been issued from the American press.

*Moral Reflections, Sentences and Maxims of Francis, Duc de la Rochefoucauld.* Newly Translated from the French, with an Introduction and Notes; to which are added Moral Sentences and Maxims of Stanislaus, King of Poland. New-York: William Gowans.

These world-famous maxims, so often quoted and referred to, could not have fallen into better hands for a new edition of them than Mr. Gowans'. The maxims of Rochefoucauld for shrewdness, worldly wisdom, and point of expression, are unsurpassed; not wholesome, however, in themselves, but requiring just such illustrations and modifications from other writers as the publisher has introduced. A very complete catalogue of books of maxims is introduced at the end of the volume, which adds to its value. The work is gotten up in very admirable style.

*The Fall of Poland: containing an Analytical and a Philosophical Account of the Causes which Conspired in the Ruin of that Nation, together with a History of the Country from its Origin.* By L. C. SAXTON. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1851.

This is certainly a work executed with great labor. There seems to be no subject that could by any possibility be supposed to be connected with the history of this unfortunate nation but what is elaborately discussed by the author; morality, literature, political theories and religion, every thing, is brought in. We trust the zeal and industry of the author will be rewarded by communicating to a large and appreciative audience the stores of knowledge he has so laboriously wrought up for their benefit, that he may be rewarded for his good intentions.

*Gulliver Joi: his Three Voyages. The Young Emigrant; The Boy and the Book; Madeline Tube and Crystal Palace. Uncle Frank's Home Stories.* Three new volumes. New-York: Charles Scribner.

These fine little volumes we can highly commend, both for their attractive form and beautiful illustrations, as well as for the admirable manner in which are blended interest and instruction for the juveniles, in their pages. The first named is full

of that kind of imagination and ingenuity which so attracts boys in the original Gulliver.

*A Class Book of Chemistry, in which the Principles of the Sciences are familiarly explained and applied to the Arts, Agriculture, Physiology, Dietetics, Ventilation, and the most important Phenomena of Nature.* For Schools and Popular Reading. By EDWARD L. YOUNG. New-York: D. Appleton & Co, 200 Broadway.

In our opinion this is the best, most practical and useful manual of chemistry that has been published. Most clear and concise in its arrangement, there are none who will not find it a most valuable addition to their useful books.

*Posthumous Poems of William Motherwell* Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

This selection, edited by William Kennedy, the friend and coadjutor of Motherwell, will be welcome to the many admirers of this Scottish bard. It is issued uniform with his other works by the publishers.

*The Indications of the Creator; or, the Natural Evidences of Final Cause.* By GEORGE TAYLOR. New-York: Charles Scribner.

A very well-written and sometimes eloquent work. The author has grouped together very admirably the great facts and principles of the sciences of Astronomy, Geology, Comparative Physiology, and Physical Geography; and, in a manner deserving of great praise, deduced from them the doctrines they teach respecting their great Creator and Sustainer.

*Sunbeams and Shadows, and Buds and Blossoms.* By GEORGIE A. HULSE. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

This book, we should think, would be a great favorite with all lady readers. It is gay and yet pathetic, lightsome and yet sad. The authoress wields a graceful pen, and paints characters with no little skill. There is a fine undertone of religious sentiment and earnest feeling pervading the whole, and elevating it above the ordinary novel.

*A Budget of Willow Lane Stories.* By UNCLE FRANK. New-York: Charles Scribner.

*A Peep at our Neighbors. The Sequel to the Willow Lane Budget.* Same Publisher.

These are admirable little children's stories, and beautifully illustrated. They are gotten up in just the style such things should be. The stories are admirably adapted to their purpose of instruction and amusement; and the embellishments, while they give delight to the eye of the child, will cultivate its taste.





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